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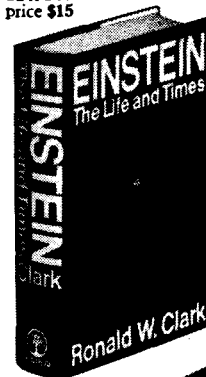
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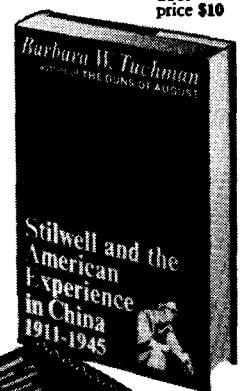
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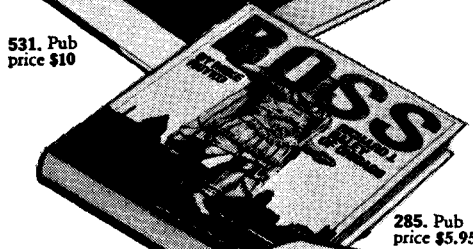
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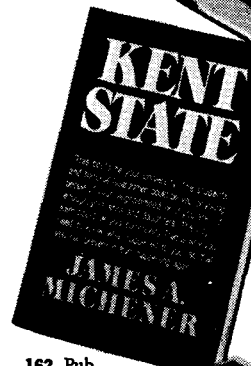
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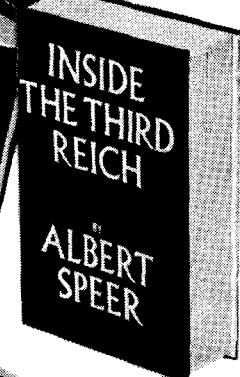
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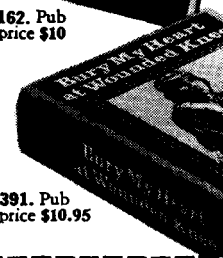
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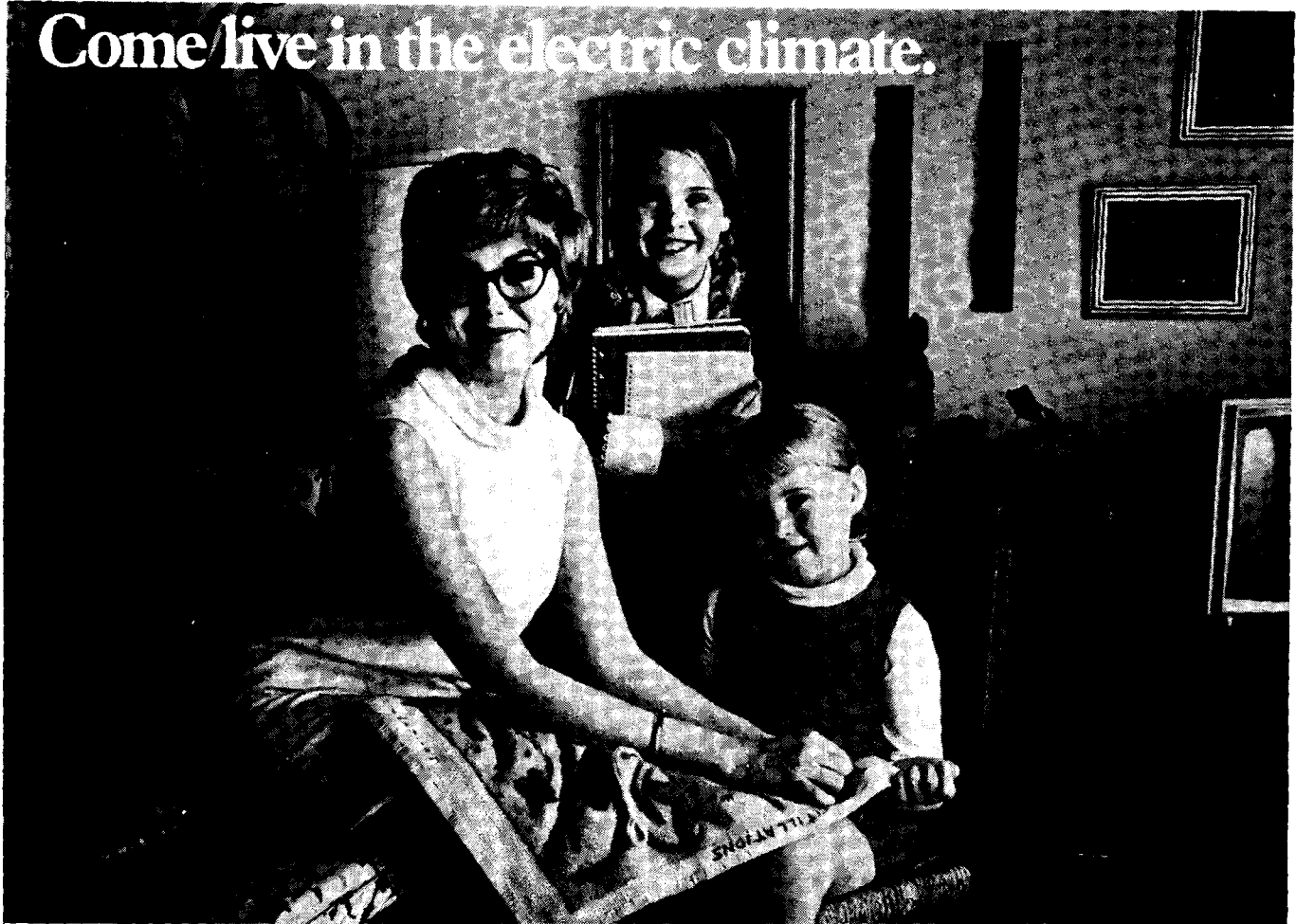
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The case of the Pentagon papers is a curious one, indeed. It will no doubt get curiouser before a diligent citizen can be sure what to make of the affair. The most obvious conclusion to be entered at this stage of the case is that the papers, and the furor provoked by their publication, raise more questions than they answer.

What do we know, really, that we did not know one way or another, or at least did not have good reason to suspect, before the so-called Pentagon history was published? Even within the press there are men who concede that a good deal of what was revealed in the Pentagon papers was in essence available to the press while the "history" was happening. Daniel Ellsberg, the man who made the papers public, says the same thing about one of the most controversial points in the papers, the question of whether President Johnson deceived the American people about his Vietnam policy during the 1964 election campaign. If you read the transcripts of Johnson's campaign speeches closely, Ellsberg says, you see that practically each dovish rejection of the notion of escalating was qualified by an aside such as "at this time. . . ."

There are many ways in which we have been well served by publication of the Pentagon papers. We have more data, more documentation of the process by which the bureaucracy "orchestrated" itself through its escalatory decisions. We have names and figures, dates and quotes. But the big questions that concerned Americans asked as the war escalated remain: What did the American government *really* want? How far was it *really* willing to go? To what extent did it *really* mean to engage in deception? To what degree was it the victim of its own self-deception?

What, if anything, did the Supreme Court's ruling in the matter decide? The decision, hailed by the press in its orgy of self-canonization as "historic," proves on close examination to say some useful things about prior restraint, invites the government to consider prosecuting some reporters, editors, and/or publishers, and leaves for future consideration the really basic issues involved in a public's right to know and a government's need for privacy in which to do its work.

How much reliance can be put on the material as history? Surely it is badly flawed history, incomplete,

blatantly lacking in material that shows what the men at the very top were thinking or doing about the stream of memoranda, contingency plans, and speculations of their underlings, and devoid too of extenuating material by or about the officials who emerge in some of the documents as cold-blooded men seated at pushbutton consoles.

There are profounder questions than these, and in months to come, some of them will be examined in these pages. What of the uses and the necessities of secrecy and the abuses practiced in its name? (For a study of some dramatic earlier cases of manipulation by leak, see R. H. Shackford's Report, beginning on page 18.)

How far has government become removed from the people? Can't it be brought closer to us? Does publication of the papers encourage a deepening of the loss of faith and trust in our government?

Imperfect as any rule of thumb must be in an open society, a workable proposition is that once a government policy has been enunciated before the Congress and the public, secrecy may need to be invoked for the conduct of that policy. But secrecy may not properly be invoked in order to change that publicly enunciated policy.

For all its questionable moves in reaction to the Pentagon papers caper and its sloppy handling of its case before the courts, the Administration has just provided an example of the rule of thumb in operation. Before sending Henry Kissinger on his secret mission to Peking to set in motion what may prove to be a brilliant personal coup as well as a step toward a safer world, President Nixon made publicly plain that he was moving toward a break from more than twenty years of militant American policy aimed at isolating and containing Communist China, a policy which played a big part in Mr. Nixon's rise to political prominence. The signals were loud enough to provoke some predictable murmurs of discontent, but Mr. Nixon could sense widespread approval for his gesture. If it takes more judicious work behind the scenes to make the new initiative succeed, will the country be inclined to object? Doubtful, I would say, as long as the secret diplomacy is employed to take us where we've been told we're going.

Robert Manning

The one aspect of college life that seems to remain constant is that each new group of students feels it can do a better job of helping society meet its present and future needs. We think this holds as true today as it ever did.

It seems to us that campus unrest is publicized well out of proportion to the reality of the positive goals of the great majority of students. Students who, above all, want to make a meaningful

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REPORTS & COMMENT

FRENCH AFRICA

The Republic of Chad has been independent for more than a decade. But its capital still displays a monument to Commandant Lamy, the French officer slain while conquering Chad at the beginning of the century. "He died," the monument says, "for France and Civilization."

In many ways, that monument in Fort-Lamy tells an outsider almost all there is to know about the relations of France with most of its fifteen former colonies in black Africa.¹ Though independent, most French-speaking African countries still feel an extraordinary kinship with France. Their leaders would never offend their former masters by tearing down a colonial monument, no matter how offensive it might seem. In fact, they probably agree with the sentiments set forth by this particular monument. French Africans are proud to have been colonized by France. The French conquest gave them civilization.

An outsider finds numerous examples of common interest. It is no accident that President Felix Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast is trying to lead black Africa into an accommodation with South Africa at the same time that France is trying to increase its trade with South Africa. Nor was it an accident that the Ivory Coast and

Gabon recognized Biafra while Charles de Gaulle shipped arms there during the Nigerian civil war.

Sometimes France seems deeper into French-speaking Africa than it was in colonial days. Some countries like Gabon and the Ivory Coast have three to four times as many Frenchmen now as they had when they were French colonies. Almost 200,000 Frenchmen live in Africa now. French business dominates the markets of these countries. The French government props them up with foreign aid. Thirteen thousand French advisers, technicians, and teachers man the government services. French soldiers are still based throughout the old Empire.

A visitor feels the touch of France wherever he goes. He can dine on escargots flown from France in almost every sizable town. Even parched Ouagadougou in Upper Volta boasts a French cuisine. In Niamey, Niger, on the edge of the Sahara Desert, French belles in skimpy dresses spin the records at the town's two chic discothèques. Almost all the goods in the French-owned supermarkets—from cheese to shaving cream—are made in France. The wives of the educated black elite model their fashions and coiffures in Paris. American Afro hairdos are not in style here.

Ties

There is some grumbling about this. Radical students decry what they call a shameful dependence on France. Cynics insist that these countries are not really independent at all, that France holds them in such

an economic bind that they have no choice but to behave like colonies or stooges. Some astute observers notice a restiveness that is gradually loosening the ties with France.

But the story of French Africa is not the grumbling and the restiveness. No one denies their presence. In time, they will alter the relationship with France. The real story, however, is how little resentment there actually is, how little loosening goes on, how close the African leaders still feel to France. Although a visitor is struck first by French Africa's obvious economic ties to France, the cultural ties are probably more important. Sometimes the rhetoric seems incredible. In his tour of five former African colonies in February, President Georges Pompidou of France talked to Senegalese leaders of "our common heritage"—French culture. If Prime Minister Edward Heath of Britain had ever made such an imperialist remark in a former British colony, like Zambia, his hosts would have bristled with anger. Not only did the Senegalese fail to bristle, but their replies showed clearly that they agreed. The top level of French African society feels intensely that, though African, it belongs to French culture as well.

This feeling of cultural identity allows the French to keep their economic, political, and military presence in French Africa. What has generated this feeling?

Perhaps most important, by colonial standards, the French have shown a relative lack of racism toward those Africans educated in the French system. In colonial days, French children and black children

¹The fifteen countries which were formerly French colonies are: Cameroun, Central African Republic, Chad, Congo (Brazzaville), Dahomey, Gabon, Guinea, Ivory Coast, Malagasy Republic, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, Togo, and Upper Volta.

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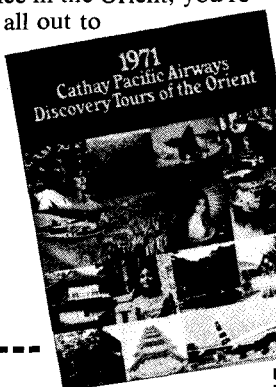


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FRENCH AFRICA

attended the same schools, both in Africa and in France. Pompidou and President Leopold S. Senghor of Senegal, for example, were classmates at the Lycée Louis le Grand in Paris. Senghor now credits Pompidou with introducing him to the writings of Proust, Gide, and Baudelaire, and to socialism.

During the Pompidou tour, a British journalist and a French journalist discussed the excited welcomes that the French President was receiving. "I really don't understand it," said the British journalist. "Even the Queen wouldn't get this kind of reception if she toured Africa. These Africans really like the French. I don't understand why they are so different from English-speaking Africans." The French journalist replied, a little testily, "Did Kwame Nkrumah ever sit in the House of Commons? Did Jomo Kenyatta ever sit in the House of Commons?"

Both Nkrumah and Kenyatta were jailed by the British as dangerous African nationalists during colonial days. But, under the French system, the colonies were represented by African nationalists in the French National Assembly. The Africans were full participants, bargaining their votes for concessions to their constituents. Senghor and Houphouët-Boigny were, in fact, ministers in the French government. Edward Mortimer, a British historian, once wrote that Britain "would never have accepted the presence of Nkrumah or Kenyatta in the Macmillan Cabinet—the idea seems delightfully absurd. Yet the equivalent is what France accepted."

The relative lack of French racism showed in other ways. Unlike the situation in the British colonies, the main restaurants and hotels in the French colonial towns never had a color bar, at least for those few Africans with enough money to show up. If an African had been educated in French schools, he was treated like a black Frenchman. Intermarriage, while not common, was accepted. African leaders like Senghor and President Moktar Ould Daddah of Mauritania have French wives.

Another reason for closeness was the intensity of French education. The French did not educate very

many Africans, but the educated few were taught well. From the first day they entered school, Africans, even if they could speak only the vernacular, were taught in French. Their primers began with the words, "Our ancestors, the Gauls. . . ." The education system, which often succeeded, was designed to make elite Africans feel themselves a part of French civilization.

A final reason for closeness was the policy and personality of De Gaulle. He moved deftly with the times and granted independence to French Africa even before a number of African leaders asked for it. He also gave French Africa a sense of importance. Instead of acting as fifteen tiny countries with a total population smaller than that of Nigeria, French Africa, when De Gaulle was President, looked on itself as a significant part of French grandeur. Without France, these countries would feel very unimportant.

Paying off

Without France, these countries also might have faltering economies. France is the largest donor of foreign aid, the biggest investor, and the most important trading partner of the former colonies in Africa.

After declining for several years, the French appropriation for foreign aid to Africa increased this year to \$250 million. Critics point out that the increase did not cover the rise in inflationary costs; African countries will receive fewer goods than before. The critics also note that the proportion of the French national budget spent on Africa has dropped by half in a decade. But these seem like quibbles in an era when most other rich countries, including the United States, have cut their foreign aid drastically, both in volume and proportion.

Foreign aid pays off for France. Yvon Bourges, the French minister in charge of aid, estimates that 80 percent comes back to France in salaries, orders, and profits. Many economists believe that France actually takes back more than it puts in. When France builds a radio station, for example, it creates a need for French radio equipment. The thousands of French advisers in African ministries, unconsciously or otherwise, act as a lobby for French goods, persuading



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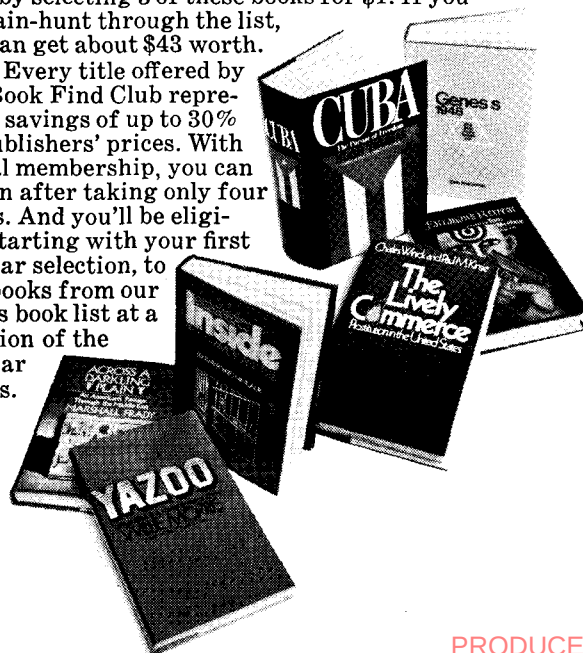
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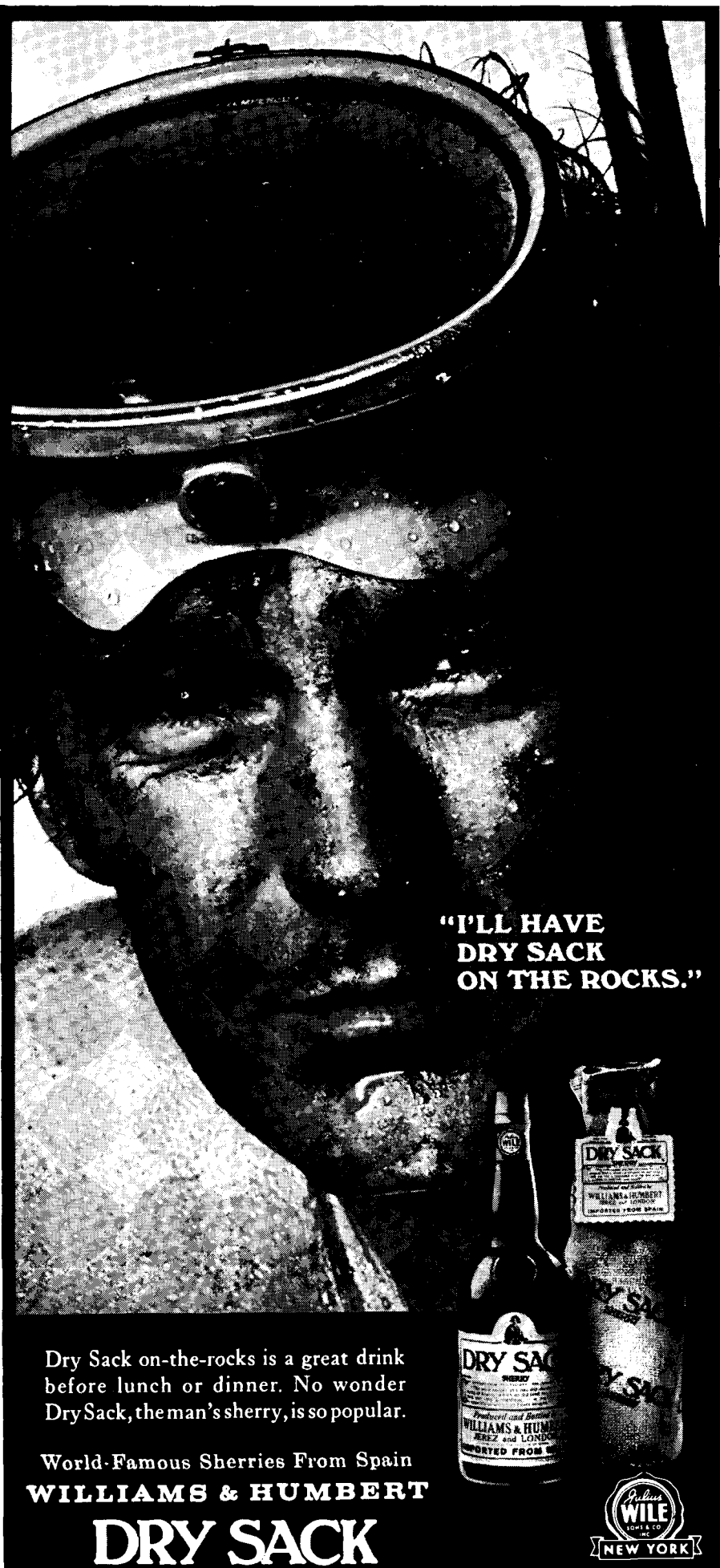
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FRENCH AFRICA

their African colleagues to order familiar French products.

Many other foreign businessmen, in fact, look on French Africa as a *chasse gardée*—a private hunting preserve—for the French. Familiarity, tradition, and favoritism give the French a clear advantage. Six French African countries, for example, have adopted the French pharmaceutical registration list as their own. That means that all French pharmaceuticals, since they are registered in France, can be sold in the six countries automatically. The products of American and other foreign countries must first be registered in France before they can be sold. It is no wonder that France is the main supplier of foreign goods to all fifteen former colonies except Guinea and the Central African Republic. In turn, French Africa buys 12 percent of all France's exports.

There are benefits to Africa. French foreign aid, coupled with private investment in industry of \$850 million, provides development projects, an education system, practical training, and the beginnings of an industrial economy. France is also the chief customer for the exports of eight of the countries. All this may tie French Africa to a single foreign country in an unhealthy way. But no other developed country is standing by offering to take over any major part of the French role.

French Africa's cultural and economic dependence on France brings up the question of whether it is politically dependent as well. Does France make the important political decisions for Africa? Does Jacques Foccart, the pudgy Africa specialist assigned to the office of the French President, make and break French African presidents?

It is difficult to come up with clear answers. The leaders of France and French Africa feel such a community of interest that it's often hard to prove pressure. Take the case of Biafra during the Nigerian civil war. Did De Gaulle pressure Houphouet-Boigny into recognizing Biafra? Or did Houphouet pressure De Gaulle to send arms to Biafra? The answer probably is that agreement came without pressure. Houphouet and De Gaulle may simply have thought alike. After all,

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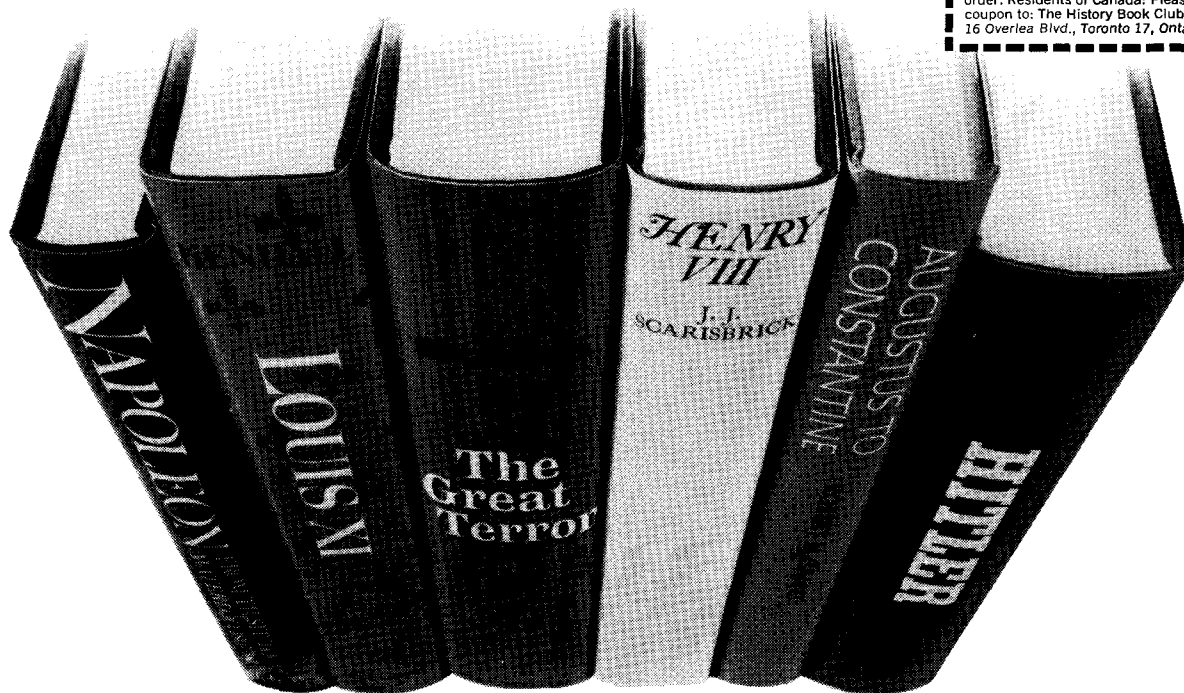
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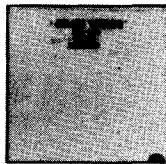
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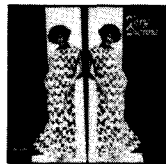
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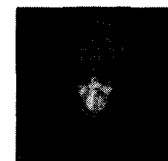
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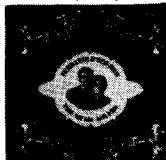
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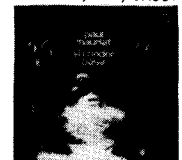
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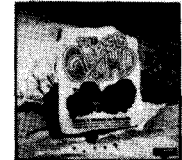
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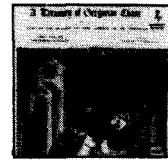
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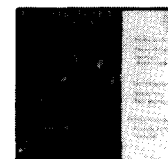
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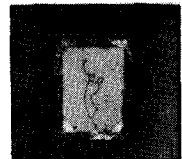
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FRENCH AFRICA

as one foreigner in the Ivory Coast put it recently, "Houphouet-Boigny feels more at ease with a Frenchman than [with] his own people." France does not have to pressure him.

Yet, there is no doubt that, if the French government feels strongly about an issue, it has the power to force a reluctant African country to accept its view. France has the ultimate military power in French Africa. It has defense agreements with all the former colonies except Upper Volta and Guinea to intervene in case of attack. For this purpose, the French keep an intervention force of 16,500 marines in Toulouse and 12,500 in various bases in French Africa. A French decision to use these men can determine whether an African government stays in power. In 1964, for example, French soldiers landed in Gabon, put down a coup, and reinstated the late President Leon Mba. French intervention in Chad is keeping President François Tombalbaye in office. The Chad Army, in fact, is now effectively controlled by the French. On other occasions, the French have refused to intervene and have allowed African presidents to be toppled by coups or other uprisings.

Africanizing Africa

Most outsiders believe that French Africa is changing. There are forces at work altering the special relationship between France and its former colonies. The most significant stems from the ironic fact that French culture, though intense, is thin. Some experts guess that only 10 percent of the population of French Africa speaks French, only 2 percent fluently. This is a result of the old French system of educating only a few. The educated elite, who now run French Africa, are estranged from the masses. They spend more time fretting over Paris fashions than the troubles of the farmer in the bush. This generates severe political and economic problems that may weaken the hold of the French-speaking elite. In Senegal, for example, the economy is collapsing because of the failure of the elite to understand the problems of the peasant peanut farmers who are the mainstay of the economy. In fact,

Senegal, the colony with the longest history of French civilization, is returning to what it was before the French came—a land of subsistence farmers. Moreover, education is expanding, and, as it does, standards fall. Not every teacher is a Frenchman or a black Frenchman now. The new graduates of these expanded school systems will feel less a part of French culture than the old graduates. The next generation or two of leaders will be more African in their thinking than the present generation.

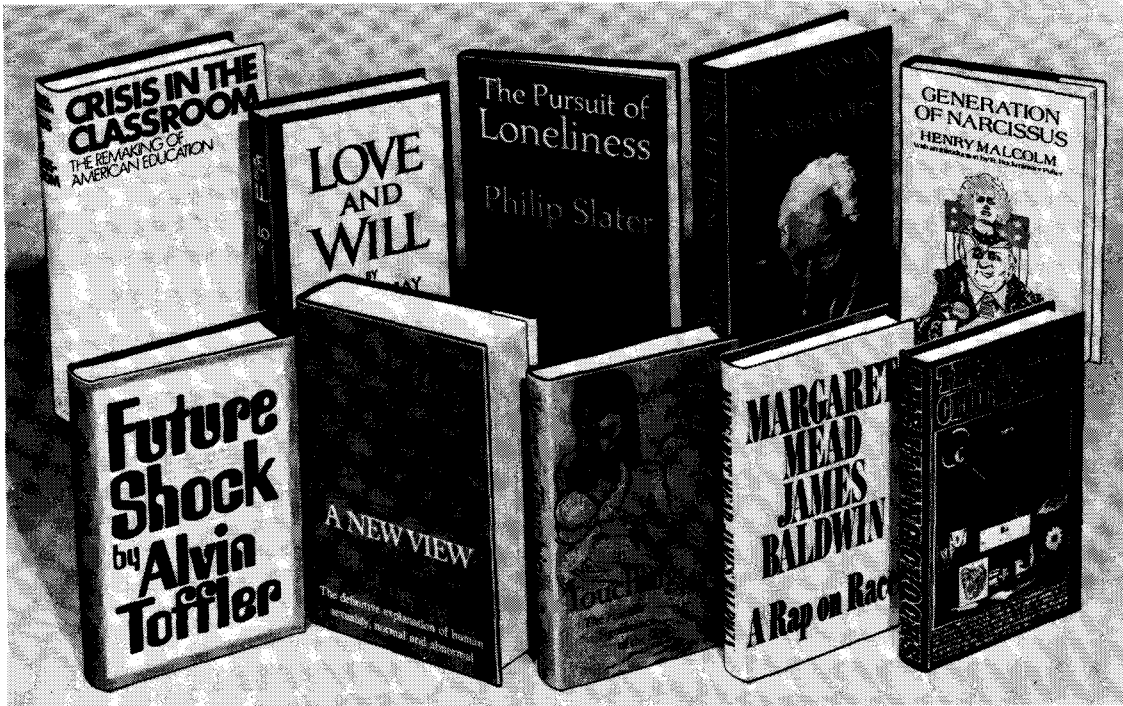
There are other factors at work. The number of Frenchmen in Africa will eventually cause resentment among young graduates who feel that the French stand in the way in the competition for jobs and wealth. In France, the voters, like voters elsewhere in the developed world, are growing disenchanted with the costs of foreign aid. As the economies of the African countries expand, they will need more investment than French capitalism can provide. Even the Ivory Coast, with its close links to France, is trying to lure American investment. The leaders of France are not blind to this. In his recent tour, Pompidou talked continually of the need to replace Frenchmen with Africans and the need to attract foreign investment, even from other countries than France.

One reason for France's success in black Africa has been its ability to anticipate change and accept it gracefully—with the single exception of its stern handling of Guinea's independence. In 1958, when Guinea became the only black African territory to vote against remaining a colony of France, an enraged De Gaulle gave Guinea its independence but withdrew all French aid. As a result, independent Guinea has become hysterically nationalist and anti-French but also poor and run-down.

The Guinea experience persuaded De Gaulle that independence was inevitable in black Africa. Two years later, he gave the rest of the French African colonies their independence even though some of their leaders thought the move was too swift. If the French leaders—just as De Gaulle did a decade ago—now learn to accept and lead the inevitable changes coming in independent French-speaking black Africa, France can retain its special and extraordinary influence.

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WASHINGTON

If all the laws, regulations, guidelines, and principles that are supposed to control the use of the government's secret information were strictly and literally enforced, most officials in this city would be in jeopardy of being fired, fined, or jailed. "Government by leak" is the name of the game played by officialdom and the Washington press corps—sometimes for honorable motives, sometimes not.

Whatever its weaknesses—and there are many—it is better than total dependence on the self-serving handouts of public relations men whose job it is to tell only what their superiors want the people to know. It allows the government at times to manage the news by telling less than the truth, or even untruths, through background briefings for the press. But it also allows enterprising journalists to tell more of the truth than the government wishes known. More frequently than not, the government and the press cooperate in the use of classified facts.

There is no alternative to this imperfect system if we are to have a free press, rather than a set of *Pravdas*. The obsession in postwar America with stamping millions of documents "top secret," "secret," or "confidential"—400,000 a year in the State Department alone—is such that government by leak is a necessity. The government is just as dependent on news leaks as is the press and is frequently as guilty of abusing the system for political advantage (in the guise of "letting the people know") as it is guilty of hiding behind the classification of information to conceal blunders. Presidents, Secretaries of State and Defense, members of Congress, and almost any other official of high, medium, or low rank play this game.

The memoirs of all are filled with information that is denied others because it is classified. Lyndon B. Johnson, like his predecessors, carried away tons of documents from the White House, and his version of the history of his presidency will no doubt be based on selective use of those papers.

When a government official succeeds in planting one of his pet theo-

ries or some documents in the press for something less than purely statesmanlike reasons, it is a great game. He likes it. But when the press discloses something that he prefers to hide—a colossal misjudgment such as those involving Vietnam—he thinks it is a bad game and invokes principles to denounce it. Never before this summer, however, did a president enjoin the press from publishing an article.

In his affidavit to the United States District Court during the fight over publication of the Pentagon papers, Max Frankel, chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*, described the Nixon Administration's attempt to stop publication of the Pentagon papers as "monstrous and hypocritical." Those harsh words were appropriate because day by day, and for years, the government has violated the very principles it attempted to invoke in this case. It does not hesitate to use classified information if such information will project a better image than is justified. Sometimes the government even discloses other governments' secrets. The State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency collaborated in 1956 to publish Nikita Khrushchev's secret anti-Stalin speech to the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. Its appearance embarrassed the Soviet government, which has never admitted that the speech was made.

Immediately after the Supreme Court announced its decision in the Pentagon papers case, Secretary of State William P. Rogers expressed alarm and indignation lest continued publication of the documents make other nations hesitant to share confidences, and lest it inhibit our own officials from expressing candid views. Yet most of Rogers' predecessors have taken those risks by leaking documents for domestic political advantage. The two most sensational postwar examples are the China papers and the Yalta papers.

The China white paper

In 1949, Secretary of State Dean Acheson published a white paper on "United States Relations With China." It was issued on the eve of Mao Tse-tung's victory over Chiang Kai-shek. The objective was to answer and silence Republican critics

who accused President Truman and Acheson of losing China to the Communists. Acheson claimed that the documents—classified until then—proved that the impending fall of Chiang Kai-shek was in no way attributable to American policy. In a controversial letter of transmittal, Acheson blamed the fall of Chiang on a Kremlin conspiracy, accused the Chinese Communist leaders of fore-swearing their national heritage, and said that Mao and his associates "have publicly announced their subservience to a foreign power, Russia."

Acheson failed in his major objective. His white paper intensified the controversy over who lost China. It embarrassed other friendly governments, especially Chiang's in the final days of his battle for the mainland. But it boomeranged hardest against the young foreign-service officers whose candid and extremely perceptive reports on China Acheson declassified and printed—excerpting some and omitting others. In the decade that followed, the McCarthyites and the China Lobby distorted and twisted those reports in a shabby campaign that ultimately destroyed the careers of most of the China specialists. However, Acheson still stubbornly defends the white paper in his memoirs as "a fair, accurate, and scholarly presentation of the facts." Yet twenty-five years after the fall of China, most of the diplomatic documents on the critical years, 1946 through 1949, are still classified and unpublished. The white paper was an example of the use of selected documents for domestic political purposes.

The Yalta papers

To appease Republicans in Congress and to fulfill a Republican Party campaign promise of 1952, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles leaked the confidential papers about the Big Three wartime conference at Yalta. The Republicans had predicted that the Yalta papers would divulge secrets to prove their charge that Franklin Roosevelt had sold out to Josef Stalin at Yalta. Two years after the Eisenhower victory, Secretary Dulles connived to get those papers published some ten years in advance of the normal declassification schedule. He ignored opposition by Winston Churchill, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, who feared that

publication would upset negotiations (in 1955) for another summit conference with Stalin's successor. Dulles opposed such a meeting. He didn't even consult the Russians.

The 1952 Republican platform pledged that a Republican President would "repudiate all commitments contained in secret understandings such as those at Yalta. . . ." But once the documents were assembled by the State Department's historians, Dulles discovered that all the secret agreements had been officially disclosed by the previous Democratic Administration. The major ones had been concessions to Russia in Manchuria in return for Stalin's promise to enter the war against Japan, and the agreement to give Russia three seats in the United Nations.

Dulles' dilemma was this—how to appease the right-wing Republicans while giving as little offense as possible to Prime Minister Churchill. Therefore, he tried to arrange for unofficial publication through a leak. His first gambit was a devious one. His spokesman, the late Henry Suydam, announced that the U. S. government would not publish the Yalta papers because of damage to "national security and our relations with other powers." But he said that the State Department would send copies of the papers on a confidential basis to the chairmen of six appropriate committees and to the individual congressional leaders of both parties.

The Democrats cried "Foul!" They were a majority in Congress and thus held all the committee chairmanships. They accused Dulles of a diabolical trick based on the hope that, once in the hands of so many groups, the papers would leak to the press and that Dulles would thus not have to take responsibility for making them public. The Democratic Committee chairmen notified Dulles that they would refuse to accept the documents. In the meantime, the New York Times' James B. Reston, according to that newspaper's own version, "learned from private sources that he probably could get the text [of the Yalta papers] exclusively under certain conditions." The conditions were that the Times promise to print the entire record of the Yalta Conference.

The deal was consummated between Reston and Dulles' Assistant Secretary of State, Carl McCordle. Dulles claimed later that McCordle

was "exercising a discretion that was his [McCordle's]." That stretched the gullibility of the most gullible. In any event, Dulles' scheme fell apart the afternoon before the *Times* planned to print the Yalta papers—thirty-two newspaper pages of them. Other newsmen heard about the leak and demanded equal treatment. The Chicago *Tribune* blasted Dulles for leaking to "one favored Eastern newspaper." Dulles gave up. He ordered the State Department to release the Yalta papers to all newspapers, thus taking official responsibility for making them public.

In the light of the furor over the Pentagon papers, with the *Times* in a different role in relation to the government, there are two interesting footnotes to the Yalta papers flap:

Lyndon B. Johnson, then Democratic leader of the Senate, said: "By releasing the Yalta papers, the Eisenhower Administration submerged international relations to purely domestic political considerations."

Mike Mansfield, who is now Democratic leader of the Senate, approved the release of the papers. He said that they would help dispel the myth that FDR sold the country down the river to Stalin at Yalta.

Embarrassments

There are hundreds of less spectacular examples of the use of secret information by the government for self-serving purposes, some samples of which follow.

President Johnson embarrassed Canada at a press conference on June 17, 1965, by giving instant declassification to a secret report from a Canadian diplomat who had been acting as a White House emissary to Hanoi. Johnson didn't name the diplomat, J. Blair Seaborn, who was Canada's representative on the International Control Commission in Vietnam and, at that time, one of the few Western diplomats allowed to visit Hanoi. But the President gave so many details and dates about Seaborn's missions that everyone knew his identity. That channel of communication was useless thereafter.

Johnson had been asked by a reporter about a senator's charge that the Administration was not genuinely interested in negotiations. The President angrily replied that it was Hanoi

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WASHINGTON

that was insincere. To support his claim he started reading from a recent report from Seaborn. "It is a confidential message but I will unclassify a paragraph or two of it for you," Johnson told the startled press corps. The excerpts he read, the President said, proved that the North Vietnamese were not in "the slightest interested in negotiations."

In a similar case, Secretary of State Dean Rusk made public a secret exchange of letters with Italian Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani, who was also president of the United Nations General Assembly. That was late 1965, in the midst of recurring peace efforts in the Vietnam War. It caused a political crisis in Italy and forced Fanfani to resign. Rusk made his statement in order to counter charges that he was offering to negotiate only on terms that he knew Hanoi would reject as tantamount to surrender—a view the Pentagon papers tend to confirm.

Missiles

Classified information doesn't just leak from the Pentagon; it gushes out of that repository of real and imagined secrets. The Pentagon is the most expert abuser of the classified information system. Military men employ leaks to influence the Congress and the public, to fight interservice battles, and to overcome or circumvent policies of their civilian chiefs. Civilian officials in the Pentagon retaliate in kind. As budget-making time approaches, a newspaperman or congressman can barely see the official Pentagon information releases through the blizzard of broken confidences and leaked facts.

A memorable manipulation occurred in late 1962, when air force officers and industrialists with an interest in Skybolt, an unpromising air-to-air missile, discovered that Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara was proposing to drop Skybolt from the arsenal. Word of this was prematurely leaked in the hope that congressional and other pressures would be generated in favor of saving Skybolt. The leak caused turmoil within the British government, which had been counting on the U. S. missile to extend the life of Britain's nuclear

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

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Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

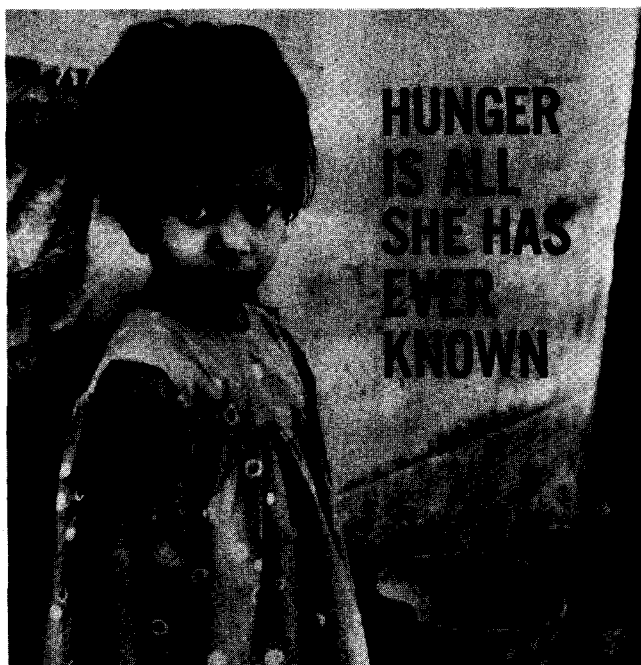
Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

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Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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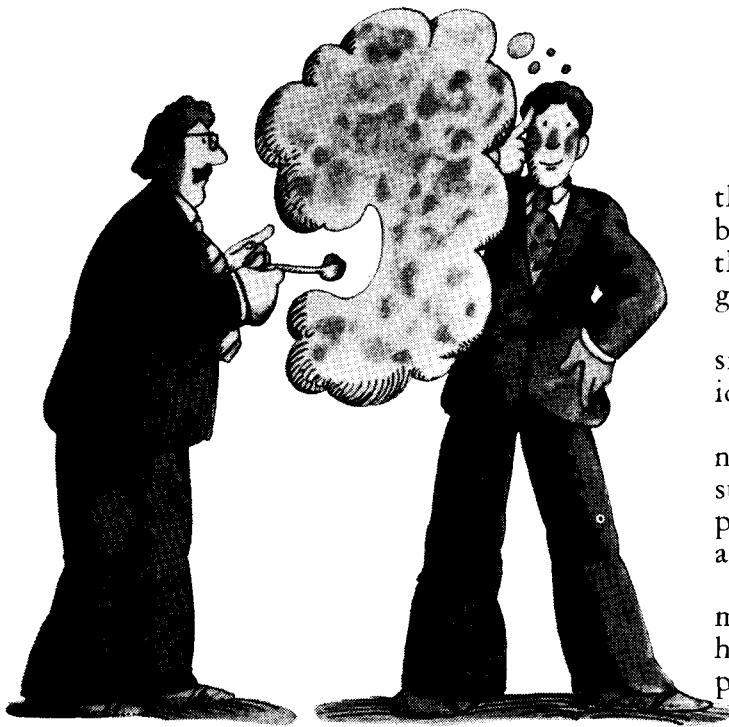
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We have some alarming news.

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In fact, our research men often get part of their 3M workday free if they want to work on brainstorm. Plus the space and tools and help they need to pursue those elusive strokes of genius.

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3M refuses to let ideas die young. And that means putting healthy ideas and the people who have them together with other ideas and their people.

Then nature takes its course. Two good ideas beget better ideas. And given a decent fighting chance, they make amazing things happen.

3M has watched ideas begin as the tiniest of things. And grow into products like "Tartan" Brand athletic surfacing. The first successful pre-sensitized metal printing plate. And Boil-in-Bag and Bake-in-Bag packaging.

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bombers. This in turn panicked the Kennedy Administration into the ill-conceived Nassau conference between Kennedy and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. The outcome of that conference complicated the already unsatisfactory relations between the United States and France and between Britain and France.

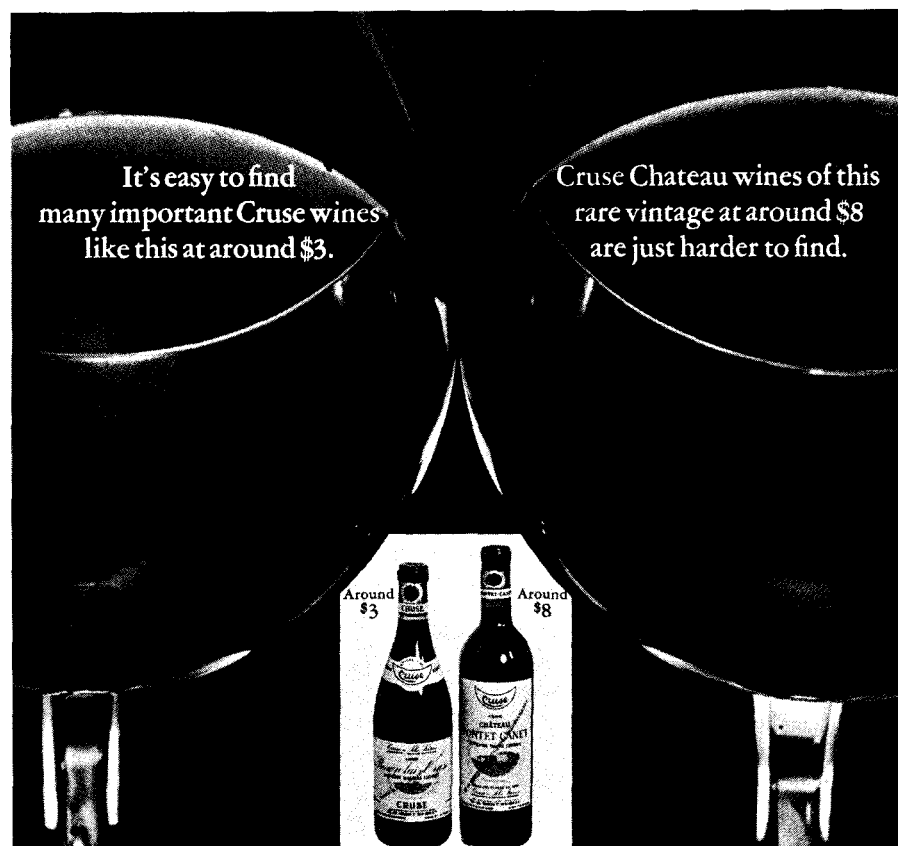
Another almost classic case developed this year. On March 7, Senator Henry M. Jackson (Dem., Washington), a hawk, proclaimed with alarm an "ominous" development. The Soviet Union, he said, was deploying "an advanced generation" of huge new ICBM's, "as big or bigger" than its mammoth SS-9. On March 9, Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird said that U. S. intelligence had detected several new missile holes in the ground in Russia for either a new, bigger missile or a modified SS-9. On March 11, Senator Stuart Symington (Dem., Missouri) said that Jackson had used classified information; but he excused Jackson because, he said, the Nixon Administration "gave the information to Jackson to put out." On May 26, the Central Intelligence Agency—through Senate Republican sources—belatedly leaked word that it was all a bad dream. Most of the holes that had scared Jackson, the CIA said, were intended for relatively small S-11 missiles and therefore in no sense put an "ominous" light on Moscow's strategic intentions.

There are no rules for this "system" of presenting information to the public. It is the rule of the jungle; one official's secret is another's leak.

—R. H. SHACKFORD

GAMBLING IN BRITAIN

Eleven years ago, Parliament voted to legalize the popular forms of gambling in Britain for the same reason that many Americans want to legalize marijuana: to "rationalize" the law and bring it up to date with accepted social standards. Before 1960, Britons could bet on horse or dog races or pinball machines, but with strict controls. Big money gambling—casino games or off-track race betting on a cash basis—had been outlawed for a variety of reasons for six hundred years. The earliest laws were to prevent men from wasting time that



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GAMBLING IN BRITAIN

could be spent at archery practice. But in 1960, Parliament accepted the fact that gambling was probably good for no one, moderately bad for most, and very bad for only a few, and it decided to leave the decision on whether to gamble to the people themselves. Keeping laws against various forms of gambling on the books was hypocritical since so many people engaged in it that the police could not control it all. During the debate in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary, R. A. B. Butler, said: "The failure of the authorities to enforce the law has brought the law into contempt." To eliminate that contempt, Butler chose not to get the authorities to enforce the law but to ease it.

Almost every country in the world, including the Soviet Union, permits some form of organized gambling. But no country permits it for quite the same reasons as Britain. Most operate the activities themselves, or at least tax them heavily, to earn tax revenue in a painless manner—and often a usurious one. The Swedish government, for example, takes 55 percent of the national lottery pool as pure profit and returns the rest as prizes and commissions. The French government takes a 32 percent cut of the money bet in the weekly *tiercé* horse race.

The British government, with one minor exception, does not run any of the gambling activities it has legalized, and under the Betting and Gaming Act of 1960 it began to collect only nominal taxes. Off-track betting shops, for example, were charged only £100 for a license (and £1 a year to renew it). Casinos, which were unlicensed, paid no special taxes at all.

The 1960 act was not supposed to allow everything. Its purpose was to allow casual wagering among friends, low-stakes bingo and slot-machine gambling, and convenient race betting.

By permitting bookmakers to take cash bets, the law aimed to "democratize" horse and greyhound betting. Since 1926, the bookies had been licensed to take bets only on credit. The idea was to protect the poor, who could not get credit, from

wasting their money foolishly. Now the poor could bet too. Most important, the law was supposed to "prevent the commercial exploitation of gambling," as the bill's sponsor in Parliament, Dennis Vosper, said, and "to impose such restrictions as are desirable and practicable to discourage or prevent excess," as the Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries, and Gaming recommended.

In fact, the law achieved very few of these high-minded goals. By 1968, there were 2500 bingo clubs, 1000 casinos (compared with 150 in France), and 16,000 cash bookmaking shops in the country. Private enterprise was doing well. Slot machines often collected more than 30 percent of turnover. Bookmakers averaged 10 percent. Bingo operators picked up extra money by running high-profit variations of roulette between sessions, with a house cut sometimes exceeding 15 percent. Bingo clubs were "linked" for large jackpot games. The prizes were hardly casual—up to £15,000.

Most of these figures are drawn from reports by the Gaming Board for Great Britain, which was appointed in 1968. Until that time, no single government body was charged with keeping track of gambling. Even today, there are no official figures or even estimates of how much is bet in Britain in a year. The Churches' Council on Gambling, a private group, works backward from tax records and makes educated guesses. A high Gaming Board official told me that its figures are reasonably accurate for gambling volume in 1969:

Races and general betting (elections, etc.)	£1.123 billion
Casino gaming	£500 million
Bingo	£132 million
Football pools	£50 million
Slot machines	£80 million
Premium bonds (lottery)	£32 million

The total translates into more than \$4.6 billion.

Advantage

With illegal betting included, Americans gamble far more money than the British. The best estimate is that Americans, with only four times the population, bet eight times as much money a year. But a higher proportion of Englishmen place bets every year—48 percent, according to

a recent survey. The proportion of Americans who gamble is half that.

Gambling in Britain grew so big because the Gaming Act was poorly drafted and poorly enforced. It had an enormous loophole, and the thousand casinos poured through it. The law said that gaming was allowed in clubs among members as long as no player or owner had an advantage over the others (the "unequal chance" rule). In other words, the house could not use its traditional advantage over the players to make a profit.

At the same time, the law allowed clubs to collect a charge for the use of their facilities. A percentage cut is far more valuable to a casino than an entrance fee, says Michael Hudson, the casino owners' chief lobbyist, because the player does not see it come out of his pocket. The purpose of this part of the act was to prohibit big-time gaming while permitting bridge and whist among clubmates.

But the big-time casinos sprang up by using clever devices to circumvent the unequal chance rule. The government challenged the casinos in the courts, but trials were drawn out and decisions appealed. The first important case, *Crickett v. Kursaal Casino*, was not decided by the House of Lords until December, 1967. The casino lost, but it soon tried something else. It became clear, as well, that the police were not enforcing the law very vigorously. There was no special detail to control gambling, and the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police had issued a confidential order inhibiting his officers from investigating gaming clubs, since their crimes were considered to be of a low priority. In January, 1968, the Appeal Court ruled that the Commissioner must withdraw his order and have his men enforce the law.

Mess

By 1968, many casinos were cheating in order to survive the unequal chance rule. Government investigators said that they found magnetic dice that "can almost be made to dance on the table." A more subtle device was "double-felting"—adding an extra imperceptible thickness of felt between the number slots on a roulette wheel to make a slot narrower so it would be harder for the ball

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GAMBLING IN BRITAIN

to fall into it. The slots that were double-felted were the ten most popular numbers (5,8,11,14,17,20,23,26,29, and 32)—popular because, as the middle column, they are used for combination plays, *chevaux* and *car-rés*. But most alarming was a report in the *Wall Street Journal* (November 8, 1968) stating that American gangsters were about to move into London "in a big way." The Home Office had already barred Dino Cellini, an associate of Meyer Lansky, and the actor George Raft from the country after it learned their backgrounds. They had set up shop in George Raft's Colony Sporting Club. But the casinos were getting out of control, and there was no way to keep track of who was running them or even where they were. It was time for a new law.

The Labor government drew it up, happily criticizing the Conservatives for making a mess of the first one. The law was viewed as a compromise. It permitted commercial gambling in casinos for the first time, but it included measures to control strictly the number of casinos and the kind of betting that went on in them.

The Gaming Act of 1968 went into effect in July, 1970. It set up a five-member Gaming Board to license casinos and bingo houses, set rules for them, and police them. The Board received 750 applications from casino owners for "certificates of consent" (tantamount to a license) in 1969-1970.

After most of them were in, the Board decided to limit casinos to 30 areas in England, Scotland, and Wales—mainly large cities and resorts. Over 400 applications were eliminated for being "out of area." From the rest, the Board granted certificates to just 138, turning down such old and prestigious London clubs as Crockfords. Nearly 200 applications were turned down because the owners had criminal backgrounds or undesirable connections or because they were incompetent or foreign.

Taxes were raised. A license now costs £1000. Casinos are charged for the number of tables they have. The Victoria Sporting Club, England's largest with 12,000 members (it had 20,000 when the new law went into

effect, but it had to remove them from its rolls and start over), paid over £200,000 last year in taxes. Its first two tables are tax-free; the next three cost £5000 each; and subsequent ones £10,000.

The new rules are strict: casinos may be open between 2 P.M. and 4 A.M. New members are required to wait forty-eight hours after signing up before they can play. No entertainment can be offered on the premises as an inducement to play. (The Playboy Club had to build two separate establishments, one for gambling and one for entertainment.) No tipping is allowed. No credit can be given. If a member buys chips with a check, he must honor it. It is not handed back to him if he wins, as it used to be.

The Board also modified some of the games to give the house less of an advantage. A few high-edge bets are outlawed in craps, and advice must be printed clearly in front of players at blackjack tables. The permitted games are roulette, blackjack, craps, *chemin de fer*, *baccarat*, and *punto banco*. The last three are variations of the same game, that with the highest stakes in French casinos and the most exciting to watch.

Slow nights

England has two separate hard-gaming scenes: London and the provinces. In the large cities of the Midlands and the North, gambling is very different from what it is in Nevada and Cannes. Roulette is played in well-established workers' clubs with memberships large enough to support weekly entertainment by big names like Tom Jones and Petula Clark. Gambling is only a secondary attraction. The stakes are low; the normal bet is around ten new pence (about twenty-five cents), and nightly turnover is about £2 a head. These clubs have been hurt by the new law. They have had to separate their cabarets from their gaming tables. All this means that their profits are low; but taxes are based on the number of tables rather than profits, so the regional clubs have to pay the government almost as much as the London clubs pay. Michael Hudson, general secretary of the casino owners' group, the British Gaming Association, said recently that six provincial clubs were on the verge of shutting down.



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GAMBLING IN BRITAIN

In London, most of the clubs were started after 1960. Gambling was not merely added to older attractions. The rooms are large and plush, but few of them are clubs in the traditional sense of the word. Almost anyone can join by paying a small fee. The members hardly know each other, and during the tourist season about one fifth of them are foreigners, mostly Americans. Well over half the total money, and almost all the big money, is bet in London. Still, the betting is not as large or as interesting to watch as it is on the Côte d'Azur or in Normandy. At the Victoria Sporting Club, the blackjack dealers are big-breasted young women, who deal fast and sloppy. Everything goes fast. There are no dramatic pauses after big bets—something you still see in Monte Carlo or at the Palm Beach in Cannes. The bet limits are generally low, and many who frequent the casinos seem to be poor, unskillful, and compulsive gamblers.

The Sportsman is a different kind of club. It is very serious about its several good works and looks a bit like a country club. It sponsors scholarships ("SPORTSMAN SPONSORSHIP PROGRAMME LAUNCHED WITH CHARITY GALA EVENING," the Sportsman's glossy internal newsletter headlined). It presents a Sporting Award of the Month to famous people; Prime Minister Edward Heath (yachtsman) won it once last year. David Grey, the manager, wears a dinner jacket and a black bow tie, and tells a new acquaintance, "I see you are wearing Guccis too. They are a very good shoe."

Grey complains about the same things as do Tony Jackson, the manager of the Victoria, and Tony Rees, the manager of the Charlie Chester Casino near Piccadilly Circus: the forty-eight-hour wait that cuts down on the number of foreigners who gamble ("another bit of protection from the nanny government. . . . Don't they want the foreign money?"), the rule against tipping ("Some of my members *want* to tip. They think it's good luck."), and the growth of underground gambling since the new law went into effect ("The Gaming Board have twenty-six investigators. That is not enough to

keep up with it."). They are happy to have less competition, of course, and volume has increased.

Everything but horses

While roulette is the sport of the English upper class, the lower class prefers racetrack betting. Horses are the main topic of conversation in pubs, more popular than politics. A betting office—with a sign like "Jack Swift, Turf Accountant"—is never more than two or three blocks away from anything in London. You enter a room with forms tacked to the walls, a large blackboard facing you, and two or three cashier's cages. It looks like a small post office. Races are broadcast over a loudspeaker. Often, three tracks are running the same afternoon, with their races staggered ten or fifteen minutes apart. You check the odds on the blackboard, write your bet on a slip of paper, pay at the window, get a receipt, and listen to the race. Everything is there but the horses. And betting is painless and convenient even if you do not have an account. If you are a painter or a street sweeper, you can drop by without missing more than a few minutes' work. If you are cooped up in a factory, runners will take your bets for you. The shops are open during business hours, usually from 9 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.

The only problem is finding things to bet on. The British racing industry has been hurt by off-track betting. Track attendance is down. In the first five years under the 1960 law, the number of racetrack spectators fell from 5.5 million to 4.9 million, and greyhound spectators from 15.3 million to 11.5 million. Turnover dropped as well. The government-run totalisator, which takes parimutuel bets at the tracks, suffered a 30 percent falloff in betting between 1968 and 1969. The tracks themselves receive only a small percentage of the off-track betting profits (as opposed to France, where the *tiercé* cut enables the Jockey Club to offer purses even higher than those at New York tracks). Entrance fees for spectators have had to be raised and purses lowered. Good and even mediocre horses are more and more frequently shipped to the United States or France to race for higher purses. In one afternoon, I listened to three races in which only two horses com-

peted. For the bookmakers, it is clearly better to have ten two-horse races than two ten-horse races, but not for the racing industry.

Bookmaking is a business in which large capital reserves absolutely guarantee success. A small bookie can be hurt by a single big loss, but a large one knows he will make it up, because the percentage is with him. Profit is about 7 percent of turnover—not investment. In fact, investment is very small—it usually consists of a one-room office with a three-man staff, and an accounting and communications network.

The success of Ladbroke's, the largest bookmaking chain in England, has been phenomenal. The publicly held company started with 31 shops in 1966. It had 556 as of October 20, 1970, and expected to open almost 100 more by June. Last year's turnover was £71.6 million—up 48.9 percent from 1969. Profits before taxes were £5.1 million—up 54.3 percent. The stock is doing well too: the company paid a 27.5 percent dividend last year. Ladbroke's is starting to diversify; it recently bought a hotel and a restaurant in Malta. A fairly large proportion of its bets—38 percent—are on credit.

The Ladbroke's main office, on Ganton Street near Liberty's, is decorated with pictures of old horses; Azor beating Young Wizard in the 1817 Derby, and so on. Old horses seem to have had small heads and wonderfully large withers. The company officials like to talk about the strange bets Ladbroke's takes: "The English will bet on anything, anything at all." In September, 1969, after a well publicized television show about the Loch Ness monster, many people wanted to bet that the monster existed. Ladbroke's offered opening odds of 10 to one against it and booked £2200. Later, it booked £1000 at 8 to one, and finally £2000 at 6 to one. The company's terms were: "We are betting against the existence in Loch Ness of a large creature, not less than 30 feet in length, hitherto unknown in Great Britain, and positively identified as such a monster before Jan. 1, 1970." Ladbroke's won that one, but they lost their bets on Goldie the Eagle, who escaped from the London Zoo. A total of £12,000 was bet on the proposition that Goldie would return the next day. It rained, and Goldie re-

With our help these dolls are making a profit for these guys in Watts.

These guys help manufacture ethnic dolls for the Shindana Toy Co., a subsidiary of Operation Bootstrap. Shindana is a Swahili word meaning "competitor." Chase Manhattan Capital Corporation, a small business investment corporation, invested in this growing company and continues to serve as a financial advisor.

Shindana originally received a capital donation from Mattel, Inc., which then asked Chase to join in sponsoring the company. Chase Manhattan and the Bank of Finance, a black-owned bank in Los Angeles, arranged a favorable financing package.

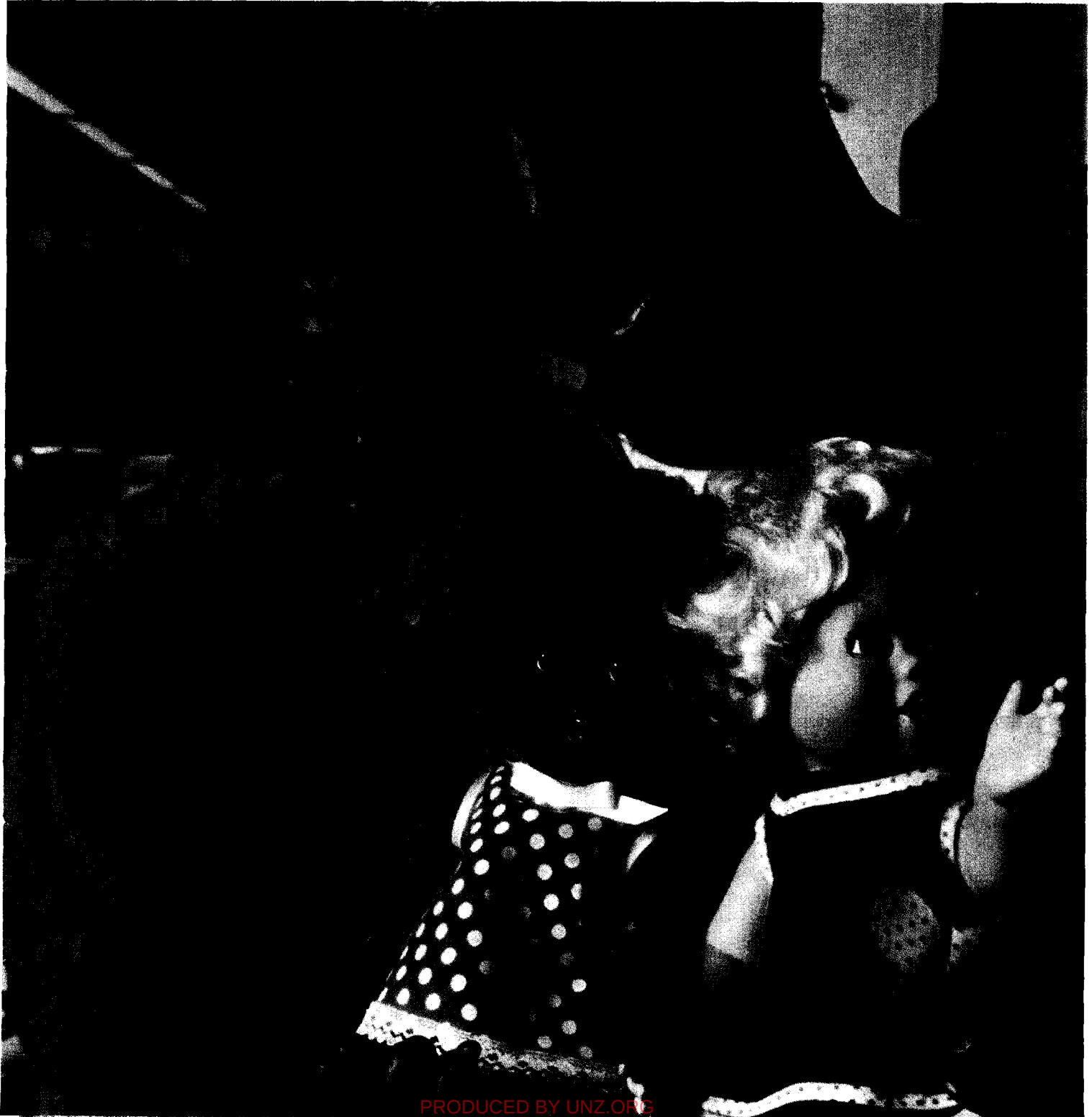
The company makes several thousand dolls a week.

And sells to such chains as Sears, Roebuck and Co., Montgomery Ward, J. C. Penney, F. W. Woolworth, Alexander's, W. T. Grant, Korvettes, and a variety of big wholesalers.

Shindana is a black company competing in an integrated community. And they are competing, as one company spokesman said, "with dignity, pride and without losing our identity."

A good motive for change is the profit motive.

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK 
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The Parker 75. The only pen that can exactly fit any hand that owns it.

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Big hands. Small hands. Left hands. Deliberate hands. Gentle hands. How can the Parker 75 fit every hand on earth?

Because you can adjust it until it fits your own hand and your own style of writing.

Instead of a fixed point, we gave the Parker 75 a point that can be turned 360 degrees until it meets the paper precisely, at whatever angle you naturally hold the pen. Then we sculpted the finger area to a tapered trefoil shape,

and gave it a textured grip. Your fingers will naturally find a comfortable fit against it, and the pen automatically will be in the best writing position for you every time you pick it up.

Even the weight of the pen contributes to your individual writing style. The case is solid sterling silver, balanced to within a hundredth of an ounce. By its own weight, the pen provides an ideal writing pressure. What pressure you add or subtract with your fingers will give your writing its distinctive style.

You even have control over how the pen is filled. It fills and refills conveniently with a cartridge, or you can convert it quickly to fill from a bottle.

All of which makes the Parker 75 an exceptional gift. It's the only pen you can give that exactly fits any hand that owns it.

 **PARKER**

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

The sterling silver Parker 75 Fountain Pen is \$25. With matching pencil or ball pen, \$40. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the \$1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the \$150 Presidential Fountain Pen.

GAMBLING IN BRITAIN

turned. The present odds against flying saucers (manned by beings from another planet) are 100 to one. Among other favorite races to bet on have been competitions for Miss World, President of the Bank of England, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and whether Sweden will join the Common Market. The total bet on the 1968 American presidential election was £147,000 and on the 1970 British general elections £786,000.

Release

The best loved proletariat-style gambling activities are bingo and football pools. The pools, in which you must guess the outcome of a large number of weekly matches, have larger payoffs than bingo, and they are tax-free. In a six-year period, Littlewood's, the biggest pool outfit, paid 28 winners over 100,000 each and one winner 300,000. About one third of the adult population makes a weekly football pool bet; usually it is less than five new pence.

If turnover is considered as gross income, gambling is Britain's largest industry. It employs 100,000 people. But despite the boom of the 1960s, it is hard to say how it affects Englishmen. The average gambler bets the equivalent of about \$250 a year, but he loses only \$25 of it, a fairly minor investment. The penny arcades around Piccadilly are jammed with middle-aged women pulling the levers of fruit (slot) machines, but the bets are only a few new pence a throw.

The Churches' Council on Gambling has begun a three-year study to determine who gambles, how much, and why. The Council thinks that compulsive gambling is socially and economically destructive. The Reverend Austin Williams of Islington told the Council that compulsive gambling causes more family problems than alcoholism. A survey taken shortly after the 1960 act went into effect in Bermondsey, a working-class district outside London, concluded: "The new act has made the largest revolution in the habits of the British working class since the war." It said that two thirds of the families gamble

regularly. At the same time, the National Union of Small Shopkeepers reported that bad debts had risen 10 percent. Embezzlement is the main crime of compulsive gamblers. A postal clerk, for example, recently stole £750 to pay gambling debts. But instead of paying them off right away, he used the money to gamble some more, and he lost all of it.

The Reverend Gordon E. Moody, who has been general secretary of the Churches' Council for the past twelve years, has started a Gamblers' Anonymous group. He told me that he thinks people gamble because their social needs are ignored. "I have heard so much about how the working man 'wants his pint and his bet'—that's saying that he wants a release from his savage situation. . . . We can't just tell people to stop swapping wives and going to bookmakers, or stop drinking alcohol and try cannabis. We have to create a society where we don't need these releases."

The casino managers and the Ladbroke's people say that Englishmen gamble because of some sort of "sporting instinct." Moody thinks they gamble because they see income distributed unequally and irrationally all around them. Why are some people rich and some poor? "You can see absolutely," says Moody, "that wealth is distributed by chance. It is a function of health, I.Q., constitution, education, parents. . . . So why shouldn't you use chance to get money?"

Is there a moral equivalent of gambling? No, he says, since it would be a substitute, and substitutes are not the real thing. People will continue to gamble, not until they have something better to do, but until they live in a society where they do not need it. Meanwhile, Moody's organization helps people who cannot stop and lobbies for stricter controls. The Churches' Council warned Parliament of the casino loophole in the 1960 act, but no one listened.

On the other side, Michael Hudson of the owners' lobby believes that the new Conservative government will loosen up a bit. The number of areas where casinos are permitted is expected to be raised soon. The slot machines have been retooled to take decimal coins. The dogs and the horses will continue to run. Rationalized law will prevail.

—JAMES K. GLASSMAN

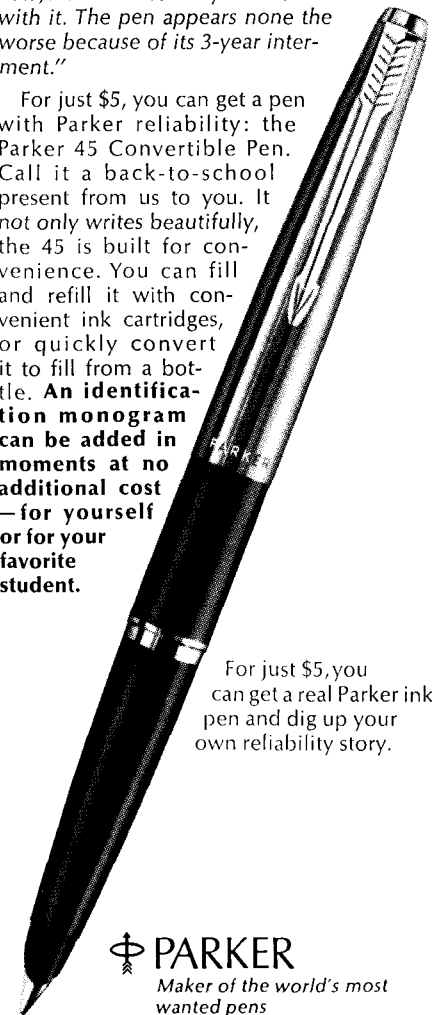


Thomas A. Lee, Jr. writes from San Francisco:

"While digging in my garden this past weekend, I uncovered a Parker ink pen which I had lost somewhere in excess of three years ago. After scraping the dirt from the pen and shaking it once so the ink again began to flow, I was immediately able to write with it. The pen appears none the worse because of its 3-year interment."

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Innocent Bystander

The Bus Line in the Sky and Other Expensive Indignities

by L. E. Sissman

If I were to charge you several hundred dollars for the privilege of standing in line in a humid, crowded terminal, clutching two or three small but exquisitely heavy and awkward bags, in order to spend six or seven hours in the cramped steerage of a rumbling, lurching conveyance to the accompaniment of rattling dishes, screaming infants, flushing toilets, and the squeaking, booming sound track of a mindless GP movie, you would probably punch me in the mouth. With reason.

Yet this sort of humiliating slave-ship treatment is what practically every long-distance traveler pays plenty for—in the name of pleasure, escape, and relaxation—today. There is a big bus line in the sky, dedicated to the proposition that Americans will put up good money (or good credit) to be conveyed, in maximum discomfort reminiscent of cross-country bus travel in the thirties or day-coach travel during World War II, to distant places. Nor does their ordeal end when they arrive at the promised (but not delivered) land. The first-class or deluxe hotels are carpeted with the serried BOAC bags of fellow travelers; the white and naked beaches of the tour brochures are discovered to be as populous as Coney Island; the gorgeous tombs and ruins swarm with ant colonies of unquiet Americans, not to mention even more vociferous Germans, Scandinavians, French, and Dutch; the browned-off natives, wearily supplying the immense demand, have little time for charm; at night, the fancy hotel dining rooms serve wizened New York sirloins while their orchestras play deceased Broadway show tunes for the dancing

pleasure of couples in mink stoles and royal blue After Six tuxedos.

Thus the unhurried, edifying exploration of an alien culture has become instead the extension overseas of the worst aspects of our own culture, thinly but impermeably applied to the face of foreign countries. In our own cities, we studiously avoid the loud hotels and tourist traps; abroad, we find them inescapable. Our national genius for marketable simulation—tear down the real thing and build a bigger, better replica—has led us, in collaboration with the dollar-eager foreigners, to turn Europe and the Caribbean into flattened, distorted caricatures of themselves, overlaid by a flattened caricature of our worst excesses of American “good living.” Side by side with the domestic fakery of the Moulin Rouge, there is the imported fakery of a New Miami Beach in Paris, just as the flavorless American hotels, already flyspecked by the passage of thousands of junketing Willie Lomans, jostle such institutionalized London landmarks as the Cheshire Cheese and Madame Tussaud’s. And the process is even more advanced in such defenseless resorts as Palma, where the Majorcan culture has been virtually effaced by miles and miles of high-rise condominiums, discothèques, and souvenir stands; in the Son Vida, Palma’s premier hotel, there are no Majorcan dishes on the menu, and the chief recreations of the American guests are golf (on a bitty nine-hole hotel course) and snacking at the poolside (since there is no beach within walking distance). To get any idea of Majorca proper, it is necessary to hire a car and driver and take to the inadequate and precipitous mountain roads.

If this is true outside the continental United States, it is doubly true within our borders. It is entirely possible to travel to many American cities without getting any real idea of those cities, their life, or their people. Regional differences are stylized into the cute and kitschy tourist attraction: the Colonial South is embalmed in Williamsburg and Colonial New England in Sturbridge Village; Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, and San Francisco have “redeveloped” areas that are supposed to give a potted, once-over-lightly view of their past; and Los Angeles and Miami have effaced their local character in

favor of a tacky, tourist-oriented embodiment of the American dream: Disneyland and the Sunset Strip on one hand, Marineland and the sixty-five miles of condominiums from Palm Beach to Boca Raton on the other.

How did it happen? If I remember rightly, it was Thorstein Veblen who first proposed that the ultimate effect of mass production would be a democratization of taste in which the lowest common denominator of goods and services would eventually be equated with the highest, and the consumption of the rich would differ only in degree—but not in quality—from that of the less affluent. This has largely come to pass. Your ordinary rich man now buys a Cadillac, a mass-produced item only marginally superior in quality to his employee’s Chevrolet; since his servants have left him for better-paying, less demeaning work, he relies, like his employee, on labor-saving appliances (and suffers the same service problems with them); his travel dollars, however numerous, do not buy him more peace, more privacy, or more insight into the place he travels to than his employee’s dollars do.

While this democratizing of goods and services may have had a salutary effect on plutocracy and elitism, it was also hell on the quality of life, as a peek at commercial TV, an airplane ride, or a visit to Miami or Honolulu will quickly show. It takes a positive effort of will and a strong detective sense to avoid plastic food, plastic living, and plastic entertainment these days—to avoid, in a word, becoming your own credit-card number. There are three logical if unsatisfying reasons for this. First, our masters’ assumptions about taste (by our masters, I mean all those often obscure people who are responsible for the form and content of our daily lives). As I pointed out in a recent column about advertising, the admen of the thirties and forties operated under the mistaken assumption that “mass” was the opposite of “class,” and that in order to sell a product in large quantities it was necessary to make it flashy, cheap, and gaudy, in the manner of trade goods for the natives. This idea—that the mass of the public reveled in the tawdry and even preferred it to the tasteful—unfortunately caught on and infected our whole life. Now the generation that grew up on

it have themselves become the taste-makers for the masses—the middle-aged minor executives in half-sleeve shirts, Slim Jim ties, and drip-dry suits who decide to put Muzak in elevators, portion-controlled chicken croquettes on Howard Johnson's menus, laser stripes on musclecars, *The Smith Family* on television, and inspirational pep talks on the stereo channels of United airliners. These people are in no sense innovators; they are simply dedicated to giving us more of the same, the safe, the non-wavemaking pap they themselves were reared on.

Unfortunately, though, the annoyance factor of their works is rising perceptibly, year by year, because of two other developments. The first is, simply, population growth. There are more people in elevators, in the lines at movie houses, in the streets, in the parking lots at shopping centers, in the hotels and restaurants we visit on vacation. To the mild affront of Muzak and bland, pastel decor is suddenly added the grave affront of being *herded*, like the sheep it is tacitly assumed we are, into and out of all the small occasions of our lives. The shepherds are the signs and arrows of outrageous fortune, the recorded announcements on busy telephone circuits and moving sidewalks in airports, the live announcements urging us to buy in discount stores and urging us to see the awful movie (at \$2.50 extra) on transatlantic airliners. Moving in long, snake-like lines, jostled fore and aft by the bags and packages of our neighbors, we suddenly realize, at the moment that nasal, amplified, inhuman voice cuts in, that we have lost control of our lives and destinies, that, no matter how far we run or how much we spend to escape, our vaunted individuality is a fiction and a joke. At home, we may congratulate ourselves to the skies and hug ourselves with secret, sinful pleasure at our eclectic taste in music, paintings, books, and furniture; abroad—at the shopping plaza or in the Place Pigalle—all our selfish intransigence falls to the ground, and we take our preordained place in those shuffling gray lines of sheep again. (Joseph Reed, a professor of English at Wesleyan University who is also a painter, recently had a one-man show of his meticulous miniatures in London. Each painting depicted some glorious, or vainglorious,

public occasion of the last hundred years; in each—a formal diplomatic banquet, a victory parade, the opening of the Burbank Airport, clouded by a phalanx of tiny Ford Trimotors, in 1931—the crowds of people were replaced by swarms of ants. This struck me as a pretty good metaphor for what I'm talking about, except that ants may have too much racial purposiveness to be quite as passive as crowds are today.)

The third thing that makes our subjugation to institutionalized indignity increasingly hard to take is our rising expectations, our growing awareness of an alternative. Though we may have given too many hostages to fortune to break out of our circumscribed lives and join those who have become street people, professional vagabonds, or members of self-sufficient communes—and though we may indeed deplore the damage to their personal development entailed in dropping out—the young, the disaffected, and the intentionally rootless have demonstrated publicly that such an alternative exists, and that mass humiliation need not be our eternal lot.

It is all part of our general subjugation to a machine, a multifarious machine that may simultaneously be a war machine, an economic machine, a teaching machine, a pleasure machine—in short, like Le Corbusier's famous (and I suspect unworkable) house, a machine for living. But if we need a machine for living, then we are living for a machine, pledging our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, if there's any left, to a mechanism and not to life itself. While the logistics of providing a decent, private, edifying life to three billion people are properly staggering, I think we may reasonably fight for—and get—more serious consideration for the human principle in daily life.

In a time when every institution is being openly challenged with increasing vigor and impatience, we must shortly challenge the validity and humanity of those long, gray styrene corridors, resonant with "The Sound of Music," where we wait out our days on our way to the air bus bound for plastic Paris, Palma, Honolulu, and all the other shrines of the inhuman spirit.

**Sometimes,
even the prices
seem Pre-Columbian.**



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THE MAIL

GRIPES OF WRATH

SIR: John Gregory Dunne's update on Delano and the emergence of Cesar Chavez ("To Die Standing," June *Atlantic*) has a depth and balance rarely found in published pieces about the farm-labor scene in California.

However, Mr. Dunne accepts as fact the same old set of vulnerable economic statistics that have always complicated the fair appraisal of the problem that is necessary to solve it.

In 1967, USDA's Crop Reporting Board reported the California hired farm-work force at 254,000—less than half the 700,000 claimed by Mr. Dunne. Further, the \$1.78 hourly farm wage cited for the year does not include piece-rate payments by which nearly all California farm workers are paid. A Department of Labor study finds that piece rates average about 25 percent higher than flat hourly figures and yet until quite recently were statistically unreported. Thus, payroll records on file with the California Department of Employment show that lettuce workers made \$4.25-\$4.50 an hour before Cesar Chavez set foot in the Salinas Valley. Fifty weeks of work are available in lettuce as well as in most other California crop areas where grapes, citrus, and various other field and orchard commodities grow contiguously, and harvest work in one or another of them is current throughout the year.

How then is the average annual wage of \$1709 reported by Mr. Dunne computed? Simply by lumping together the wages of all manner of persons who worked on a farm during a calendar year—whether they worked two days, two weeks, or ten months—and arriving at a raw average which has got to be a statistical mish-mash. It is as if you averaged what you pay a boy to mow your lawn twice a month during the summer with the wages of a boy working the year around in a supermarket.

Mr. Dunne quotes anonymous statisticians who have discovered that 4 percent of California's growers own nearly 70 percent of the land. A joint USDA-University of California survey published in March of 1970 finds that of 57,000 commercial farms in California only 1673 could be classed as corporation-owned, or about 2.9 percent of the total (only slightly higher than the national average). Further, of 37 million arable acres in production in California only 6.1 million acres—or less than one sixth the total—are owned or farmed by corporations.

Citing 1964 census figures, Congressman B. F. Sisk (Dem., Calif.) has noted that 95 percent of California's boycotted grape growers were small growers, producing nearly 80 percent of the total crop. The average acreage to grapes on over 8000 individual family farms was 36 acres. Yet most people have been led to believe that the grape industry belongs to a few vast "agri-business" corporations.

None of this is intended to discredit the major thrust of Mr. Dunne's article, which is perceptive—and chilling.

JACK ANGELL
Communications Director
American Farm Bureau Federation
Chicago, Ill.

John Gregory Dunne replies:

For the record, the figures Mr. Angell characterizes as "vulnerable" come from the following sources, none of them as "anonymous" as he might wish:

a) 1964 *U.S. Census of Agriculture*, Vol. I, Part 48, U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of Census.

b) *Report 830 No. 6, Research Statistics*, October 28, 1969, California Department of Employment.

c) *California Annual Farm Labor Report, 1969*—California Department of Employment (June 1970).

d) *California's Principal Crop and Livestock Commodities for 1969*, Cali-

fornia Department of Agriculture, prepared by the California Crop and Livestock Reporting Service, May 1970.

Mr. Angell's title is "Communications Director." In common English, that means publicity man, or flack. I make the distinction because it takes plain English to pierce Mr. Angell's semantic smoke screen about "corporation farms" and high hourly wages. As an admirer of the publicist's art, I must say that I liked the touch about the corporation farms, leaving, as it does, the implication that after one gets by that 2.9 percent that might "... be classed as corporation-owned," the rest of California's farms are those thirty-six-acre jobs. The facts, however, are something else again. To wit:

1) There were 35,054,379 acres under cultivation in California in 1945. (Source: paragraph a, above.)

2) There were 37,010,925 acres under cultivation in 1964. (Source: paragraph a.)

3) There were 138,917 farms in California in 1945. (Source: paragraph a.)

4) There were 57,000 farms in California in 1970. (Source: paragraph d and Mr. Angell's letter.)

5) The average size of California's farms in 1964 was 457.8 acres. (Source: paragraph a.)

6) The average size of California's farms in 1969 was 617 acres. (paragraph d.)

7) 3124 farms (or 3.8 percent of the total) own 25,465,752 acres (or 68.8 percent of all farmland.) *At no point did I state that the 4 percent were all corporation farms.* (Source: paragraph a.)

8) 6972 farms (8.6 percent of the total) accounted for 70.8 percent of farm wages. (Source: paragraph a.) Mr. Angell also mentions wages in excess of four dollars an hour. Hourly wages, however, give no indication of the number of hours per day worked, the number of days per week, or the

number of weeks per year. Mr. Angell implies that fifty weeks of work are available each year in crops that grow "contiguously," which is just a fancy way of saying for migrants who want to follow the "contiguous" crops from one end of California to the other. He does not indicate to what percentage of the farm labor force these fifty weeks are available. Fact: in 1967, only 31,428 members of the California farm labor force earned as much as \$5000 in agricultural employment. (Source: paragraph b.)

NIXONOMICS

SIR: Evans and Novak, my old and dear friends, are wrong on their quote of my position in the *Atlantic* article "Nixonomics."

I did not, repeat, did not advise my clients to raise prices prior to the January 27 press conference of the President.

It was because of the press conference of January 27 that I took the position that clients should not hesitate to raise prices. It was precisely because I was convinced that neither monetary nor fiscal controls could work *without* guidelines that I gave the advice. Time has proven the accuracy and validity of the advice.

Evans and Novak correctly quote my advice but misplace it in time. After the President signaled his reluctance to put teeth in the anti-inflation fight on January 27 at the press conference, I did what any adviser must do: advise on the logical course of action.

PIERRE A. RINFRET
Palm Beach, Fla.

SIR: I just finished reading "Nixonomics" and "John Connally: Nixon's New Quarterback." I wish everyone in Texas could read the July issue of *The Atlantic*!

NORMA WILDER
Baytown, Tex.

LINGUA FRANCA

SIR: Here is a correction of the opening sentence of your July editorial: "As every schoolboy knows" is a phrase often employed by Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859), a very famous English essayist and historian, to introduce to readers a quaint or esoteric bit of fact that was

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almost always little known to schoolboys and not much better to their elders."

Time magazine indeed!

ROBERT W. WHEELER
Henry Ford Community College
Dearborn, Mich.

SIR: As every schoolboy *does* know, Alaska is the forty-ninth state, not "the fiftieth."

LOREN W. WASSELL
Peoria, Ill.

Mr. Manning replies:

Macaulay certainly deserves precedence over *Time* in this case, and we are obliged to Mr. Wheeler for modifying the record. As for Alaska's place in line: oops, Mr. Wassell, and aloha.

SIR: I read with interest in the May issue of *The Atlantic* your editorial comments regarding the debasement of language in modern society. The article was indeed thought-provoking and the point well made—especially when one considers that your May issue arrived on my doorstep in mid-April!

JOHN S. MASON
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: I am writing in response to Earl Shorris' piece on the Crow Reservation ("How 114 Washing Machines Came to the Crow Reservation") that appeared in your February issue. His account strikes close to home. I grew up in Billings, attended college in Minnesota, and worked my college summers in the Billings area.

One summer I was employed by a beverage distributor that made a weekly delivery to all of the Hardin bars. During the deliveries to the bars, I realized that for a great number of the Indians, drinking and mournful chanting were the primary pastimes, as Shorris accurately reports. The majority of the Indian bars are white-owned, and a number of them are filthy and slimy, despite the presence of government inspection certificates on the wall. The existence and extant conditions of these saloons was not as alarming to me as the insurance racket that I chanced to discover through unintentional eavesdropping.

I learned that a couple of enterpris-

ing agents from Billings were visiting Hardin for a few days every month—those days surrounding the federal welfare payday. The racket centered on selling an Indian a life-insurance policy for a cash down payment. One of the criteria for the sale was that the Indian be suitably drunk. When the first premium notice came the next month, it was assumed that the Indian would not remember having purchased the policy. If he did remember, the first premium would be ridiculously costly. In either case, he would more than likely discard the policy, thereby allowing the coverage to expire. I do not know the names of the men or the name of the insurance company they represented. I do know that they were operating out of Billings. Perhaps Mr. Shorris knows somebody who could investigate the situation.

STEVEN G. THORSON
Nas Lemoore, Calif.

SIR: Apropos letter-writers Caroline Perry and Debbie Louis ("The Mail," July *Atlantic*): pain during childbirth is no mere tradition based on fear, ignorance, and male domination. It is still a reality to many women who are educated, well prepared, and brave. Childbirth may be a "loving, beautiful, and wondrous" event, but it still hurts.

Ask my 110-pound friend who bore an 11-pound son. His shoulder was broken during delivery. Ask another woman whose cervix closed after 36 hours of labor, one third of which was second-stage labor. Ask me. I had induction, a spinal anesthetic, a shot of adrenalin to keep me conscious, and a delivery team, and was wheeled into my husband's arms with an intravenous solution dripping into each of my arms.

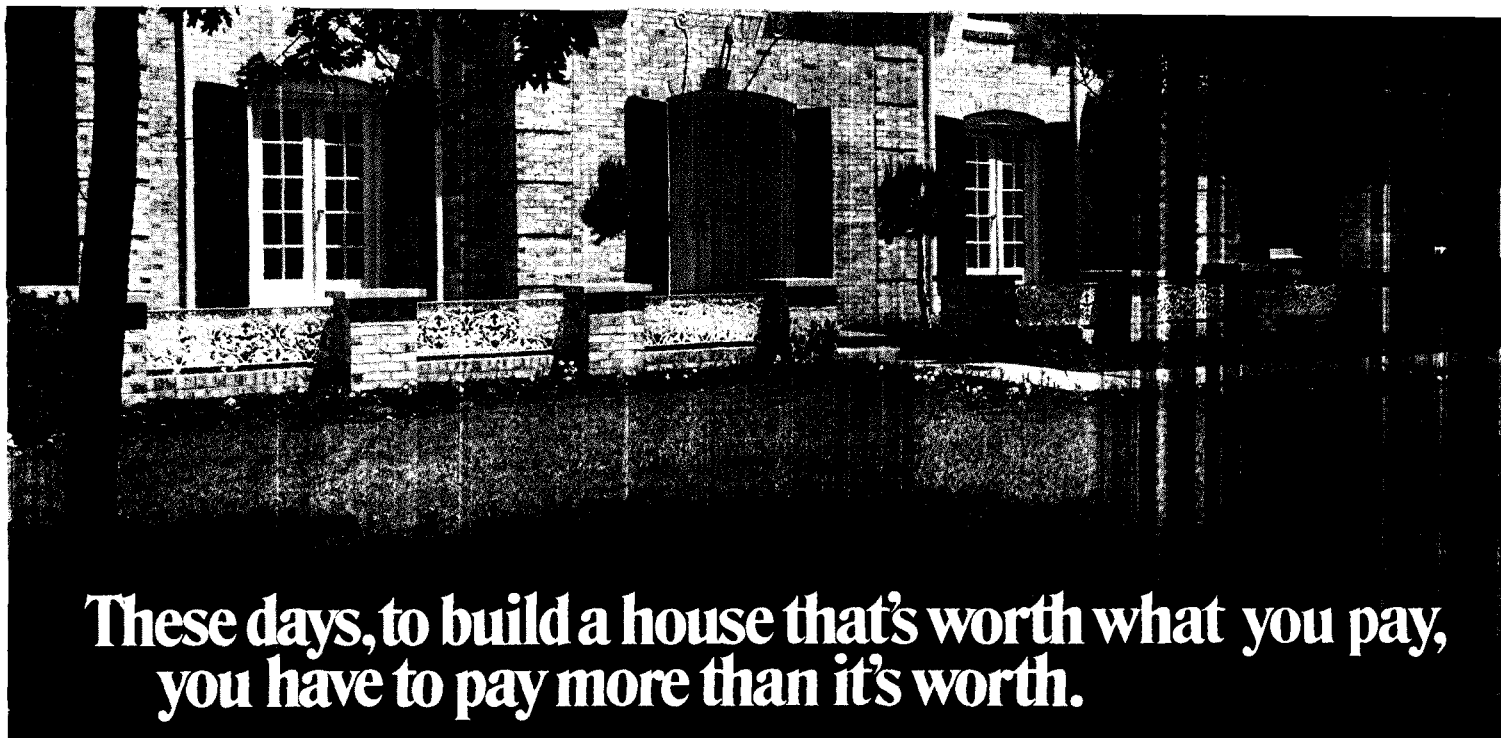
I have noted that women who bear children with relative ease:

- 1) usually have more of them
- 2) pass severe judgment on their unfortunate sisters who scream in agony
- 3) adopt a pompous, self-congratulatory attitude that they are the true madonnas.

MARILYN WELCH
LaSalle, Quebec, Canada

SIR: I feel compelled to reply to the critics of the April "Innocent By-stander" ("The Mail," June *Atlantic*).

John Holt says that "Reading the



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papers, or looking around me, I do not see many signs of it" [the middle generation possessing a greater share of skill, subtlety, discipline, and judgment than its juniors]. He has overlooked the fundamental point: that these problems which our media now bring to our attention in a profusion impossible to ignore have been with us longer than the media or the "New Critics." It is only recently that we have begun to focus our national vision with any degree of clarity on some of the problems he enumerates. There are some explanations for this, though I scarcely believe the middle generation needs defending beyond that admirable job by Mr. Sissman. I fail to see how Reading the Papers can form the basis for blaming a generation for present conditions.

As for Mary Boardman, congratulations on being the first to have "an enthusiasm for life," resist television and war, develop "a highly refined set of tastes," and grasp an understanding of the substance of life.

I won't forget Michael Schaefer, who describes my generation as self-righteous middle-aged men who assume themselves superior. I do prefer

our "judgment, experience, and abilities" to youthful ideals and your lifestyle, described as "strange" and "new."

CAPT. CRAIG A. HUTZLER, USAF
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: David Denby's reviews of *The Andromeda Strain* and *THX 1138* (June *Atlantic*) were astute, but I take exception to his prefacing remarks about science fiction in prose. He admits that he stopped reading science fiction as a teenager and still doesn't read it today. That statement "... no other literary genre has provided such a haven for third-rate grand thinkers ..." is therefore nothing but an adolescent preconception that has been maintained by Mr. Denby to this day.

RUSSELL L. BATES
Tulane Science Fiction Workshop
New Orleans, La.

SIR: Our apologies to Reuven Frank of NBC for identifying him in our advertisement in the July *Atlantic* as the head of the news department of CBS.

JAMES GOODE
Editor, Earth
San Francisco, Calif.

Contributors

STANLEY MEISLER reports from Africa for the *Los Angeles Times*.

R. H. SHACKFORD has covered international affairs for UPI and the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

JAMES K. GLASSMAN is editor of the *Provincetown Advocate*.

L. E. SISSMAN is the author of *Pursuit of Honor* and other books of poetry.

RICHARD J. HERRNSTEIN is professor of psychology at Harvard.

DAN WAKEFIELD'S most recent book is *Going All the Way*, a novel.

JOYCE CAROL OATES'S new novel, *Wonderland*, will appear this fall.

CELIA GILBERT'S poetry has appeared in *The Atlantic* and other magazines.

ALFRED APPEL, JR., professor of English at Northwestern University, is at work on a new study of Nabokov.

RALPH MALONEY'S next novel, *The Nixon Recession Affair*, is soon to be published.

BARRY SPACKS teaches English at Wellesley College.

PAUL HEMPHILL is the author of *The Nashville Sound: Bright Lights and Country Music*.

ANDREW GLAZE'S latest book is *Damned Ugly Children*.

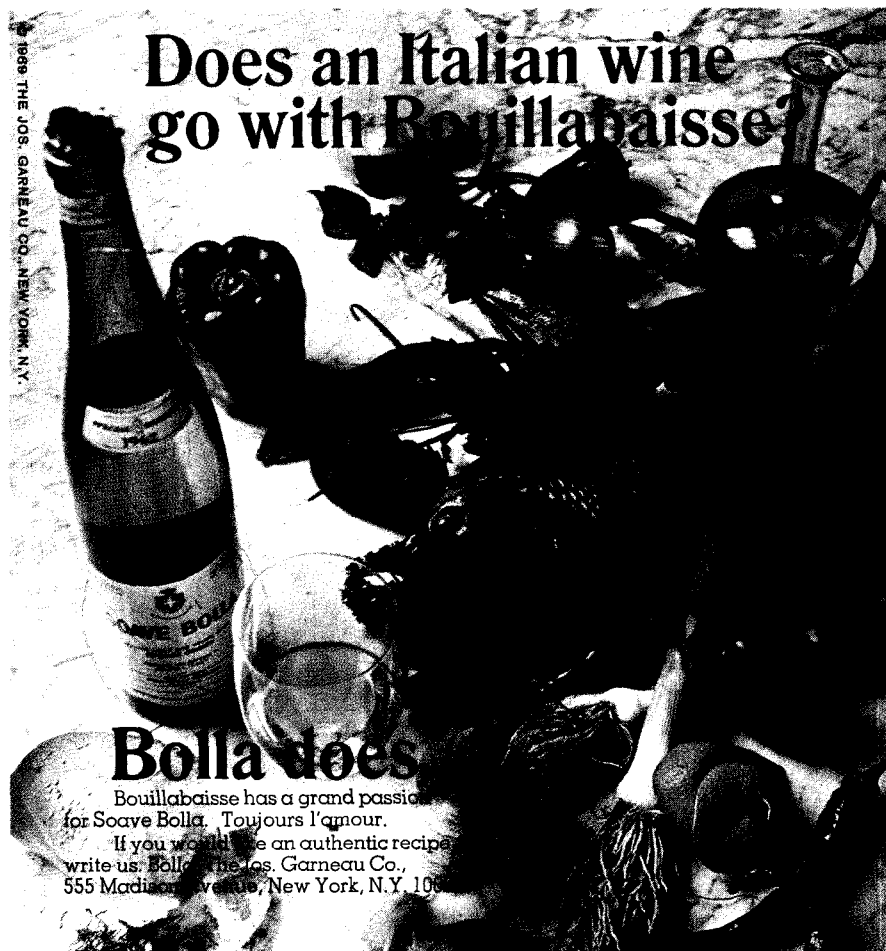
ROBERT LEE WOLFF, Coolidge professor of history at Harvard, is the author of the forthcoming *Strange Stories and Other Explorations in Victorian Fiction*.

JOSEPH KRAFT is a syndicated Washington columnist.

DAVID DENBY reviews films for *The Atlantic*.

ROBERT GRAVES is an English scholar, poet, novelist, and critic.

EDWARD WEEKS and PHOEBE ADAMS review books regularly for our columns.



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I.Q.

by Richard Herrnstein

- 1. If differences in mental abilities are inherited, and**
- 2. if success requires those abilities, and**
- 3. if earnings and prestige depend on success,**
- 4. then social standing will be based to some extent on inherited differences among people.**

TRUE? ☐ **FALSE?** ☐

I.Q. tests and their like have become controversial, in spite of the hundreds of millions of them still given annually around the world. Especially in racially mixed urban centers of the United States—in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Philadelphia—just their use in public schools evokes increasingly adamant protest. Because there are statistically reliable differences in I.Q. between whites and blacks, between the privileged and the underprivileged, and among various ethnic minorities, some influential people argue that the tests retard the liberalization of American society. Even the U.S. Supreme Court shares this view, as it recently proved by enjoining a firm from giving intelligence tests to potential employees. The Court ruled that since the menial jobs in question required virtually no intellectual distinction, the tests were serving to abet illegal discrimination, especially against blacks. Whatever one thinks of the merits of that decision or of the broader trend against mental testing, one may wonder why the issue itself has so suddenly arisen. Three landmark social documents of the past five years—by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, James S. Coleman, and Arthur R. Jensen—mark the critical stages as the concept of I.Q. has moved into its present embattled position.

Speaking on June 4, 1965, at Howard University, Lyndon B. Johnson warned that mere legislation, no matter how bold, was incapable of evening the score for American blacks. He alluded to the growing number of broken black

families as a sign of troubles to come, even as new laws and ground-breaking court decisions were supposed to reduce racial disparities. On this occasion, he promised renewed efforts to redress the inequities, leading off with a White House conference on civil rights that coming fall. The President did not acknowledge at the time that his facts and recommendations were garnered mainly from a confidential report by Moynihan, who had been Assistant Secretary of Labor from 1963 to early in 1965. The Moynihan report came to light only later that summer, after riots in Los Angeles had vividly confirmed the increasing discontent of blacks in the cities. According to Moynihan, American blacks, suffering under the bitter, supposedly emasculating legacy of slavery, had evolved a matriarchal family structure which was seriously out of line with the rest of American society. Black children, and the adults they matured into, were consequently at a disadvantage in our primarily patriarchal culture. Much to the surprise of the government, the Moynihan report was vehemently rejected at the civil rights conference that fall. The trouble, said civil rights spokesmen, was not in the black family but in white racism. Give \$100 billion to clear up the city slums, said A. Philip Randolph, and the black problem will take care of itself. The Moynihan report, which Johnson and his advisers had seen as a significant step forward in racial understanding, was scorned as a new, "subtle" form of racism.

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The Johnson Administration showed a surer grasp of racial dialectics in handling the Coleman report about a year later. This scholarly empirical study, conducted under the guidance of a Johns Hopkins professor of sociology, James S. Coleman, was originally authorized by the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The U.S. Office of Education was given two years to assess the inequities in American public schools, and two years, 4000 schools, 60,000 teachers, and 605,000 students later, Commissioner of Education Harold Howe announced the main findings. But the announcement was made the Friday afternoon in July preceding the holiday weekend, probably, as Senator Abraham Ribicoff (Democrat of Connecticut) later noted angrily, in an effort to minimize public attention. No doubt the government was uneasy about the findings. Blacks lagged behind whites in scholastic achievement at every grade level from first to twelfth, and the differences increased with age. Ordinarily, one might blame the general inferiority of segregated black schools for that difference, but the Coleman study sought without success any clear effect of school quality on scholastic achievement for white children. If schools themselves deserve the blame for the poorer performance of blacks, then why shouldn't the whites be similarly affected? The answer seemed to be that there was some other difference between the white and black children besides their schools, and the tentative, guarded, and little-publicized hypothesis of Commissioner Howe and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John W. Gardner was that the difference was in the cultural surroundings at home—a touchy subject, as the reaction to the Moynihan report had amply shown.

Both the Moynihan and Coleman reports grappled with the idea that something within the black community itself was holding back its economic and educational advance. Neither report denied the clear evidence that racist customs and even laws were in large part responsible for the lag. But both reports noted that, for reasons not wholly understood, the removal of external barriers such as racist customs and laws did not always bring the promised improvement in economic and educational condition, presumably because of internal barriers—for example, family structure or cultural ambience. Such a presumption made both reports intensely unwelcome to civil rights interests. Understandably, anything that transferred the burden of melioration from whites to blacks was immediately suspect as racist. Both Moynihan and Secretary Gardner, the latter commenting on the Coleman report, blamed the cultural history of American blacks—which is to say, they blamed slavery—for those internal barriers. But the third and most controversial document—Berkeley professor Arthur R. Jensen's article published in the Harvard Educational Review in the winter of 1969—faced head-on the possibility that blacks and whites differ in inherited intelligence. This difference, which shows up as the average difference in their I.Q.'s, may be the extra factor which gives whites a statistical advantage in economic and educational competition in certain settings. Although

Jensen did not assert that this had been proved, his consideration of it provoked so violent a reaction that the earlier reactions to Moynihan and Coleman seem polite by comparison. SDS was on the streets of Berkeley almost immediately with bullhorns blaring, "Fight racism! Fire Jensen!" Jensen's classes had to meet clandestinely to avoid repeated disruptions by outraged activists. Some of Jensen's colleagues at the University of California tried, unsuccessfully, to have him censured. His hate mail was voluminous. In apparent panic over the vehemence of the outcry, the Harvard Educational Review refused to sell reprints of the article to anyone (including Jensen) until they could be bound together with a number of criticisms of Jensen's arguments.

The Jensen report (as this article has come to be mis-called) dealt with intelligence and inheritance in general, not only with racial questions. Other writers in the past four centuries—from Thomas Hobbes to Konrad Lorenz—have agonized over the complex and fascinating interplay of nature and nurture in shaping man's psyche. It is only lately in America that public discussion requires physical, not to mention intellectual, courage, for the subject is close to taboo. But The Atlantic believes that it is not only possible but necessary to have public discussion of important, albeit painful, social issues. The subject of intelligence is such an issue—important because social legislation must come to terms with actual human potentialities, painful because the actualities are sometimes not what we vainly hope.

—The Editors

The measurement of intelligence forced its way into America's public consciousness during World War I, when almost two million soldiers were tested by the Army and categorized as "alpha" and "beta," for literates and illiterates respectively. The lasting effect of that innovation has not been the surprise at learning that the average American soldier had an intelligence equal to that of a thirteen year old, or that artillery officers were substantially brighter than medical officers, or any of the myriad other statistical curiosities. Even if those facts are still as true as they were in 1918, the lasting effect has been the mere use of the tests and their serious consideration by responsible people. For intelligence tests, and the related aptitude tests, have more and more become society's instrument for the selection of human resources. Not only for the military, but for schools from secondary to professional, for industry, and for civil service, objective tests have cut away the traditional grounds for selection—family, social class, and, most important, money. The traditional grounds are, of course, not entirely gone, and some social critics wonder if they do not lurk surreptitiously behind the scenes in our definition of mental ability.

But at least on the face of it there is a powerful trend

The I.Q. test, it is said with fervor, is used by the establishment to promote its own goals and to hold down the downtrodden.

toward “meritocracy”—the advancement of people on the basis of ability, either potential or fulfilled, measured objectively.

Lately though, the trend has been deplored, often by the very people most likely to reap the benefits of measured intellectual superiority. More than a few college professors and admissions boards and even professional testers have publicly condemned mental testing as the basis for selection of people for schools or jobs. The I.Q. test, it is said with fervor, is used by the establishment to promote its own goals and to hold down the downtrodden—those non-establishment races and cultures whose interests and talents are not fairly credited by intelligence tests. These dissenting professors and testers are naturally joined by spokesmen for the disadvantaged groups. We should, these voices say, broaden the range of humanity in our colleges (to pick the most frequent target) by admitting students whose low college entrance examination scores might otherwise have barred the way. For if the examinations merely fortify an arbitrarily privileged elite in its conflict with outsiders, we must relinquish them. The ideals of equality and fraternity must, according to this view, take precedence over the self-interest of the American-Western European middle class.

The issue is intensely emotional. It is almost impossible for people to disagree about the pros and cons of intelligence testing and long avoid the swapping of oaths and anathema. Yet should not the pros and cons be drawn from facts and reason rather than labels and insults? For example, is it true that intelligence tests embody only the crass interests of Middle America, or do they draw on deeper human qualities? Is the I.Q. a measure of inborn ability, or is it the outcome of experience and learning? Can we tell if there are ethnic and racial differences in intelligence, and if so, whether they depend upon nature or nurture? Is there only one kind of intelligence, or are there many, and if more than one, what are the relations among them? If the tests are inadequate—let us say, because they overlook certain abilities or because they embody arbitrary cultural values—how can they be improved? For those who have lately gotten their information about testing from the popular press, it may come as a surprise that these hard questions are neither unanswerable nor, in some cases, unanswered. The measurement of intelligence is psychology's most telling accomplishment to date. Without intending to belittle other psychological ventures, it may be fairly said that nowhere else—not in psychotherapy, educational reform, or consumer research—has there arisen so potent an instrument as the objective measure of intelligence. No doubt intelligence testing is imperfect, and may even be in some sense imperfectible, but there has already been too much success for it to be repudiated on technical grounds alone. If intelligence testing is to change, it must change in light of what is known, and more is known than most might think.

Mental testing was one of many responses within psychology to Darwin's theory of evolution. In fact, the connection here is intimate and direct, for the idea of measuring mental ability objectively was first set forth by Francis Galton, the younger cousin of Charles Darwin. Far more versatile (perhaps smarter) than his great cousin, Galton was a geographer, explorer, journalist, mathematician, eugenicist (he coined the term), and articulate essayist. In 1869, just a decade after Darwin launched modern biology with the *Origin of Species*, Galton published *Hereditary Genius*, which applied evolutionary thinking to the question of intellect. Galton noted, first, that men varied greatly in their intellectual capacity and, second, that various kinds of excellence run in families, suggesting that the basis of intelligence may be inherited. Going back through British history, Galton found that judges, statesmen, prime ministers, scientists, poets, even outstanding wrestlers and oarsmen tended, for each kind of endeavor, to be related by blood. The eminent families of Great Britain were taken as evidence of superior human strains, comparable to the natural biological variations that figure so prominently in the doctrine of evolution. Today, our sensitivity to the role of the environment (not to mention such mundane complications as money and family connections) make us skeptical of his evidence. Nevertheless, in the first flush of Darwinian social theorizing, Galton called for constructive change. The inheritance of human capacity implied “the practicability of supplanting inefficient human stock by better strains,” and led him “to consider whether it might not be our duty to do so by such efforts as may be reasonable, thus exerting ourselves to further the ends of evolution more rapidly and with less distress than if events were left to their own course.”

Galton was not much more content with the genealogical approach to mental ability than are we today. Within a few years, he was trying to test mental ability directly, but the problem was how to do it. In 1882, Galton set up a small laboratory in a London museum where people could, for a fee, have their hearing, vision, and other senses tested. Galton knew that mental defectives—idiots and imbeciles—often lacked sensory acuity, and he guessed that there might be a reasonably consistent relation between intelligence and sensory keenness in general. As it turned out, his hunch was wrong, or at least not right enough to be useful as a way of testing on a large scale.

Galton was soon just one of many scientists searching for a practical intelligence test, with no one much worried at this point about the ultimate definition of intelligence. Intuition and common sense set the standards as the few simple measures of sensory acuity gave way to a host of tests, some sensory and others drawing on other psychological processes. An American psychologist named James McK. Cattell coined the phrase “mental test” in 1890 in an article recounting his studies at the University

Whatever intelligence is, it varies from person to person.

of Pennsylvania on the mental abilities of students. In addition to simple sensory function, Cattell measured color discrimination, time perception, accuracy of hand movement, and memory; and he collected descriptions of imagery. People no doubt differed, but it was hard to know what to make of the differences. By the mid-1890s, testing had attracted so much attention that professional organizations began taking note of it. The newly founded American Psychological Association formed a committee in 1895 "to consider the feasibility of cooperation among the various psychological laboratories in the collection of mental and physical statistics"; in 1896 the American Association for the Advancement of Science instructed a committee of its own "to organize an ethnographic survey of the white race in the United States." The quotations in both cases are Professor Cattell's words; he was a member of both committees and was determined that the ethnographic survey for AAAS include some of APA's mental (and physical) tests.

For all of the ferment, it was not yet certain that anything useful was brewing. There was spirit and energy in abundance, but there were as yet no indisputably good tests. It took the work of a French psychologist named Alfred Binet to make intelligence testing practical. In a key article written in 1895, Binet and his junior collaborator, Victor Henri, argued for mental testing based not on sensory or motor functions but on the psychological processes thought to be involved in intelligence. Instead of supposing that being smart is the outcome of having keen senses or speedy reactions, Binet argued that intelligence operates at its own level and that, therefore, a proper test must engage the person at that very level. As for what such tests might be, Binet, like everyone else in 1895, was just guessing. The article suggested a variety: tests of memory, mental imagery, imagination, attentiveness, mechanical and verbal comprehension, suggestibility, aesthetic appreciation, moral sensibility, the capacity to sustain muscular effort, and visual judgment of distance.

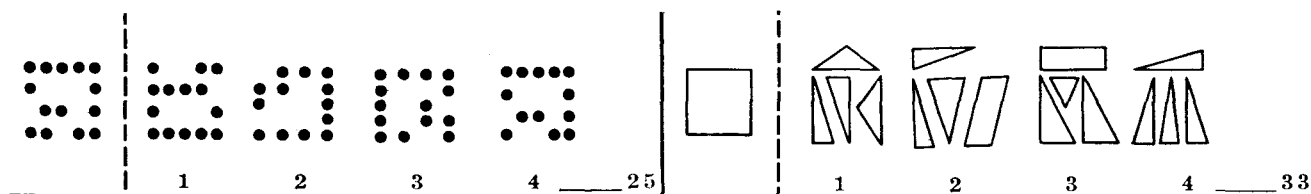
Binet criticized his contemporaries for their preoccupation with sensory and other simple processes, which, although fulfilling their desire for exactitude in measurement, had sacrificed the still more salient need for relevance. For Binet, exactitude was secondary. His pragmatism directed him to tests that sorted people out—for, whatever intelligence is, it varies from person to person. The sensory data did not distinguish among people as sharply as intuition required for a test of intelligence. Binet committed himself to seeking the tests that would do so, which was an undertaking that occupied the rest of his life. In the following ten years, Binet and his collaborators worked on mental testing at the psychological laboratory of the Sorbonne, using as their subjects mainly children from the schools of Paris and its suburbs.

The use of children was a happy accident, for it focused attention on the chronology of intelligence. Of all the

countless ways one may want to distinguish between smarter and duller people, it may not seem especially insightful to choose the simple fact that during the first fifteen or so years of life, age confers intelligence (on the average). Thus, if an intellectual task sorted children according to their age, then it might properly be included in an intelligence test. In one experiment, for example, Binet tested over five hundred schoolchildren by reading them a sentence and then asking them to write down as much of the sentence as they could remember. Between the ages of nine and twelve (the ages tested), each successive grade of student did better, albeit slightly, than the grade younger. From this, Binet knew that the "sentence-reproduction test" could be taken as one measure of mental capacity. And knowing that, he could say that if two children of equal age differed in their sentence-reproduction scores, they were to some degree different in intelligence. One such test was, however, far from a usable measure of general intelligence, as Binet well knew.

As the years passed, Binet and others stocked a rich store of norms and measures of mental ability, based on many tests of many children. Even Binet's own two daughters were the subject of intensive study, culminating in a book called *The Experimental Study of Intelligence* (1902), in which the vital psychological facts about the teen-age girls were expressed as scores on their father's tests of word-writing speed, mental imagery, sentence completion, and so on. It was to Binet, therefore, that the Minister of Public Instruction turned in the fall of 1904 when he wanted a better way to spot subnormal children in the Parisian schools. The children were to be put into special schools where they could be helped, but the first problem was to find them. If mental tests were any use at all, here was a task to prove it. Binet and his psychiatrist collaborator, Theodore Simon, decided to use a series of tests graded in difficulty, first standardized on normal children of various ages.

The idea of using equivalent age as the measure of intelligence was obvious only after Binet, not before him, for it was one of those rare and elegant turns that make for historic innovation. Here were some tests that distinguished between children of different ages, on the average. However, at each age some children did better than their exact chronological peers. Those children, he had found, were judged by teachers to be bright or gifted. Conversely, other children did worse than their peers and were judged to be dull. Hence, if all one knows about a child is that he outperforms his age peers, he can still be assumed to be bright. If his performance matches his age, he is probably an average child in intelligence. And if he underperforms, he is probably dull. As Binet well knew, the chronological approach to intelligence finessed the weighty problem of defining intelligence itself. He had measured it without having said what it was. It took a while to know whether the sleight of hand had in fact



yielded a real intelligence test or just an illusion of one.

For their first practical venture, Binet and Simon drew up a progression of thirty tests covering the range of mental capacity. At the very bottom, the examiner simply noted eye-head coordination as a lighted match was moved across the field of vision; thence he observed the making of grasping movements, imitating gestures, the following of instructions to touch various parts of the body, the naming of familiar objects, repeating sentences, arranging identical-looking objects in order of weight, constructing sentences to include three given words ("Paris," "gutter," "fortune"); and finally the ability to distinguish between abstract words such as "liking" and "respecting." After some preliminary trials, Binet and Simon gave their test to about fifty normal children between the ages of three and eleven, thereby establishing the cutoffs for each age. Finally, using children already diagnosed by standard clinical procedures to be idiots, imbeciles, and morons, they found the corresponding criteria for mental disability in their series of tests.

Is a retarded child really the equal of a normal child at a younger age? For example, the average five year old passed the first fourteen tests, while the upper limit for an imbecile was to pass the first fifteen tests whatever age he was. Anyone who passed more was not an imbecile. Was Binet saying that a twelve-year-old imbecile precisely equals a slightly brighter-than-average five year old? The answer is no, for Binet specifically denied the charge. The imbecile, he said, is "*infirme*," the five year old is healthy, and their mental processes are in some respects different, even if the difference is not captured by his test. Nevertheless, the test did its job, for a twelve year old who tested at the five-year-old level was, indeed, retarded, while a five year old who did so was not (or at least did not seem to be at that time). As always, Binet's approach was doggedly pragmatic and empirical. He was picking out the retardates with his test more quickly, cheaply, and for all anyone knew, more accurately than ever before. The social benefits were self-evident.

The Binet-Simon test was put into use immediately and was criticized as quickly for this or that item. But criticism was corrective, for in showing that some item was not, for example, distinguishing between three and four year olds, the critic was opening the test to improvement. An ineffective item could be dropped, a useful one added, without in the least altering the kernel idea, which was to measure intelligence by a graded series of tasks ("stunts," Binet often called them). The tests and the criticisms were rooted in actual experience with ever-growing numbers of children, adding greater and greater empirical stability to the results. In America, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, the tests were being used and perfected. In a cheering counterexample to Gresham's gloomy law, good test items tended to drive out bad ones, and the better the test in sorting out children, the more it

was used and improved. In 1908 Binet and Simon published a much-revised series of tests, to be used for rating children in general, not just retarded children. In 1911 the final Binet-Simon scale came out; it was Binet's last work, for he died that year at the age of fifty-four. But the evolution of testing continued unabated and still does.

In the 1911 version, there were five problems which the average child of each age could or could not solve. Here, for example, are the five items for the six-year level:

1. Distinguish between morning and afternoon.
2. Define familiar objects in terms of use.
3. Copy a diamond shape.
4. Count thirteen pennies.
5. Distinguish between ugly and pretty faces.

And here are the five problems for the average ten year old:

1. Arrange five blocks in order of weight.
2. Draw two designs from memory.
3. Criticize absurd statements.
4. Answer comprehension questions.
5. Use three words in not more than two sentences.

A child who passes all the tests up to and including those for six year olds and none beyond has a "mental age" of six, whatever his actual chronological age. Suppose, however, that he passes all the tests up to but not including the six-year level, and then passes only three at the six-year level and one at the seven-year level. His mental age is credited with .2 additional years for every item he passes beyond the level where he has passed them all. This child's mental age would be $5 + .6 + .2$, or 5.8 years of mental age. If his chronological age were six years, he would be slightly below average; if five years, somewhat above.

Binet did not come up with the "intelligence quotient" (I.Q.) itself; this fell to the German psychologist William Stern to do soon thereafter. Stern saw that a child who is one year behind at the age of six is more retarded than a child who is one year behind at the age of thirteen. It is the *relation* between mental and chronological age that matters, not just their *difference*, and this relation is best expressed by the ratio of the two numbers. To get the I.Q., divide mental age by chronological age and multiply by 100 to get rid of the decimals. Thus, a six-year-old child who comes through with a mental age of nine is in these terms as bright as an eight year old with a mental age of twelve, both having the impressive I.Q. of 150.

The I.Q. of 100 divides the population into two roughly equal groups. This is not a fact of nature but an outcome of how the tests were made. Binet and his successors picked and chose until they found items that the average child at each age could just pass, thus assuring that the average child's mental age equals his chronological age and his I.Q. 100. The idea of a mental age assumes that mental growth is accumulative and consecutive, so that a child who has mastered the items at a given age level one year will (barring disease or trauma) continue to do at

least that well as he ages. In this case nature, not the test-makers, meets the condition. At each age during childhood we can do intellectually what we have done before, adding competence rather than replacing it. Binet's idea for mental testing would not have worked for grubs and caterpillars, which appear to lose their grasp of burrowing and cocoon spinning as they become competent at flight. In other respects too, Binet was fruitfully combining nature and artful design in his tests. Items on the test were included only if some children were ahead of their age in solving them, some behind, but the largest number were neither. Overall, the spread of performance conformed to the bell-shaped curve that statisticians call "normal," with about as many superior children as inferior, but with most crowding around the average.

Binet's ideas took hold powerfully and quickly. It was not only in France that the average eight-year-old child could just barely repeat accurately five digits read to him, for the Binet scale was readily exported to Belgium, Great Britain, America, Italy, and so on. The remarkable exportability of the tests was probably the first convincing argument for their soundness. Items that drew on bits of specific, seemingly arbitrary knowledge crossed national and linguistic boundaries as easily as the fundamental tests of memory and reasoning. It could be relied upon, for example, that the average nine year old would be able to name in order the months of the year. What does this say about the I.Q.? Would we downgrade a Papuan child, raised in New Guinea, if he could not name the months? Clearly not, if his language had no such names or had some different scheme for cutting up the year. Some of the items on a test are specific to a culture, but that does not make them poor items. A given test is only for people drawn from the same general population that the test was standardized on. Even if it is hard to locate the precise boundaries of this general population, a useful intelligence test should incorporate at least some of the material of a culture, or it may miss gauging the child's ability to assimilate his surroundings. Virtually every child grows up in some culture or another, and his intelligence score (if that concept is to retain its ordinary meaning) must reflect his sensitivity to it. The Papuan child cannot sensibly be tested on a Western intelligence test. He would do poorly, but he would also do poorly in most other contacts with Western society. It would not mean that he was not intelligent. It would mean only that he was not meeting the underlying conditions of the test, which assume that he has been drawn from the standardizing population. Analogously, a child who gets a very high I.Q. after being drilled by parents or teachers on test items is probably not all that bright, and for the same reason. Like any other instrument of measurement, the I.Q. test must be used according to the directions. One does not use an oral thermometer after eating hot soup or sucking on ice cubes—not if one wants to know one's temperature. One may have a fever with a

cool mouth, but the thermometer will not reveal it. So, the Papuan child may be bright or dull or average, but only a test standardized in his cultural environment can show which. It is not that "intelligence" itself is peculiarly European or North American, even if the instrument for gauging it is.

A person's I.Q. is a different sort of fact about him than his height or his weight or his speed in the hundred-yard dash, and not because of the difference between physical and mental attributes. Unlike inches, pounds, or seconds, the I.Q. is entirely a measure of relative standing in a given group. No such relativism is tolerated for the conventional measures. Gulliver may have looked like a giant in Lilliput and a mite in Brobdingnag, but he was just about 70 inches tall wherever he went. Relativism is tolerated for the I.Q. because, first of all, we have nothing better. If the testers came up with something like a platinum yardstick for mental capacity, it would quickly displace the I.Q. But more than this can be said for the I.Q. Because the group with which a child is implicitly compared is effectively the entire population of Western society, there is great stability to the comparison. The I.Q. gives one's standing among the people with whom one will live. And if it can be assumed that so large a sample of mankind is reasonably representative of the whole, then a relative measure is quite informative. An I.Q. of 100 would then indicate average intelligence, compared to people in general and not some small group; an I.Q. of 150 would denote high intelligence, and so on.

At around adolescence, people seem to stop acquiring new intellectual powers, as distinguished from new information or interests. For example, immediate memory span grows until the age of fifteen, but not thereafter. The average person can repeat seven digits at fifteen or at fifty. Other items in the Binet scale similarly level off at about the same age. Thus, if one were to continue calculating I.Q. in the same way, dividing a fixed mental age by a growing chronological age, one's score would plummet, reaching (for the average person) I.Q. 50 at about the age of thirty and I.Q. 25 at the age of sixty (assuming that the mental age is stuck at fifteen). To avoid such nonsense, some other measure of relative standing is often used for adults. Thus, instead of saying that a man has an I.Q. of 130, say instead that he tests higher than 96 percent of his peers, and then define the peer group. It can be all American adults, or Caucasians, or college graduates, or members of the United Auto Workers or the League of Women Voters. In fact, since the I.Q. is itself standardized on groups of peers (usually children), it and the percentile score are directly and simply translated one into the other.

Binet invented the modern intelligence test without saying what intelligence is. At first he was trying to sort out the mental defectives; later he was trying to rate all the children—defective, average, or superior. Some rough-and-ready notion of intelligence lurked in the background—

At around adolescence, people seem to stop acquiring new intellectual powers.

having to do with mental alertness, comprehension, speed, and so on—but he was not forced to defend an abstract definition in order to sell the idea of his test to the world. Instead, he could point to how well the test worked. Rarely did a bright child, as judged by the adults around him, score poorly, and rarely did a poor scorer seem otherwise bright. Occasionally a child would do worse than expected on the test because a teacher had confused obedience with brightness, or better than expected when rebelliousness had been mistaken for stupidity, but in general most children ended up about where they were expected to. The value of the test was that it gave an objective assessment about a child in an hour or so, and any trained technician could administer it. With the test as a yardstick, children who knew no one in common could be directly compared, for whatever purpose.

But is intelligence really an attribute, like height, that can be expressed in a single number? Even granting that I.Q. is a measure only of relative standing, can relative standing be given in a single number? Is Jimmy really altogether brighter than Johnny if his I.Q. is higher? Perhaps Jimmy is brighter as regards A,B,C, and D, but Johnny has him beaten on E, F, and G. Even Binet admitted that intelligence was not just one thing; otherwise his labors in creating a test would have been far easier. Once, when he was speculating about the nature of intelligence, Binet mentioned the attributes of directedness, comprehension, inventiveness, and critical capacity, which he thought may vary somewhat independently from person to person. Usually, however, he was too busy with his practical goals to dwell on hypotheses.

Even as Binet was developing the first intelligence scale, others were grappling with the conceptually tougher problem of the structure of intelligence. The story of the key mathematical discoveries would be out of place here, but the highlights may be worth noting. An Englishman named Charles Spearman resigned a commission in the British Army after serving in the Boer War and set to work on the problem. Taking the intercorrelations between scores on simple mental tests as his basis, he concluded that there was a “universal” intellectual capacity—which he labelled “g” for “general”—plus a host of minor, unrelated capacities of no great scope. The universal factor, he said, permeated all intellectual activity, while the others were variously absent or present in any given task. To be smart, for Spearman, mainly meant having lots of g. Although he had some evidence for this theory, it did not endure even for Spearman, who revised it after a decade or so. Nevertheless, his mathematical procedures were an essential link between Francis Galton’s formulas for assessing correlation and the vastly more complex methods of “multiple factor analysis,” which is the contemporary term.

Following Spearman, the next big step was taken by L. L. Thurstone, an American electrical engineer who left a job in Edison’s laboratory in East Orange, New Jersey, to work on psychological measurement. A long and illustrious career, covering the measurement not only of intelligence but also of attitudes, personality, sensory capacity, motivation, and the learning process was the result. For intelligence, Thurstone subdivided Spearman’s general factor, g, into a set of Primary Mental Abilities (PMA): spatial visualization, perceptual ability, verbal comprehension, numerical ability, memory, word fluency, and reasoning (inductive and deductive). These are just verbal labels tagged on at the end of a mathematical procedure that really has no verbal labels in it. It would be more precise (if less informative) to say that Thurstone found evidence for seven or eight separate factors or aspects of intelligence, and to leave it at that. With more powerful mathematics and more abundant data, Thurstone’s successors have teased out new factors. Like nuclear physics with its proliferation of elementary particles, the study of intelligence has suffered from its riches. Now there are experts who find evidence of over one hundred components in intelligence, and there is no sign of a limit.

Thurstone noted some intercorrelations among the Primary Mental Abilities. People who excelled, for example, in verbal comprehension were often high in word fluency. Other constellations also kept turning up. Such correlations among the factors themselves could signify that mental abilities are hierarchical, arranged in layers. At the very top, there may be a general intellectual power, like Spearman’s g, pervading all mental activity. To be smart means having the power in abundance, to be stupid means having a shortage, so that all of Thurstone’s PMA’s will be to some degree correlated. At the next level down, the PMA’s break into clusters involving either verbal abilities or numerical or logical abilities. Then there are the separate PMA’s themselves, which vary somewhat independently despite their intercorrelations. In addition to being generally bright or stupid or average, people are verbal, numerical, imaginative, and so on. People can be so strong in one factor or another that they excel in some areas without any special abundance of g. And, inversely, some people may be so poorly endowed in one or the other factors that they appear occasionally incompetent, notwithstanding substantial g. Although the hierarchy seems like a plausible theory of intelligence, it will remain hypothetical until the experts agree on its specific features—which has yet to happen.

Even at best, however, data and analysis can take us only so far in saying what intelligence is. At some point, it becomes a matter of definition. For example, we would reject any intelligence test that discounted verbal ability or logical power, but how about athletic prowess or manual dexterity or the ability to carry a tune or qualities of heart and character? More data are not the final answer, for at

bottom, subjective judgment must decide what we want the measure of intelligence to measure. So it is for all scales of measurement—physical as well as psychological. The idea of measuring length, weight, or time comes first; the instrument comes thereafter. And the instrument must satisfy common expectations as well as be reliable and practical. In the case of intelligence, common expectations center around the common purposes of intelligence testing—predicting success in school, suitability for various occupations, intellectual achievement in life. By this standard, the conventional I.Q. test does fairly well. The more complex measures, such as Thurstone's PMA's, add predictive power that is sometimes essential. As for what intelligence "really" is, the concept still has ragged edges where convenience and sheer intuition set boundaries that will no doubt change from time to time. The undisputed territory has, however, become formidable.

Most of us get our first, sometimes our only I.Q. test in school; the predictive power of the I.Q. is encountered first in our school grades; our teachers know our I.Q.'s even when our parents (let alone we ourselves) do not. But for all these connections, I.Q. and education are only correlated, not identical. First of all, there is the fact of variability: at each level of education, the I.Q.'s span a broad range, and at each level of I.Q. among adults, the amount of education completed also spans a broad range. Moreover, school grades show the effect of the environment more than I.Q.'s. And, finally, the correlation between I.Q. and schooling shows up even when the I.Q. is obtained from six year olds just starting school. Of course, once a child is known to have a high or low I.Q., he may live up, or down, to his teachers' expectations, but even granting that complication, the I.Q. could hardly predict how much schooling there is going to be in someone's life if it were itself just a result of schooling.

The discrepancies between I.Q. and school grades are instructive, because they follow a definite pattern. It is not just that the I.Q. is not an exact predictor of grades, but that children with low I.Q.'s almost always do poorly in school, while children with high I.Q.'s cover the range from excellent down to poor. For schoolwork, as for many other correlates of the I.Q., intelligence is necessary but not sufficient. It is as if a high I.Q. offers merely the opportunity for scholastic achievement, but something more is needed to exploit it. We can guess what the something more might be—interest, emotional well-being, energy—but we do not know. Other activities that are correlated with I.Q.—such as success in business—also seem to call on something more, although perhaps not the same extras as good schoolwork does. No doubt it takes physical strength and stamina to be a champion athlete, but for many sports it takes some intelligence as well. To be a successful actor

may take a good appearance or voice, but no doubt also intellect. The examples could be multiplied almost endlessly. I.Q. seems to be the *sine qua non* for an extraordinary variety of successes, but for virtually nothing practical is it the sole requirement.

But still, what is it? Even if it is not just schooling, may it not be a cryptic index of membership in the middle and upper classes, as many critics argue? We often hear that both I.Q. and successful education, and all the other correlates, follow from the more basic fact of social origin. To this criticism there is no short and simple answer. The correlation between I.Q. and social class (usually defined in terms of occupation, income, and patterns of personal association) is undeniable, substantial, and worth noting. A cautious conclusion, based on a survey of the scientific literature, is that the upper class scores about thirty I.Q. points above the lower class. A typical member of the upper class gets a score that certifies him as intellectually "superior," while a typical member of the lower class is a shade below average (that is, below I.Q. 100). Precise values cannot be taken too literally, for they depend on somewhat arbitrary definitions of social class and on which particular I.Q. test is used, but the basic finding is beyond dispute. Depending on whether one is for or against testing, one will see this class difference as a weakness either in the intellect of the underprivileged or in the tester's definition of intelligence. But in either case, there is no basis for assuming that *no* poor people have high I.Q.'s. On the contrary, many members of the lower class must have superior I.Q.'s, notwithstanding the low overall average. Recall that, by design, there are as many people above I.Q. 100 as below. In contrast, the social scale is definitely lopsided, with many more at the bottom than at the top even in affluent America. Only about 10 percent of our people meet the criteria for the upper and upper-middle classes, while about 65 percent are in the working class and below, with the remainder in between. But only 50 percent of the people have subnormal (below 100) I.Q.'s. And so, there must be at least 15 percent of our population in the bottom classes with supranormal (above 100) I.Q.'s.

It is one thing to note the correlation between social class and I.Q. but something else to explain, or even interpret it. It does not prove that the I.Q. is caused by social class, any more than it proves the reverse—that social class is caused by I.Q. More information is needed to sort out the possibilities. Since a family's social standing depends partly on the breadwinner's livelihood, there might be a further correlation between I.Q. and occupation. A large sample of enlisted men in the Air Force in World War II, drawn from seventy-four different civilian occupations, revealed in detail the expected I.Q. differences. Here are some of the findings, culled from a study by T. W. Harrell and M. S. Harrell published in 1945 in a periodical called *Educational and Psychological Measurement*:

A cautious conclusion is that the upper class scores about thirty I.Q. points above the lower class.

Rank in list of 74 occupations	Civilian occupation	Average I.Q.
1	accountant	128.1
5	auditor	125.9
10	draftsman	122.0
15	sales manager	119.0
20	clerk-typist	116.8
25	radio repairman	115.3
30	laboratory assistant	113.4
35	musician	110.9
40	sales clerk	109.2
45	power lineman	107.1
50	riveter	104.1
55	bartender	102.2
60	molder	101.1
65	baker	97.2
70	lumberjack	94.7
74	teamster	87.7

Each occupation has a range of I.Q.'s: not-so-bright accountants and very bright bakers are far from unknown. But just as for good grades in school, a high I.Q. is necessary for some occupations, even if it is not sufficient. For example, among the seventy-four civilian occupations that turned up in the group, public relations proved to have the fourth highest average I.Q., with the top I.Q. an impressive 149. The top truck driver also registered 149, but truck drivers averaged sixty-seventh in the list of occupations, close to the bottom with lumberjacks and teamsters. The lowest PR man had an I.Q. of 100, while the dullest truck driver tested an almost unbelievable 16—essentially no tested intelligence at all. So it was in general. The more prestigious occupations—law, engineering, science, public relations, and so on—seem to require a certain minimum I.Q., well above the minimum for the less prestigious occupations—for the bakers, chauffeurs, barbers. As far as I.Q. alone is concerned, virtually anyone can be, for example, a welder, but half of mankind (the half below I.Q. 100) is not eligible for auditing, even if the brightest welder may equal the brightest auditor in I.Q.

In this characteristic way, then, I.Q. affects one's occupation. And it is obvious that occupation affects one's social standing. It then follows logically that I.Q. affects social standing. When people are asked to rate the prestige of different occupations, they turn up with lists that look very much like the lists based on average I.Q.'s—the professionals at the top, the laborers at the bottom, and the minor businessmen and white-collar workers in the middle. These ratings have been as stable as the corresponding data on the I.Q., in both America and Europe, and according to people up and down the social scale.

The ties among I.Q., occupation, and social standing make practical sense. The intellectual demands of engi-

neering, for example, exceed those of ditch digging. Hence engineers are brighter, on the average. If virtually anyone is smart enough to be a ditch digger, and only half the people are smart enough to be engineers, then society is, in effect, husbanding its intellectual resources by holding engineers in greater esteem and paying them more. The critics of testing say that the correlations between I.Q. and social class show that the I.Q. test is contaminated by the arbitrary values of our culture, giving unfair advantage to those who hold them. But it is probably no mere coincidence that those values often put the bright people in the prestigious jobs. By doing so, society expresses its recognition, however imprecise, of the importance and scarcity of intellectual ability.

Binet's first scale served the humanitarian goal of getting retarded children into schools that would help them. But the test can also be used to spot exceptionally gifted children, for their own sake and society's. If the tests work, then gifted children should grow up to become unusually accomplished adults, just as the reverse is true at the other end of the scale.

The top of the scale provided the subject of a massive longitudinal study by Lewis M. Terman and his associates at Stanford University. For almost forty years, they followed the lives of a large group of gifted people, publishing their results in five volumes between 1925 and 1959 under the general title of *Genetic Studies of Genius*. The plan of the study was simple: find a large group of young children with exceptionally high I.Q.'s, record as many potentially interesting and useful additional facts about them as practicable, and then follow the course of their lives. Terman and his staff found slightly more than 1500 California children whose I.Q.'s averaged about 150. (Because they used different intelligence scales for some of the children, no precise average figure can be given.) This was no small achievement in itself, for an I.Q. of 150 or greater is, a rarity, possessed, on the average, by the smartest child in a randomly selected group of about two hundred. Most of the children were between the ages of eight and twelve when chosen, but there were also some younger and some recruited in high schools.

Right from the start the findings were informative. For example, highly bright boys were easier to locate than highly bright girls. And the disparity increased slightly with age, suggesting that whatever the I.Q. is, boys maintain it better than girls. For this reason, the final sample had 857 boys and 671 girls. The children, mainly from urban public schools, definitely did not represent the ethnic or social composition of their communities. Compared to the population from which they were drawn, there was an enormous (over tenfold) excess of the children of fathers in the professions and an even more marked scarcity (only .013) of the children of laborers, echoing once again the correlation between I.Q. and social class. In addition, the sample contained an excess of Western and Northern Eu-

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and you have a high I.Q., do not waste your time
with formal education beyond high school.**

Europeans and Jews, and a shortage of Latins, non-Jewish Eastern Europeans, and Negroes. Since the communities sampled had relatively few Orientals, it was hard to tell whether too few, too many, or just the right number of gifted Oriental children turned up, statistically speaking.

The children were non-representative physically as well as intellectually, ethnically, and socially. They tended to be taller, heavier, more broad-shouldered, stronger in hand grip, larger in the vital capacity of their lungs, and somewhat earlier in their sexual maturity than children in the general population. The physical differences, though not large, were large enough to counter the stereotype of the fragile bookworm. Not surprisingly, the gifted children did better in school than their classmates, but mainly in subjects—like reading and arithmetic—that seem to call on intelligence. In subjects like woodworking or sewing, the gifted children enjoyed no particular advantage. They most often liked precisely the subjects that the other children most often disliked, such as reading and arithmetic. At seven years of age the gifted children were already reading books at a higher rate than the average child of fifteen. And even in sports they outdid their classmates, knowing more about the games of childhood and knowing about them earlier. Finally, even in tests of “character”—honesty, tendency toward overstatement, trustworthiness, and the like—the gifted children showed their precocity. At nine or ten years, they had reached the “moral development,” by those no doubt quaint standards, of the average child of thirteen or fourteen.

Children with I.Q.’s of 150 or so are, then, special. But the big question is whether they mature into something special, for that would be the proper test of intelligence testing. Did the I.Q. make the difference it should have made? At last assessment, the sample had reached their middle forties, about thirty-five years after their selection for the study. The death rate in the sample had been less by a third than that in the general population, with fatal accidents quite uncommon. Childhood delinquency, criminal convictions, and alcoholism are all strikingly rare in the sample. More common, and benign, maladjustments are not so rare, with the women showing slightly more emotional trouble than the men. It may be a psychological burden to be so bright a woman in our culture, but this is pure speculation. In any event, not much can be made of the differences in minor mental disturbance between the sample and the general population.

About 70 percent of the sample *finished* college, men ahead of women by a couple of percentage points. This should be compared with the 8 percent of their contemporaries in the general population who finished college (the 1930-1940 college generation). Out of the more than 1500 in the sample, only eleven did not finish high school, and of these, eight went to professional or trade school. Forty percent of the male college graduates earned law, medical, or Ph.D. degrees, and over half of all the college graduates

have at least some postgraduate training. There are, proportionately, five times as many Ph.D.’s in the sample as in the population of college graduates in general. As expected, the sample excelled in college: 80 percent averaging B or better in their courses, and more than 35 percent graduating with honors (Phi Beta Kappa, *cum laude*, or the like). In addition to their academic degrees, the sample has earned a disproportionately large number of professional licenses—CPA’s, Fellows of the American Board of Surgery, Fellows of the American Institute of Architects, and so on.

The ten most common occupations among the men are not the common lot in our society: lawyers first, followed by college faculty members, engineers, physicians, school administrators or teachers, chemists and physicists, authors, architects, geologists, and clergymen. All told, over 85 percent of the working men became either professionals or managers in business and industry, with the first category the larger. At the other end of the occupational scale, only about 3 percent became semiskilled laborers or farmers, and virtually none unskilled laborers. The men are bunched at the top of the scale of occupations, just as they are at the top of the scale of I.Q. And the sample outperforms not only the population in general, but also the average college graduate. The run-of-the-mill college graduate has a 5 percent chance of becoming a semiskilled or unskilled laborer; the sample’s college graduate has a chance of only .5 percent, a tenfold reduction.

Even with the relatively fewer employed women than men in the sample, the distinction of employment still shows. Approximately two thirds of the working women held professional positions—in universities, school and welfare systems, journalism, medical and paramedical professions, and so on. In addition, most of the women were married and raising children. The antifeminist threat that the education of women could remove the brightest potential mothers from the breeding stock receives no support in these results.

In addition to everything else, a high I.Q. pays in money. The average professional or managerial man in the sample was earning about \$10,500 in 1954, compared to a national average of about \$6000 for those occupations. Even the semiskilled and clerical workers in the sample were outearning, by about 25 percent, the general averages for the same jobs. The total family income for the sample more than doubled that for white, urban American families of roughly the same socio-economic status. About 30 percent of the families in the sample earned more than \$15,000 a year in 1954, compared to only one percent for ordinary families in the same general socio-economic class. The sample shows the economic advantages of a high I.Q., after discounting education, race, occupation, and geography.

In the general population, income and education correlate highly. One encounters, from time to time, estimates

of how much a high school diploma or a bachelor's degree should add to one's paycheck. No doubt about the facts—more highly educated people make more money—but the interpretation is arguable. The usual interpretation assumes that a given man with some higher education would earn more than the same man *without* the education. But that is not really what the data show, for we do not know whether the people who have the extra education are the same in other ways as those who do not. Suppose, for the sake of relevance, that income *really* depended more on I.Q. than on education. Suppose further that the amount of schooling also depended on I.Q. Educated people would then earn more not because they were more educated (which they would also be), but because they were smarter (had a higher I.Q.). To disentangle the complex factors in society at large and find out what causes what, simple correlations are not enough. We need to know if income would be correlated with I.Q. if education were held constant, or conversely if income would be correlated with education if I.Q. were held constant. Terman's high I.Q. sample is a step in this direction, for it allows us to see whether income depends on education when I.Q. is held constant at the virtual top of the scale.

High-school graduates in the Terman sample were earning about as much as the college graduates with a bachelor's degree. Further schooling beyond the bachelor's did improve income somewhat. However, of the six men with the highest incomes (ranging upward of \$100,000 a year) only one finished college. The highest annual income of all, \$400,000 for the last year reported, was earned by a man who had had no college whatever. In other words, if very high income is your goal, and you have a high I.Q., do not waste your time with formal education beyond high school. For this particular sample, education did not unequivocally add to income, as most often claimed. Perhaps for people of more ordinary talents the connection is straightforward, but the study shows that while I.Q. definitely affects income, education may not.

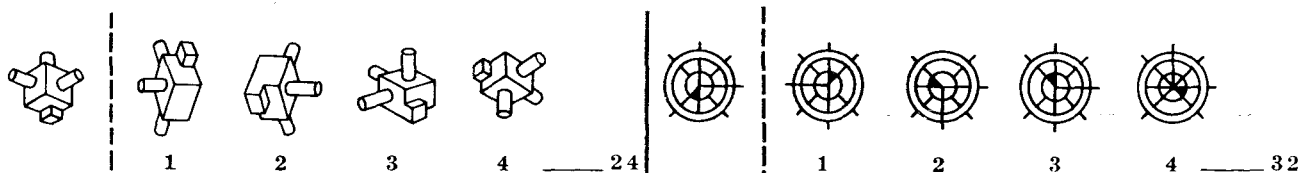
Not just the economic facts of life were gathered. When the men were asked about their state of mind, almost 90 percent said that they were at least fairly content, and virtually half were finding "deep satisfaction" in their lives. Only 6 percent reported discontentment. The more prosperous men were generally the more contented. When the men were asked to estimate how well they were living up to their intellectual abilities, there was again a correlation between satisfaction and income. The average yearly wage of those who said they were "fully" living up to their capacities was almost \$12,000, while the group least satisfied was making less than \$5000 per year.

Women's salaries were substantially lower than the men's and did not correlate with contentment. Notwithstanding their poorer salaries, on an average, the women reported greater satisfaction in their lives than the men. The housewives, who were earning less money than

anyone else, expressed about as much satisfaction as any other group in the sample. There is little here to support the feminist argument that a housewife's life is intolerable, especially for educated, intelligent women. It would be hard to pick a brighter group than the women in this study, yet they seemed to be adjusting easily to their lot. To give but one example of the many striking cases, a woman whose I.Q. of 192 places her close to the top of the entire sample, and whose retested intelligence at maturity was again virtually at the top, was raising eight children, including three sets of twins. According to the account at the latest report, she had no outside activity at that time other than an interest in the P.T.A., but was apparently content, if not serene. Of course, such tranquillity may be gone now, fifteen years later.

The enormous harvest from the sample in their middle forties included about 2000 scientific and technical articles, 60 books, 33 novels, 375 short stories or plays, 325 miscellaneous publications, 230 patents, not to mention the hundreds of radio and television scripts, newspaper stories, pieces of art and music. Their names turn up disproportionately often in compilations of our effective people—in *Who's Who*, *American Men of Science*, the National Academy of Sciences, and so on. They are active in P.T.A., clubs, hobbies. They vote far more faithfully (over 90 percent of the time in national elections) than the general population (and are somewhat more conservative). By the mid-1950s, they had spawned (with spouses who were themselves significantly brighter than average) about 2500 children whose average I.Q. appears to be above 130—not as brilliant as their exceptional parents, but still among the top 5 percent of the population. Even in their mid-forties, the sample continued to test within the top one percent of the general population in intelligence, whether or not they had been successful in their careers. No doubt the predictive power of the I.Q. is outlasting the first thirty-five years of the study.

No single study is beyond criticism, not even this massive enterprise by Terman and his associates. Critics can point to the possibility of hidden biases in the original selection of the children. Not *every* child in the California schools was tested, only those who looked "promising" for one reason or another. The final selection employed just the I.Q., but the pre-screening may indeed have been a source of bias. Later estimates uncovered, however, only a few children missed this way, certainly not enough to change the general conclusions about the predictiveness of I.Q. Critics may also wonder how people are affected by being included in this select group. Are they impelled to excel, or are they stunted by anxiety? Judging from all the other data showing correlations between I.Q. and achievement, the sample seems to be about normal for an I.Q. of 150. Whatever the flaws in the study, there can be no reasonable doubt about its main conclusion. An I.Q. test can be given in an hour or two to a child, and from this in-



finitesimally small sample of his output, deeply important predictions follow—about schoolwork, occupation, income, satisfaction with life, and even life expectancy. The predictions are not perfect, for other factors always enter in, but no other single factor matters as much in as many spheres of life.

Terman was unapologetic about where he thought I.Q. comes from. He believed in the inheritance of I.Q., at least to a considerable degree. Bluntly, but not dogmatically, he wrote in 1925:

There are . . . many persons who believe that intelligence quotients can be manufactured to order by the application of suitable methods of training. There are even prominent educators and psychologists who are inclined to regard such a pedagogical feat as within the realm of possibility, and no one knows that it is not. If it is possible it is time we were finding out. Conclusive evidence as to the extent to which I.Q.'s can be artificially raised could be supplied in a few years by an experiment which would cost a few hundred thousand or at most a few million dollars. The knowledge would probably be worth to humanity a thousand times that amount.

The opening paragraphs of the disturbing and controversial article by Professor Arthur R. Jensen of the University of California, Berkeley, could be taken as the equally blunt answer to Terman's challenge, forty-four years later.

Compensatory education has been tried and it apparently has failed.

Compensatory education has been practiced on a massive scale for several years in many cities across the nation. It began with auspicious enthusiasm and high hopes of educators. It had unprecedented support from Federal funds. It had theoretical sanction from social scientists espousing the major underpinning of its rationale: the "deprivation hypothesis," according to which academic lag is mainly the result of social, economic, and educational deprivation and discrimination—an hypothesis that has met with wide, uncritical acceptance in the atmosphere of society's growing concern about the plight of minority groups and the economically disadvantaged.

The chief goal of compensatory education—to remedy the educational lag of disadvantaged children and thereby narrow the achievement gap between "minority" and "majority" pupils—has been utterly unrealized in any of the large compensatory education programs that have been evaluated so far.

And the reason, Jensen goes on to say, why compensatory education has failed is that it has tried to raise I.Q.'s, which, he argues, are more a matter of inheritance

than environment, and therefore not very amenable to corrective training. What evidence has he for this unexpected and unpopular conclusion?

The problem with nature and nurture is to decide which—inheritation or environment—is primary, for the I.Q. is exclusively the result of neither one alone. Advocates of environment—the clear majority of those who express themselves publicly on the subject—must explain why I.Q.'s usually stay about the same during most people's lives and also why high or low I.Q.'s tend to run in families. Those facts could easily be construed as signs of a genetic basis for the I.Q. The usual environmentalist answer argues that I.Q.'s remain the same to the extent that environments remain the same. If you are lucky enough to be wellborn, then your I.Q. will show the benefits of nurturing, which, in turn, gives you an advantage in the competition for success. If, on the other hand, you are blighted with poor surroundings, your mental growth will be stunted and you are likely to be stuck at the bottom of the social ladder. By this view, parents bequeath to their children not so much the genes for intelligence as the environment that will promote or retard it.

In one plausible stroke the environmentalist arguments seem to explain, therefore, not only the stability of the I.Q. but also the similarity between parents and children. The case is further strengthened by arguing that early training fixes the I.Q. more firmly than anything we know how to do later. And then to cap it off, the environmentalist may claim that the arbitrary social barriers in our society trap the underprivileged in their surroundings while guarding the overprivileged in theirs. Anyone who accepts this series of arguments is unshaken by Jensen's reminder that compensatory education has failed in the United States, for the answer seems to be ready and waiting. To someone who believes in the environmental theory, the failure of compensatory education is not disproof of his theory, but rather a sign that we need more and better special training earlier in a person's life.

To be sure, it seems obvious that poor and unattractive surroundings will stunt a child's mental growth. To question it seems callous. But even if it is plausible, how do we know it is true? By what evidence do we test the environmentalist doctrine? The simplest possible assessment of the inherited factor in I.Q. is with identical twins, for only environmental differences can turn up between people with identical genes. In an article recently published in the periodical *Behavior Genetics*, Professor Jensen surveys four major studies of identical twins who were reared in separate homes. Most of the twins had been separated by the age of six months, and almost all by the age of two years. The twins were Caucasians, living in England, Denmark, and the United States—all told, 122 pairs

“How Much Can We Boost I.Q. and Scholastic Achievement?” “Not very much.”

of them. The overall I.Q. of the 244 individuals was about 97, slightly lower than the standard 100. Identical twins tend to have slightly depressed I.Q.'s, perhaps owing to the prenatal hazards of twindom. The 244 individuals spanned the range of I.Q.'s from 63 to 132, a range that brackets most of humanity—or to be more precise, 97 percent of the general population on whom intelligence tests have been standardized.

Being identical twins, the pairs shared identical genetic endowments, but their environments could have been as different as those of random pairs of children in the society at large. Nevertheless, their I.Q.'s correlated by about 85 percent, which is more than usual between ordinary siblings or even fraternal twins growing up together with their own families. It is, in fact, almost as big as the correlations between the heights and weights of these twins, which were 94 percent and 88 percent respectively. Even environmentalists would expect separately raised twins to look alike, but these results show that the I.Q.'s match almost as well. Of course if the environment alone set the I.Q., the correlations should have been much smaller than 85 percent. It would, however, be rash to leap to the conclusion that the 85 percent correlation is purely genetic, for when twins are placed into separate homes, they might well be placed into similar environments. The children had been separated not for the edification of psychologists studying the I.Q., but for the weighty reasons that break families up—illness, poverty, death, parental incapacity, and so on—and the accidents of separation may not have yielded well-designed experiments. Some of the pairs were no doubt raised by different branches of the same family, perhaps assuring them considerable environmental similarity anyway. In such cases, the correlation of 85 percent would not be purely genetic, but at least partly environmental. Fortunately for our state of knowledge, one of the four studies examined by Jensen included ratings of the foster homes in terms of the breadwinner's occupation. Six categories sufficed: higher professional, lower professional, clerical, skilled, semiskilled, unskilled. Now, with this classification of homes, we know a little about whether the twins were raised in homes with a similar cultural ambience. To the extent that the environment in a home reflects the breadwinner's occupation, the answer is unequivocally negative, for there was literally no general correlation in the occupational levels of the homes into which the pairs were separated. At least for this one study—which happened to be the largest of the four—the high correlation in I.Q. resulted from something besides a social-class correlation in the foster homes, most likely the shared inheritance.

Twins raised apart differ on the average by about seven points in I.Q. Two people chosen at random from the general population differ by seventeen points. Only four of the 122 pairs of twins differed by as much as seventeen points. Ordinary siblings raised in the same household dif-

fer by twelve points. Only nineteen of the 122 twin pairs differed by as much as that. And finally, fraternal twins raised in the same home differ by an average of eleven points, which was equaled or exceeded by only twenty-three of the 122 pairs. In other words, more than four times out of five the difference between identical twins raised apart fell short of the average difference between fraternal twins raised together by their own parents. At the same time, those separated twins were not so similar in schoolwork. Identical twins raised together resemble each other in both I.Q. and school grades. When twins are separated, their I.Q.'s remain quite close, but their grades diverge. It seems that school performance responds to the environment substantially more than does the I.Q., although neither one is solely the outcome of either nature or nurture.

The comparison between I.Q. and grades was one theme of Jensen's controversial earlier article, “How Much Can We Boost I.Q. and Scholastic Achievement?”, which appeared in the winter of 1969 in the *Harvard Educational Review*. Jensen answered the title's rhetorical question about I.Q. with a scholarly and circumspect form of “not very much.” The article is cautious and detailed, far from extreme in position or tone. Not only its facts but even most of its conclusions are familiar to experts. The failure of compensatory education was the occasion for the article, which served especially well in assembling many scattered but pertinent items. Jensen echoes most experts on the subject of the I.Q. by concluding that substantially more can be ascribed to inheritance than environment. Since the importance of inheritance seems to say something about racial differences in I.Q. that most well-disposed people do not want to hear, it has been argued that Jensen should not have written on the subject at all or that the *Harvard Educational Review* should not have, as it did, invited him to write on it.

Some of Jensen's critics have argued that because environment and inheritance are intertwined, it is impossible to tease them apart. The criticism may seem persuasive to laymen, for nature and nurture are indeed intertwined, and in just the way that makes teasing them apart most difficult. For intelligence—unlike, for example, skin color—the main agents of both nature and nurture are likely to be one's parents. One inherits skin color from one's parents, but the relevant environment does not come directly from them but from sun, wind, age, and so on. For skin color, resemblance to parents signifies (albeit not infallibly) inheritance; for intelligence, resemblance is ambiguous. Nevertheless analysis is possible even with I.Q., as Jensen and his predecessors have shown. The most useful data for the purpose are the correlations between I.Q. and kinship, as exemplified by the twin studies, which set genetic similarity high and environmental similarity low. Foster children in the same home define the other extreme of kinship and environment. If environment had no bearing at all on

Jensen concluded (as have most of the other experts in the field) that the genetic factor is worth about 80 percent and that only 20 percent is left to everything else.

intelligence, then the I.Q.'s of such unrelated children should correlate slightly at most (and only to the extent caused by a special factor to be mentioned shortly). In contrast, if environment were all, then the correlation should approach the value for natural siblings. Actually, the I.Q.'s of foster children in the same home correlate by about 24 percent (less than half the value for natural siblings). However, even the correlation of 24 percent cannot be credited entirely to the children's shared environment. Bear in mind that adoption agencies try to place "comparable" children in the same home, which means that there is more than just their common surroundings making them alike. Suppose, for example, that adoption agencies tried to put children with similar hair color in any given family. They could check on the natural parents, and perhaps even on the grandparents, and make a reasonable guess about the baby's eventual hair color. The foster children in a given home would then often have similar hair color; they would be unrelated by blood, but the similarity would be more genetic than environmental. By trying for a congenial match between foster child and foster parents—in appearance and in mental ability—adoption agencies make the role of environment look more important than it probably is.

In between foster siblings and identical twins come the more familiar relations, and these too have been scrutinized. If intelligence were purely genetic, the I.Q.'s of second cousins would correlate by 14 percent and that of first cousins by 18 percent (the reasons for those peculiar percentages are well beyond the scope of this article, so they are offered without proof). Instead of 14 percent and 18 percent, the actual correlations are 16 percent and 26 percent—too large for genetic influences alone, but in the right range. Uncle's (or aunt's) I.Q. should, by the genes alone, correlate with nephew's (or niece's) by a value of 31 percent; the actual value is 34 percent. The correlation between grandparent and grandchild should, on genetic grounds alone, also be 31 percent, whereas the actual correlation is 27 percent, again a small discrepancy. And finally for this brief survey, the predicted correlation between parent and child, by genes alone, is 49 percent, whereas the actual correlation is 50 percent using the parents' adult I.Q.'s and 56 percent using the parents' childhood I.Q.'s—in either case too small a difference to quibble about. Parents and their children correlate about as well whether the children are raised at home or by a foster family, which underscores the relative unimportance of the environment.

The foregoing figures are lifted directly out of Jensen's famous article, figures that he himself culled from the literature of intelligence testing. The measurements say that (1) the more closely related by blood two people are, the greater the correlation between their I.Q.'s and (2) the correlations fall in the right range from the purely genetic standpoint. By evaluating the total evidence, and by a

procedure too technical to explain here, Jensen concluded (as have most of the other experts in the field) that the genetic factor is worth about 80 percent and that only 20 percent is left to everything else—the social, cultural, and physical environment, plus illness, prenatal factors, and what have you.

Jensen's two papers leave little doubt about the heritability of I.Q. among North American and Western European whites, whom most data on the subject describe. In fact, there is little dispute on this score, even among those who object vigorously to this work. It is the relation between heritability and racial differences that raises the hackles. Given the well-established, roughly fifteen-point black-white difference in I.Q., the argument is whether the difference arises in the environment or the genes. If intelligence were entirely genetic, then racial differences would be genetic simply because they could be due to nothing else. Conversely, if the genes were irrelevant, then the racial difference would have to be due to the environment, again because there would be no alternative. As it is, I.Q. reflects both a person's genes and his environment. The racial issue really poses the nature-nurture question all over again, but this time for a particular finding—the higher scores of whites over blacks on I.Q. tests.

In general—not just for the racial issue—the question of nature and nurture boils down to the study of variation. Granted that I.Q.'s vary among people, to what extent does the variation correlate with the differences in their surroundings on the one hand and with the differences in their genetic makeup on the other? No one disputes the existence of all three kinds of variation—in I.Q., environment, and inheritance—only their interconnections. In effect, the environmentalist is saying that among a group of people, the various I.Q.'s reflect the various surroundings more or less without regard to the genes. In contrast, the nativist is saying the reverse—that different I.Q.'s reflect different genetic endowments rather than different environments. The study of quantitative genetics contrives to answer such riddles, and so a brief didactic excursion is in order. But instead of starting the lesson with I.Q., let us consider a trait which we are not emotionally committed to to begin with.

Suppose we wanted to know the heritability of skin color. We would not need science to tell us that dark or fair complexions run in certain families or larger groups. Nor must we be told that nongenetic elements also enter in, as when a person is tan from the sun or pale with illness or yellow from jaundice or red with rage or blue with cold. The task of quantitative genetics is to come up with a number that says how large a role inheritance plays in the total amount of variation in skin color that we see in a particular group of people at a particular time. If the number is large, then skin color is largely heritable; if very small,

then the heritability is negligible. If the number is large, then there will be marked family resemblances; if small, then members of given families will be no more alike than unrelated people. To convey such information, the number must reflect which group of people we choose to study. Consider first the United States, with its racial and ethnic diversity. Much skin variation here is related to ancestry, whether black, white, yellow, red, or Mediterranean, Nordic, Alpine, or some blend. Family resemblances in skin color are quite strong in America, so the heritability should come out large. Now contrast this with an isolated village in Norway, full of Scandinavians with generations of pale-skinned ancestors. In the Norwegian town, whatever little variation there is in skin color is likely to be environmental, due to the circumstances of life rather than to the accident of inheritance. As regards skin color, children will be no more like their parents than their nonrelatives, so heritability should come out low.

The hardest thing to grasp about heritability is that it says something about a trait in a population as a whole, not about the relation between particular parents and their offspring. Skin color turns out to be more heritable in the United States than in Norway, even though the physiological mechanisms of inheritance are surely the same. In the Norwegian town, a swarthy father and mother (who probably got that way from exposure to the weather) are likely to have children as fair-skinned as their neighbors. In the American town, however, it is more likely that the swarthinness of swarthy parents is genetic and will be passed on to the children. Although heritability is not the strictly physiological concept that laymen imagine it to be, it is uniquely useful for talking about the nature-nurture question, for it tells us whether traits run in families within a broader population of individuals.

The technical measure of heritability is a number between 0 and 1.0 that states how much of the variation in a trait is due to genetic factors. How it is calculated need not detain us here. It is enough to know that a heritability of .5 means (omitting some technical complexities) that the variation is due half to genetic factors and half to other factors; a heritability of .2 means that only a fifth of the variation is genetic, and so on. Some actual heritabilities of traits in animals may be helpful. In piebald Holstein cattle, for example, the amount of white in the fur has a heritability of about .95, a value so high that it is almost right to say the environment plays no role here. In contrast, milk yield has a heritability of only .3. White in the fur, therefore, breeds more true than milk production. In pigs, the thickness of body fat has a heritability of .55, while the litter size has a heritability of only .15.

Now back to I.Q. and the racial issue. Using the procedures of quantitative genetics, Jensen (and most other experts) estimates that I.Q. has a heritability between .80 and .85, but this is based almost entirely on data from whites. We may, therefore, say that 80 to 85 percent of the vari-

ation in I.Q. among whites is due to the genes. Because we do not know the heritability for I.Q. among blacks, we cannot make a comparable statement for them. But let us simply assume, for the sake of discussion, that .8 is the heritability for whites and blacks taken together. What could we say about the racial difference in I.Q. then? The answer is that we could still say nothing positive about it. Recall that the concept of heritability applies to a population as a whole. All we could say is that the differences between people, on the average and without regard to color, are 80 percent inherited. But within this broad generality, particular differences could and would be more or less inherited. Take, for example, the differences in I.Q. between identical twins. Even with the average heritability equal to .8, all twin differences have to be totally environmental, since their genes cannot differ. Or conversely, consider the differences between foster children in a given foster family. Because they are growing up in the same home, their I.Q. differences could easily be relatively more genetic than those of people taken at random. When this line of reasoning is applied to a racial (or ethnic) difference in I.Q., the only proper conclusion is that we do not know whether it is more genetic, less genetic, or precisely as genetic as implied by a heritability of .8.

Jensen notes that we lack a good estimate of the heritability of intelligence among blacks. Although there are scraps of evidence for a genetic component in the black-white difference, the overwhelming case is for believing that American blacks have been at an environmental disadvantage. To the extent that variations in the American social environment can promote or retard I.Q., blacks have probably been held back. But a neutral commentator (a rarity these days) would have to say that the case is simply not settled, given our present stage of knowledge. To advance this knowledge would not be easy, but it could certainly be done with sufficient ingenuity and hard work. To anyone who is curious about the question and who feels competent to try to answer it, it is at least irritating to be told that the answer is either unknowable or better not known, and both enjoinders are often heard. And there is, of course, a still more fundamental issue at stake, which should concern even those who are neither curious about nor competent to study racial differences in I.Q. It is whether inquiry shall (again) be shut off because someone thinks society is best left in ignorance.

Setting aside the racial issue, the conclusion about intelligence is that, like other important though not necessarily vital traits, it is highly heritable. It is not vital in the sense that it may vary broadly without markedly affecting survival, although it no doubt affects one's life-style. Does it do us any practical good to know how heritable intelligence is? We are not, for example, on the verge of Galton's vision of eugenics, even though we now have the mental test that he thought was the crucial prerequisite. For good or ill, and for some time to come, we are stuck

The “regression toward the mean” is the tendency for children to be closer to the general population average (in this case, I.Q. 100) than their parents. Very bright parents have children who tend to be merely bright, while very dull parents tend to have them merely dull.

with mating patterns as people determine them for themselves. No sensible person would want to entrust state-run human breeding to those who control today's states. There are, however, practical corollaries of this knowledge, more humble than eugenics, but ever more salient as the growing complexity of human society makes acute the shortage of high-grade intellect.

Heritability is first and foremost the measure of breeding true, useful for predicting how much of some trait the average offspring in a given family will have. For example, to predict the I.Q. of the average offspring in a family:

1. Average the parents' I.Q.'s.
2. Subtract 100 from the result.
3. Multiply the result of (2) by .8 (the heritability).
4. Add the result of (3) to 100.

Thus, given a mother and father each with I.Q.'s of 120, their average child will have an I.Q. of 116. Some of their children will be brighter and some duller, but the larger the family, the more nearly will the average converge onto 116. With parents averaging an I.Q. of 80, the average child will have an I.Q. of 84. The formula predicts something the experts call “regression toward the mean,” the tendency for children to be closer to the general population average (in this case, I.Q. 100) than their parents. And in fact, *very bright* parents have children who tend to be merely *bright*, while *very dull* parents tend to have them merely *dull*. The amount of regression for a trait depends on the heritability—with high heritability, the regression is smaller than with low. Also, for a given trait the regression is greater at the extremes of a population than at its center. In other words, ordinary parents are more like their children (on the average) than extraordinary ones (whether extraordinarily high or low). All of these characteristics of the “generation gap” follow directly and completely from the simple formula given above. Thus, when the parents average 120, the regression effect is only four I.Q. points, but if they averaged 150, the regression effect would be ten points. In comparison, height, with its heritability of .95, would show smaller regression effects than I.Q., since the multiplier in step 3 of the formula is closer to 1.0. But even so, very tall parents tend to have children who are merely tall, and very short parents tend to have them merely short. As long as the heritability of a trait falls short of 1.0, there is some regression effect.

Intelligence may be drifting up or down for environmental reasons from generation to generation, notwithstanding the high heritability. Height, for example, is said to be increasing—presumably because of diet and medicine—even with its .95 heritability. We can easily tell whether there has been a change in height, for the measures are absolute, and there is the tangible evidence of clothing, furniture, coffins, and the skeletons themselves. For intelligence, however, we have no absolute scales, only relative ones, and the tangible remains of intelligence defy interpretation. But if height has changed, why not in-

telligence? After all, one could argue, the I.Q. has a heritability of only .8, measurably lower than that of height, so it should be even more amenable to the influence of the environment. That, to be sure, is correct in principle, but the practical problem is to find the right things in the environment to change—the things that will nourish the intellect as well as diet does height. The usual assumption, that education and culture are crucial, is running into evidence that the physical environment—for example, early diet—might be more important. In fact, the twin studies that Jensen surveyed showed that the single most important environmental influence on I.Q. was not education or social environment, but something prenatal, as shown by the fact that the twin heavier at birth usually grew up with the higher I.Q.

Suppose we do find an environmental handle on I.Q.—something, let us say, in the gestating mother's diet. What then? Presumably society would try to give everyone access to the favorable factor, within the limits of its resources. Intelligence would increase accordingly. But that would not end our troubles with I.Q. Recall that heritability is a measure of relative variation. Right now, about 80 percent of the variation in I.Q. derives from the genes. If we make the relevant environment much more uniform (by making it as good as we can for everyone), then an even larger proportion of the variation in I.Q. will be attributable to the genes. The average person would be smarter, but intelligence would run in families even more obviously and with less regression toward the mean than we see today. It is likely that the mere fact of heritability in I.Q. is socially and politically important, and the more so the higher the heritability.

The specter of Communism was haunting Europe, said Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in 1848. They could point to the rise of egalitarianism for proof. From Jefferson's “self-evident truth” of man's equality, to France's “*égalité*” and beyond that to the revolutions that swept Europe as Marx and Engels were proclaiming their *Manifesto*, the central political fact of their times, and ours, has been the rejection of aristocracies and privileged classes, of special rights for “special” people. The vision of a classless society was the keystone of the Declaration of Independence as well as the *Communist Manifesto*, however different the plan for achieving it.

Against this background, the main significance of intelligence testing is what it says about a society built around human inequalities. The message is so clear that it can be made in the form of a syllogism:

1. If differences in mental abilities are inherited, and
2. If success requires those abilities, and
3. If earnings and prestige depend on success,
4. Then social standing (which reflects earnings and

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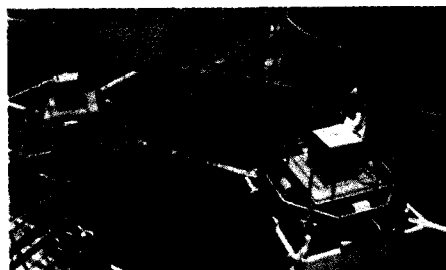
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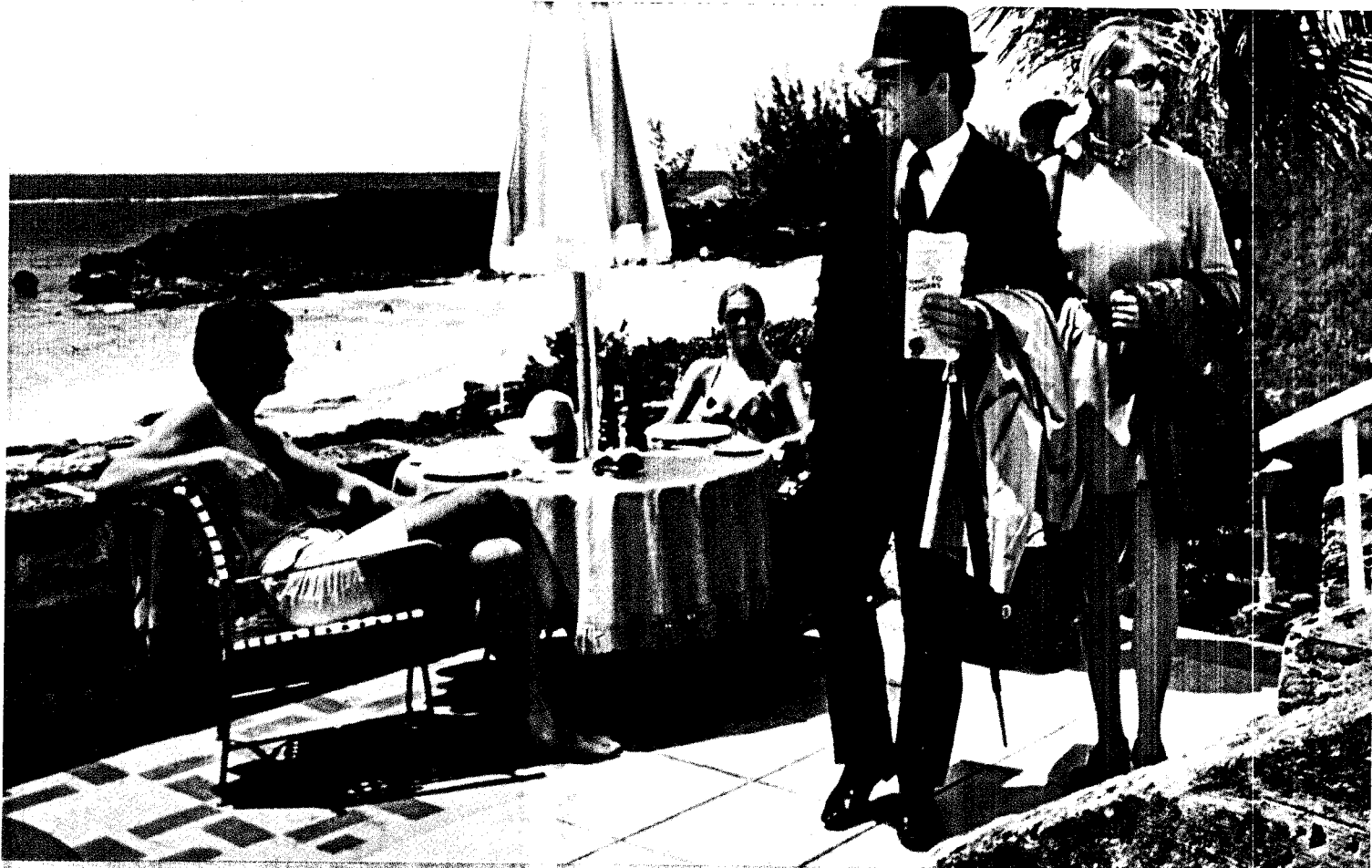
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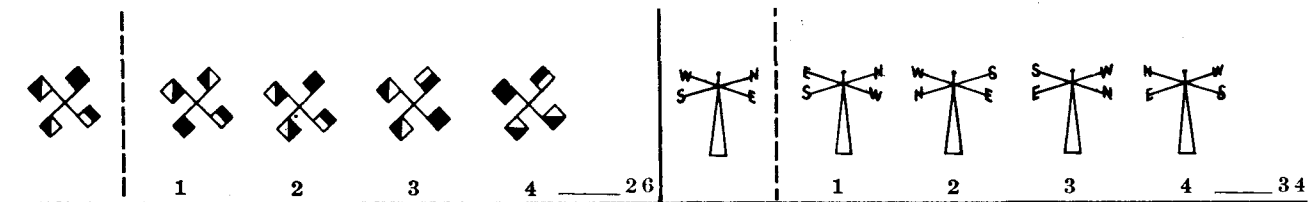
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prestige) will be based to some extent on inherited differences among people.

The syllogism has five corollaries, which make it more relevant to the future than to the past or present.

a) As the environment becomes more favorable for the development of intelligence, its heritability will increase, as the preceding section showed. Regardless of whether this is done by improving educational methods, diet for pregnant women, or whatever, the more advantageous we make the circumstances of life, the more certainly will intellectual differences be inherited. And the greater the heritability, the greater the force of the syllogism.

b) All modern political credos preach social mobility. The good society should, we believe, allow people to rise (and, by implication if not by frank admission, fall) according to their own efforts. The social barriers of the past—race, religion, nationality, title, inherited wealth—are under continuous assault, at least in principle. The separation of church and state, the graduated income tax, the confiscatory inheritance tax, the laws against discrimination and segregation, the abolition of legal class and caste systems all manifest a desire to accelerate movement on the social ladder. The standard wisdom of our time avows that people should be free of “unfair” impediments and divested of “unfair” advantages in all their endeavors. But the syllogism becomes more potent in proportion to the opportunities for social mobility, for it is only when able and energetic individuals can rise and displace the dull and sluggish ones that there can be sorting out of people according to inherited differences. Actual social mobility is blocked by innate human differences after the social and legal impediments are removed.

c) It was noted earlier that there are many bright but poor people even in affluent America. The social ladder is tapered steeply, with far less room at the top than at the bottom. The obvious way to rescue the people at the bottom is to take the taper out of the ladder, which is to say, to increase the aggregate wealth of society so that there is more room at the top. This is, of course, just what has been happening since the Industrial Revolution. But one rarely noted by-product of poverty is that it minimizes the inherited differences between classes by assuring that some bright people will remain at the bottom of the ladder. As the syllogism implies, when a country gains new wealth, it will tend to be gathered in the hands of the natively endowed. In other words, the growth of wealth will recruit for the upper classes precisely those from the lower classes who have the edge in native ability. Whatever else this accomplishes, it will also increase the I.Q. gap between upper and lower classes, making the social ladder even steeper for those left at the bottom.

d) Technological advance changes the marketplace for I.Q. Even if every single job lost in automating a factory is replaced by a new job someplace else in a new technology, it is more than likely that some of those put out of the old

jobs will not have the I.Q. for the new ones. Technological unemployment is not just a matter of “dislocation” or “re-training” if the jobs created are beyond the native capacity of the newly unemployed. It is much easier to replace men’s muscles with machines than to replace their intellects. The computer visionaries believe that their machines will soon be doing our thinking for us too, but in the meantime, backhoes are putting ditchdiggers out of work. And the ones who stay out of work are most likely the ones with the low I.Q.’s. The syllogism implies that in times to come, as technology advances, the tendency to be unemployed may run in the genes of a family about as certainly as bad teeth do now.

e) The syllogism deals manifestly with intelligence. The invention of the intelligence test made it possible to gather the data necessary to back up the three premises. However, there may be other inherited traits that differ among people and contribute to their success in life. Such qualities as temperament, personality, appearance, perhaps even physical strength or endurance, may enter into our strivings for achievement and are to varying degrees inherited. The meritocracy concerns not just inherited intelligence, but all inherited traits affecting success, whether or not we know of their importance or have tests to gauge them.

The syllogism and its corollaries point to a future in which social classes not only continue but become ever more solidly built on inborn differences. As the wealth and complexity of human society grow, there will be precipitated out of the mass of humanity a low-capacity (intellectual and otherwise) residue that may be unable to master the common occupations, cannot compete for success and achievement, and are most likely to be born to parents who have similarly failed. In Aldous Huxley’s *Brave New World*, it was malevolent or misguided science that created the “alphas,” “gammas,” and the other distinct types of people. But nature itself is more likely to do the job or something similar, as the less well-known but far more prescient book by Michael Young, *The Rise of the Meritocracy*, has depicted. Young’s social-science-fiction tale of the antimeritocratic upheavals of the early twenty-first century is the perfect setting for his timely neologism, the word “meritocracy.” The troubles he anticipated, and that the syllogism explains, have already caught the attention of alert social scientists, like Edward Banfield, whose book *The Unheavenly City* describes the increasingly chronic lower class in America’s central cities. While Sunday supplements and popular magazines crank out horror stories about genetic engineering (often with anxious but self-serving testimonials from geneticists), our society may be sorting itself willy-nilly into inherited castes. What is most troubling about this prospect is that the growth of a virtually hereditary meritocracy will arise out of the successful realization of contemporary political and social goals. The more we succeed in achieving rela-

What is most troubling is that the growth of a virtually hereditary meritocracy will arise out of the successful realization of contemporary political and social goals.

tively unimpeded social mobility, adequate wealth, the end of drudgery, and wholesome environment, the more forcefully does the syllogism apply.

Are there alternatives short of turning back to social rigidity, poverty, drudgery, and squalor? The first two premises of the syllogism cannot sensibly be challenged, for they are true to some extent now and are likely to become more so in time. The heritability of intelligence will grow as the conditions of life are made more uniformly wholesome; intelligence will play an increasingly important role in occupational success as the menial jobs are taken over by machines. The one even plausible hope is to block the third premise by preventing earnings and prestige from depending upon successful achievement. The socialist dictum, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," can be seen as a bald denial of the third premise. It states that, whatever a person's achievement, his income (economic, social, and political) is unaffected by his success. Instead, the dictum implies, people will get what they need however they perform, but only so long as they fulfill their abilities. Those in power soon discover that they must insist on a certain level of performance, for what the dictum neglects is that "ability" is, first of all, widely and innately variable, and secondly, that it expresses itself in labor only for gain. In capitalist countries, the gain is typically in material wealth, but even where the dictum rules (if such places exist), social and political influence or relief from threat would be the reward for accomplishment. Human society has yet to find a working alternative to the carrot and the stick. Meanwhile, the third premise assures the formation of social classes.

Classlessness is elusive because people vary and because they compete for gain—economic and otherwise. The tendency to respect, honor, remunerate, and perhaps even envy people who succeed is not only ingrained but is itself a source of social pressure to contribute to one's limit. Imagine, for example, what would happen if the gradient of gain were inverted by government fiat. Suppose bakers and lumberjacks got the top salaries and the top social approval, while engineers, physicians, lawyers, and business executives got the bottom. Soon thereafter, the scale of I.Q.'s would also invert, with the competition for the newly desirable jobs now including people with the highest I.Q.'s. (For simplicity's sake, only I.Q. is mentioned, but there may be, and no doubt are, other factors that contribute to success, for recall that I.Q. is only necessary, not sufficient.) The top I.Q.'s would once again capture the top of the social ladder. But no government (let alone people themselves) is likely to conduct such an experiment, for it is not a sensible allocation of a scarce resource like high-grade intelligence. Nor could a government long equalize the gains from all occupations. It was noted before that the premium given to lawyers, doctors, engineers, and business managers is not accidental, for those jobs are left to incompetents at our collective peril. There are simply

fewer potentially competent physicians than barbers. The gradient of occupations is, then, a natural measure of value and scarcity. And beneath this gradient is a scale of inborn ability, which is what gives the syllogism its unique potency.

It seems that we are indeed stuck with the conclusion of the syllogism. The data on I.Q. and social-class differences show that we have been living with an inherited stratification of our society for some time. The signs point to more rather than less of it in the future, assuming that we are not plunged back into a state of primeval poverty by some cataclysm or do not turn back to rigidly and arbitrarily privileged classes. Recall that regression toward the mean depends upon the heritability and that improving the environment raises the heritability. The higher the heritability, the closer will human society approach a virtual caste system, with families sustaining their position on the social ladder from generation to generation as parents and children are more nearly alike in their essential features. The opportunity for social mobility across classes assures the biological distinctiveness of each class, for the unusual offspring—whether more or less able than his (or her) closest relatives—would quickly rise above his family or sink below it, and take his place, both biologically and socially, with his peers.

If this is a fair picture of the future, then we should be preparing ourselves for it instead of railing against its dawning signs. Greater wealth, health, freedom, fairness, and educational opportunity are *not* going to give us the egalitarian society of our philosophical heritage. It will instead give us a society sharply graduated, with ever greater innate separation between the top and the bottom, and ever more uniformity within families as far as inherited abilities are concerned. Naturally, we find this vista appalling, for we have been raised to think of social equality as our goal. The vista reminds us of the world we had hoped to leave behind—aristocracies, privileged classes, unfair advantages and disadvantages of birth. But it is different, for the privileged classes of the past were probably not much superior biologically to the downtrodden, which is why revolutions had a fair chance of success. By removing arbitrary barriers between classes, society has encouraged the creation of biological barriers. When people can freely take their natural level in society, the upper classes will, virtually by definition, have greater capacity than the lower.

The measurement of intelligence is one of the yardsticks by which we may assess the growing meritocracy, but other tests of human potential and performance should supplement the I.Q. in describing a person's talents, interests, skills, and shortcomings. The biological stratification of society would surely go on whether we had tests to gauge it or not, but with them a more humane and tolerant grasp of human differences is possible. And at the moment, that seems our best hope. □

TAKING IT BIG

A memoir of C. Wright Mills

by Dan Wakefield

Ginsberg and the beatniks can be associated chronologically with the aggressively activist sociology of C. Wright Mills—let us say with the publication of Mills' *Causes of World War III* (1957), which is about the point at which Mills' writing turned from scholarship to first-class pamphleteering. Mills was by no means the first postwar figure who sought to tell it like it is about the state of American public life and culture. . . . But it was Mills who caught on. His tone was more blatant; his rhetoric, catchier. He was the successful academic who suddenly began to cry for action in a lethargic profession, in a lethargic society. . . .

—*The Making of a Counter-Culture*, Theodore Roszak

My first conversation with C. Wright Mills occurred in the most inappropriate of places: an elevator. Riding in an elevator with Mills was rather like riding in a Volkswagen with an elephant, not so much because of the reality of his size, which was bigger than average at a little over six feet and 200 pounds, but even more because of the terrific sense of restlessness and ready-to-burst energy about him; and perhaps also because he commuted to Columbia in a rather bulky getup suggestive of a guerrilla warrior going to meet the enemy (which in a way he took the situation to be). He usually wore camping boots of some sort and either a helmet or a cap used for motorcycle riding, and was strapped around with army surplus duffel bags or knapsacks filled with books and notes. At the time of my initial encounter with him in 1954, Mills was an already legendary professor and I was an undergraduate at Columbia College, recently inspired by reading *White Collar* and anxious to see its author in action; my only chance was to get permission from Mills himself to take his limited-enrollment seminar on liberalism.

I waited for my quarry in the cold, cheerless lobby of Hamilton Hall, ambushed him on the way to the

elevator, and squeezed in beside him to make my pitch. He fired the necessary questions at me in a rather aggressive, discouraging tone, and I think my answers made it obvious that I had little qualification and much enthusiasm for the course. When the elevator ejected the crowd at the floor of his office, I had the feeling that Mills glanced back at me and said "OK" primarily to rid himself of a temporary nuisance.

I had no idea then, and would have been too awed to imagine, that I later would get to know this man not only as his student but also as an assistant and a friend; nor could I have guessed how unnaturally short a time it would be until I stumbled onto the news of his sudden death at the age of forty-six. I was reading the *Times* one rainy spring afternoon in 1962 when I saw on the obituary page the terribly stark and inadequate words:

C. Wright Mills
A Sociologist

If in the eyes of many of his academic colleagues Mills was less than that professional designation, he was also in the eyes of a great number of intelligent readers much more than simply "A Sociologist." The widespread audience he won with his forceful studies of the middle and upper classes in America, *White Collar* and *The Power Elite*, was still more greatly expanded by the popular paperback sales of his later, more frankly polemical books, like *The Causes of World War III* and *Listen, Yankee*. Mills himself regarded those brief, book-form blasts as a kind of high-level "pamphleteering," but they were usually judged, and condemned, as sociology. Despite the catcalls of critics, however, Mills received a growing amount of mail from people who wanted to know what they should or could do not only about war and peace, foreign policy, and the social sciences but also about their own lives; and they seemed to feel that Mills, like some all-knowing Dear Abby of the in-

tellecuals, would be able to tell them. Strangers who knew Mills only by his books came to his funeral, and as part of the Quaker service (Mills was actually an atheist, or as he liked to put it, more dramatically, "a pagan"), some of them spoke up, prefacing their statements with "I didn't know C. Wright Mills personally . . ." and then proceeded to read a passage from one of his books, much as if reciting from a sacred text, as their way of paying tribute. I think the kind of personal response Mills's works elicited was best explained by his longtime friend and neighbor, the novelist Harvey Swados, who wrote of those works of Mills that first attracted public attention:

For a long time I have thought—I still do—that it was because all these people were responding to what was at bottom not merely a logical indictment which could be upheld or attacked, but a poetic vision of America; an unlovely vision perhaps, expressed with a mixture of awkwardness and brilliance, but one that did not really need statistical buttressing or the findings of research teams in order to be apprehended by sensitive Americans as corresponding to their own sense of what was going on about them, more truly and unflinchingly than any other contemporary statement. They were responding, I think, in that unlovely decade, the fat and frightened fifties, to one who refused to compromise or to make the excuses that others were making—excuses labeled descriptions or analyses—for what was happening to their country. They sensed correctly that, faulty and flawed as it was, the vision of Wright Mills cut through the fog and lighted their lives for them.

I think that Mills himself felt something similar to this; at least he seemed to be expressing such a view when he wrote me shortly after *The Power Elite* was published that "they [the readers] see, with all its faults, that the book is generally true because they are living parts of what it analyzes." He added, with his typical attention to such matters, "And they will buy ten or twelve thousand copies this first year." The healthy and continuing sales of his books, both here and abroad, served as a balm and justification to Mills, a kind of victory over his academic critics who were read only within their own walls. It enabled him to get his own back in some measure, as when he observed in *The Sociological Imagination*—the brilliant and bitter broadside he fired at his own profession in 1959—that the specialized jargon used by the orthodox sociologists, the "socspeak" that he so scorned, was perhaps "the result of an academic closing of the ranks on the part of the mediocre, who understandably wish to exclude those who win the attention of intelligent people, academic and otherwise."

When I first got to know Mills he had already begun to feel that sort of exclusion, and one of his responses was the adoption of a gruff, irascible, aggressive exterior toward anyone who he sensed was in opposition to him and his work. That is the "image" many people have of Mills, but it is not the Mills I knew.

He originally took an interest in me because of an offbeat paper I had done for his course comparing Ortega's *The Revolt of the Masses* to a short Hemingway piece called "Banal Story." He called me in after class, and instead of berating me for frivolousness as I had feared, calmly stoked his pipe, observed me with a detached curiosity, and said he'd enjoyed the paper—not so much for its eloquence as its novelty. He said it was a relief from the usual student reports, which bored him to death. He told me to "do some more like that," and this led to a growing number of discussions between us, and eventually to his offer of a temporary job. When I finished his course and at the same time was graduated in February of 1955, I told Mills I was going to work on a weekly newspaper in New Jersey. He took a calm if derisive puff at his pipe and said, "Small-town stuff, you'll be back"—and I was, courtesy of the job Mills offered me that summer doing research on *The Intellectuals in America* (one of several projects he never completed). Another Columbia graduate, Walter Klink, who had done research on *The Power Elite*, also worked on the *Intellectuals* project that summer, and Mills took a genuine and fatherly interest in both of us; he helped launch Walt on a distinguished career as a sociologist, and with both of us he was, as a "boss" and a friend, patient, kind, and elaborately helpful.

"Now, Dan," Mills counseled me once that summer, "you're not married yet and you're living alone. You must get one of your girls to come over every Sunday night and cook you a big stew that will last a week. You bottle it up in seven Mason jars, and take one out each day, and you have a good, healthy meal instead of that bachelor stuff." He was full of advice that was often valuable and always entertaining, from books I should read (he thrust James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* on me when it was out of print and not yet in vogue), to hints on work habits ("Set up a file"—and he showed me how). And running through all his advice was one grand theme, which served as his own motto, an approach to the world he called "Taking it big"—by which he meant subjects, and do them in the grand manner; a philosophy he not only preached but applied to everything from eating and drinking to writing. Almost any advice he gave ended with the exhortation, "Take it big, boy!"

In his efforts to help me in my own career, I learned a good deal about his, or about his own view of it. He had urged me at first to go into sociology, and when I said I was more interested in writing than in doing research or compiling statistics, he said that it didn't matter, the main thing was that a man who wanted to write about the world today had to have a "handle," that sociology could be used as such a handle, and that is how he used it himself. He liked to think of himself primarily as a "Writer," and it was to the difficult discipline of English prose that he devoted his most intense efforts. Ideas and theories



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came rather easily to him, but writing did not, and he sweated and bled over it and constantly sought advice and criticism, often from Swados, who respectfully has described Mills's "unending and humble desire to learn how to commit to paper with precision and fluency all that he believed." That desire was indeed so great that it was, as far as I know, the only thing that Mills was humble about.

He attached an almost magical quality to the power of writing; after all, hadn't it brought him, with academic whistle-stops along the way, out of Texas to New York City and national prominence? It was in this spirit that Mills once explained to me how he had managed to escape from what he considered a small-time academic post at the University of Maryland. He said proudly, in his booming voice, "I wrote my way out of there."

As would be the case with any man who had his own private vision, Mills became increasingly impatient with the technical, impersonal, statistical side of sociology. But first he proved he could play that game as exactly and efficiently as any man could, directing studies for unions and government, and leading a research team in a study of the Puerto Rican migration that resulted in a book Mills co-authored, *The Puerto Rican Journey*. The book is a solid and valuable one in its field, but could have been done by any number of research teams—it is hardly recognizable as Mills. He later wrote me that "my own slight experience with them [the Puerto Ricans] was disappointing, especially in PR itself. They've little Spanish stuff and they've only the most blatant U.S. stuff. A sort of culture-less people. Hollow and really hysterical. But I don't really know them. My stuff was at a great distance and necessarily statistical in nature." A journalist friend of mine who interviewed Mills a few years before his death said that when he brought up the old controversy about Mills's relation to his profession, Mills waved his hand, as if brushing the matter away, and said, "What the hell, I take polls."

It was not polls but the personal vision that absorbed and obsessed him, and *White Collar* was the first book he was able to express it in. Later he wrote, in discussing his own work, that *White Collar* was "a task primarily motivated by the desire to articulate my own experience in New York City since 1945." He once put it more personally and dramatically when he slyly told me he had met a woman at a party who "really understands me. She told me, 'I know you, Mills—I've read *White Collar* and I know what it's all about.' I asked her to tell me, and she said, 'That's the story of a Texas boy who came to New York.'" Mills paused, frowning, and then broke into a giant grin as he said with delight: "And my God, she was right!"

Certainly there were elements in Mills—that big, gruff, motorcycle-mounted scholar who had burst out of Texas—of a kind of intellectual Gatsby. He mentioned once that the first books he remembered

reading were a series of little volumes on "Success" that were owned by his father, a middle-class businessman. Like all boys from the provinces, Mills identified New York City as the citadel or headquarters of Success, and as a boy who had come there myself from Indiana, I well understood the feeling; I think the mutual sense we shared of escape from province to city was one of the things that informed our friendship. I remember once driving with Mills from his house in Spring Valley to Columbia on a bright winter morning, and as we crossed over the George Washington Bridge, he pointed to the dazzling skyline, and with a sweeping gesture said, "Take that one, boy!" I shivered and smiled, imagining that in other crossings he had said the same thing to himself.

During my summer of research for Mills, I worked mainly in the Columbia library and my own apartment, and every week or so spent a day at his house in Spring Valley, reporting, discussing, and listening as Mills paced back and forth, thinking out loud, the puffs of smoke from his pipe reminding me of the steam from an engine, for his mind in high gear seemed like a dynamo. When classes resumed in the fall, I moved my notes and typewriter into Mills's office in Hamilton Hall and worked out of there. But his real office was at home. The Columbia office simply contained old student papers, files of finished projects, a hot plate for warming up soup, and an electric espresso machine—such frugal fare was all he desired in that room. Neither his stomach nor his mind operated with its usual gargantuan appetite at the college office, and our talks there were disjointed and disappointing. Mills always seemed subdued when he came in, said very little, and stalked off to class. He would usually burst back into the room tired and out of sorts, as he had that day when he slammed down his books, and said, referring to his students, "Who *are* those guys?"

Nor did he get much more sustenance from his colleagues, especially in sociology, whom he rarely saw and rarely mentioned, except to note some attack or other one of them had made on him in a professional journal. He took more lightly and humorously his occasional intellectual conflicts with men in other departments, and especially enjoyed a little exchange with a distinguished English professor. Mills had published a magazine essay in which he giped at this faculty colleague along with other intellectuals for partaking in what he called "The American Celebration"—an uncritical and flowery praise of the United States. One day in the office Mills received a long letter of reply from the professor—so long, in fact, that he held it up and said, "My God, he could have published this!" The effort seemed especially wasteful since his correspondent's office was only one floor below, and Mills wrote him a card suggesting they get together sometime and discuss the matter. Mills

got a card in reply, with an elaborately worded postponement of such a talk, but then one day he came into the office in especially high spirits, having accidentally resolved the matter to his own liking. While coming to the office he had found himself alone in the elevator with this very professor. After an awkward silence the professor looked at Mills, who was that day wearing some new sort of motorcycle cap, and said, "Why, Wright, what a lovely cap—wherever did you get it?" Mills simply smiled and answered: "Not in this country."

Mills became increasingly critical of this country, and he longed to spend some time abroad. At the time I worked for him he had only once been out of the United States, and that was when, as an avid owner of a BMW motorcycle, he had flown to their factory in Munich to take a brief course on the fine points of running and servicing his machine. (At the end of the course he received a "certificate" which he proudly had framed.) That fall when I worked in his Columbia office, Mills was looking forward to a sabbatical the following academic year, and he received a Fulbright lectureship at the University of Copenhagen, which would enable him at last to live and travel awhile in Europe. My research job with him was to end in January, and in the meantime I had sold my first magazine articles and arranged for a series of assignments that would take me to Israel. Mills was pleased about both our good fortunes, and during the last weeks of my job, when anyone came into the room, he announced with a seriocomic flourish and pride: "This office is leaving the country!"

We corresponded after I got to Israel, and Mills wrote me in Jerusalem in May of 1956, just before he sailed for Europe. He reported that he had been promoted to full professor at Columbia—but the heart of the letter was concerned with the reception of *The Power Elite*, published that spring. It was a typical Mills appraisal, the way he might have sounded talking about it over a bourbon:

The book goes very well: about 1200 copies a week is the current rate of sale. The reviews are very mixed but apparently two things are true of them: it is the right kind of mixture: the bad people dislike it, the good guys are all for it and everyone smart enough to understand it is either for or against it. Second, as you leave the pseudo crap of NYC, the reviews across the country get more and more respectful and neat. I think we have to say it's a success if only because it really is being talked about like mad. Gilbert Seldes, Bill Leonard and Quincy Howe have given it good radio stuff. I've turned down TV stuff since I won't do anything to help out *their* circulation. Funniest review is in the Nation where that boy revolutionary from Central Park West, Robt. S. Lynd [author of the famous sociological study *Middletown*] tried to review it from the left of it and succeeds in showing that . . . you can't generalize from small-town stuff he knows

to the nation which he doesn't. I don't of course reply to any reviews. Let the boys talk and any mention is etc. Lynd's review is 4 pages long! Best notice so far is Lambert Davis Editorial in the Saturday Review a month after publication: he used the book as a text for a sermon to all and indirectly answers TIME's stuff about naivete by calling it Fitzgerald-like. Davis is John Dos Passos Editor . . . when Dos was doing USA. One must never pay too much attention to reviews: the thing to do is get on with the next book. Who are all these little shit heels to spent [sic] two nights if that with a thing I fooled with six or seven years? There is coming about a core of a public for the book that pays no attention to the reviews. It spreads by word of mouth so it takes a little time. But it is very solid and it really reads . . .

I had hoped to go on to Europe after my Israel assignments and eventually to visit Mills in Copenhagen, but the planetary or internal influences that delight in wrecking our well-mapped courses were especially hard at work on me that year—as they were soon to be in even greater strength on Mills's life—and the closest I got to Copenhagen was a week of waiting for a plane in Rome before hurtling home minus a front tooth, some fifteen pounds, and with my arm in a sling. It was not till the next fall, of 1957, that, rather repaired again, I saw Mills. He had been through his own turbulent times, with family misfortunes, and was back at Columbia, living alone in an apartment on 114th Street, which he had managed to make into comfortable living and working quarters, imposing his order of books and files and bright decorations on one of those stubbornly dingy flats of Morningside Heights.

Like a great wounded bear he had retreated inside this comfortable cave and refused to go out except to meet his classes. If a publisher or editor—or even a friend—wanted to see him, he had to journey uptown to his lair, but was rewarded for the trip not only with Mills's good talk and bourbon but also with one of his superbly cooked meals. He was cooking for himself, attacking that art as he had previously mastered motorcycles and photography, and, as with any of his newfound enthusiasms, he looked with mock scorn on anyone who hadn't discovered this new key to the universe. So on my first trip to that apartment, after a marvelous home-cooked lunch, he asked me incredulously, "My God, man, you mean you don't bake your own bread?" (just as he had asked me in the same tone in former times, "You mean you'd live in a house you didn't build yourself?").

In the course of my acquaintance with him, Mills showed himself to be one of those rare and resourceful men who in time of personal difficulty work harder and longer and more ferociously; instead of talking about his troubles—which he gave a brief, straightforward account of, in the manner of the New York Times covering a story—he talked about his plans and ideas and projects. On that first visit to his Morningside apartment, after we had lunched and had a Mills-strength highball in hand, he began, as

he always did with people, by pumping me—what was I reading, what was I working on, what was going on that he should know about—all the while jotting down notes, and later sending off for any books mentioned that caught his interest. He ordered books as needfully and as regularly as a housewife orders groceries. After that he asked what my plans were for next year and, as has always been the case, I didn't know. He then proceeded to tell me what they *should* be:

"China," he said.

"China?"

"A third of the earth's population," he proclaimed with hushed drama, "and we know nothing about it."

"But I—"

"You'll be the reporter. We'll also have a photographer, an economist, and perhaps a cook, so we won't have to fool with that. I'll be the sociologist and head up the expedition. We'll fit out a Volkswagen bus, or two, and tour Red China, getting real stuff—it has to be done. We'll worry about the State Department nonsense after we come back."

I know absolutely nothing about China, and that part of the world has never held any fascination for me; but by the time Mills was finished with his spiel, I could hear the mysterious tinkle of bells in ancient temples, feel the immense weight and drama of that massive landscape, and when he wound it up, harking back to the beginning motif—"a third of the earth's population and we know nothing about it"—I was ready to pack for Peking. The great project never came off, but like everything Mills went in for, he could make you believe it was the most important and exciting thing in the world; I'm sure he could have done the same with Labrador.

But while Mills dreamed of China, he was stuck again at Columbia. I enjoyed making pilgrimages to visit him in his den, and after some months I learned he'd begun to venture out of it a bit. He told me about attending a party of Columbia graduate students in sociology, and his account of it seemed to sum up the relations he had reached with his scholarly profession:

"I simply sat in a chair in a corner," he said, "and one by one these guys would come up to me, sort of like approaching the pariah—curiosity stuff. They were guys working on their Ph.D.'s, you see, and after they'd introduced themselves I'd ask, 'What are you working on?' It would always be something like 'The Impact of Work-Play Relationships Among Lower Income Families on the South Side of the Block on 112th Street Between Amsterdam and Broadway.' And then I would ask—" Mills paused, leaned forward, and in his most contemptuous voice, boomed:

"WHY?"

He was working himself then on *The Causes of World War III*, a subject he considered worthy of the attention of "a full-grown man."

The next year Mills married again, for the third time, and built a new house in Rockland County. Some local people supposedly mistook it for a bomb shelter, because it was built with its windowless, concrete back to the road, while its marvelous glass front faced an unpeopled but scenic natural view.

I visited Mills there shortly after he moved in, and again when he returned from a lecturing trip to Mexico. He'd been frequently questioned there about his—and his country's—stand on Cuba, and the overriding interest of Latin-American intellectuals in this question kindled his desire to go there and write about it. After intensive preparation during the summer of 1960, he went to Cuba that fall, equipped with his latest beloved gadget, a tape recorder ("You mean you'd go on a research trip without a tape recorder?"), and on his return, working with furious energy, he wrote *Listen, Yankee* in six weeks' time. The book was widely read and widely attacked in the American press. Its aim—clearly stated and seldom acknowledged—was to present the viewpoint of the Cuban revolutionary about the revolution, and for all the faults of the frankly polemical pamphlet, it was the first, and I think last, time that such an attempt was made by a leading American intellectual.

After the enormous effort of getting out the book, Mills, instead of relaxing, drove himself back into high gear to prepare for a nationwide TV debate with A. A. Berle on U.S. Foreign Policy in Latin America. I saw Mills once while he was immersed in this preparation, and he was terribly worried, alternately unsure of himself and brashly confident. He seemed to take it as some crucial test which he would either pass or flunk with profound results, as if it were a matter of life and death, which in some weird way it turned out to be. The night before the broadcast Mills had his first heart attack.

Walter Klink, Mills's former assistant, drove me out to visit him in January of 1961. It was incredible to see Mills in a sickbed, and yet his old fire and enthusiasm hadn't left him. He was pleased and proud about the circulation—if not the reception—of *Listen, Yankee*, and above his bed was an advertising poster proclaiming that the paper edition of the book had 400,000 copies in print; Mills delightedly explained that such posters were carried on the sides of news-delivery trucks in Philadelphia. He was reaching a greater public now than he ever had—"mass circulation stuff," as he happily called it. He lectured us on publishing, among other things, that day, and emphasized that paperbacks were now the important thing. He also told us how much more intelligently all types of publishing were done in England, and reported that after seeing the English setup, he had told one of his older, more conservative American publishers, "You gentlemen do not understand what publishing means. You think the verb 'to publish' means 'to print,' but that is not so. It means 'to make public.'"

Flat on his back, he kept us entertained and laughing, joking about his pills, praising his doctor (a fine young man whose excellent qualifications included a familiarity with some of Mills's work), talking of books, and of the world, and even then, in that condition, "taking it big."

That was the last time I ever saw him.

When he was on his feet again, he went on a frustrating journey to Russia and Europe, not finding the answer for his heart problem that he hoped a Russian clinic and specialist might offer, and groping and grappling with unfinished projects. He sent me from there a rough copy of *The Marxists*, which he finished in Europe—an anthology with commentary in which he blasted all political orthodoxies from right to left—but when he came home exhausted in the spring of 1962, there were many projects left hanging, including the book on *The Intellectuals*, a political book proposing and hoping to create what he called "The New Left"; an imaginary dialogue between a Russian and an American intellectual to be called "Contacting the Enemy"; and plans for a giant, or Mills-sized, "World Sociology."

Shortly after his death, Mills and his work were being claimed by various individuals and groups to support their own stances, whether sociological or political, and if in some ways he left himself open to this with his overenthusiasms and generousities, I don't think he deserves it. Of all the men I have known, Mills was the most individual, the most obstinately unorganizable, the most jealous of his right and need to "go it alone" and to fire at all sides when he felt so moved. I think his deepest, most characteristic outlook—the long-range one that he always returned to after excesses of enthusiasm—was expressed that summer I worked for him. A man who belonged to a small, socialist splinter group came to seek Mills's signature on a petition asking that the group be removed from the Attorney General's list of "subversive" organizations. Mills obligingly signed, but then in discussing politics, as was his habit, he challenged all his visitor's beliefs and arguments until the poor fellow, pushed to the wall, said in frustration, "Just what do you believe in, Mills?" At the moment Mills was tinkering with his motorcycle, and he looked up and said without a moment's hesitation: "German motors." Later when the fellow had left, Mills told me: "It's ridiculous to say those guys are a threat to the government. In the first place they've only got about 150 guys—how could they overthrow anything? Besides, their stand is really anti-Moscow and anti-Washington, and that's where I stand." His real home was outside of any group or government or intellectual clique, and his

favorite political heroes were "The Wobblies" (Industrial Workers of the World), the homegrown American radicals who opposed nearly everything and everyone, and valued most of all their independence. Whenever he liked someone, he'd say, "That guy's a real Wobbly."

His search was to explain, to comprehend, or, as he put it once, to "define and dramatize the essential characteristics of our time." The spirit of his search can perhaps be glimpsed in a treasured letter he wrote me from Europe in November of 1956, after I had written him my plans to write a book about a Puerto Rican neighborhood. He advised me that:

In books you've got to get a *little* way back and spread out in time—a span of 2 or 3 years at least. The PR deal will allow that if you can get 5 or 6 solid themes and carefully generalize topics and events. The knife-edge present isn't for books. You've got to let the readers do that. The faith that they will is what is meant by "serious" writing of a social and political sort. Isn't that so? And that's why we've got to work out a new form of writing—using some fictional techniques and some reportage tricks and some sociological stuff. Of course all that's nothing without some really big view into which all the little stuff fits and makes sense. That's why this kind of writing I'm talking about can't be done in essays. It takes a book or maybe a sequence of them to create such a world. I guess the rule is that no matter what you are writing about, you're also writing about the whole god-damned world. Hisinga does that [J. M. Huizinga, in one of Mills's favorite books, *The Waning of the Middle Ages*]—it's easier to do it for the past, less risky. Agee touched it on those sharecroppers. Dos Passos did in USA.

The trouble is when you try it, you can fall so very, very hard. It's easier not to try. Go detailed scholarly. Go clean journalist. Disguise it . . . in fiction. No fiction nowadays that I know is "about the world" in this sense. For example, what compares on East Europe with Milocs [Czeslaw Milosz, *The Captive Mind*]?

In trying these things, in "taking it big," Mills sometimes fell very, very hard, a risk that he understood and was willing to take. He appreciated other men who took the same risk, as he showed when he wrote a sensitive appraisal of James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* for Dwight MacDonald's magazine, *Politics*. Mills praised Agee for "taking it big" in writing about the sharecroppers, and said that the important thing about the book "is the enormity of the self-chosen task; the effort recorded here should not be judged according to its success or failure, or even degree of success; rather we should speak of the appropriateness and rarity of the objective."

In that same spirit, I speak of Mills. □

HOW MY FATHER WAS MURDERED

A story by Joyce Carol Oates

A gunshot.

The crowd scrambles to its feet, turmoil at the front of the room, a man lies dying.

The smell of gunpowder is everywhere.

It has not happened. He stands there, alive, living. His shoulders loom up thick and square: the cut of his dark suit is jaunty. He is perfect. He shuffles a stack of papers and leans forward confidently, against the podium. Those hands are big as lobster claws. He adjusts the microphone, bending it up to him. He is six and a half feet tall, my father, much taller than the man who has just introduced him, and this gesture—abrupt and a little comic—calls our attention to the fact.

Mr. Chairman, I want to point out no less than five irregularities in this morning's session.

That voice. It is in my head. I am leaning forward, anxious not to miss anything. What color is his suit exactly? I don't know. I am not in Washington with him; I am watching this on television. It is important that I know the color of his suit, of his necktie, across the distance. That voice! It is enough to paralyze me, safe here, safe here at home.

It is evident that the Sawyer report was not taken seriously by this committee . . . we wish to question the integrity of these proceedings. . . . A ripple of applause. His voice continues, gaining strength. Nothing has really begun yet—the men are jockeying for position, preparing themselves with stacks of papers, words, definitions. It has the air of a play in rehearsal, not yet ready to be viewed by the public, the

dialogue only partly memorized, the actors fumbling to get hold of the story, the plot.

Look at him standing there. He speaks without hesitation, as if his role is written and he possesses it utterly. So sizable a man, my father!—the very soles of his shoes are enough to stamp out ordinary people. His voice is aristocratic. His voice is savage. Listen to that voice. *I request a definition of your curious phrase "creeping internationalism of American institutions"*—

Laughter. The camera shifts to show the audience in the gallery, a crowd of faces. I am one of those faces.

—most respectfully request a definition of "bleeding-heart humanists"—

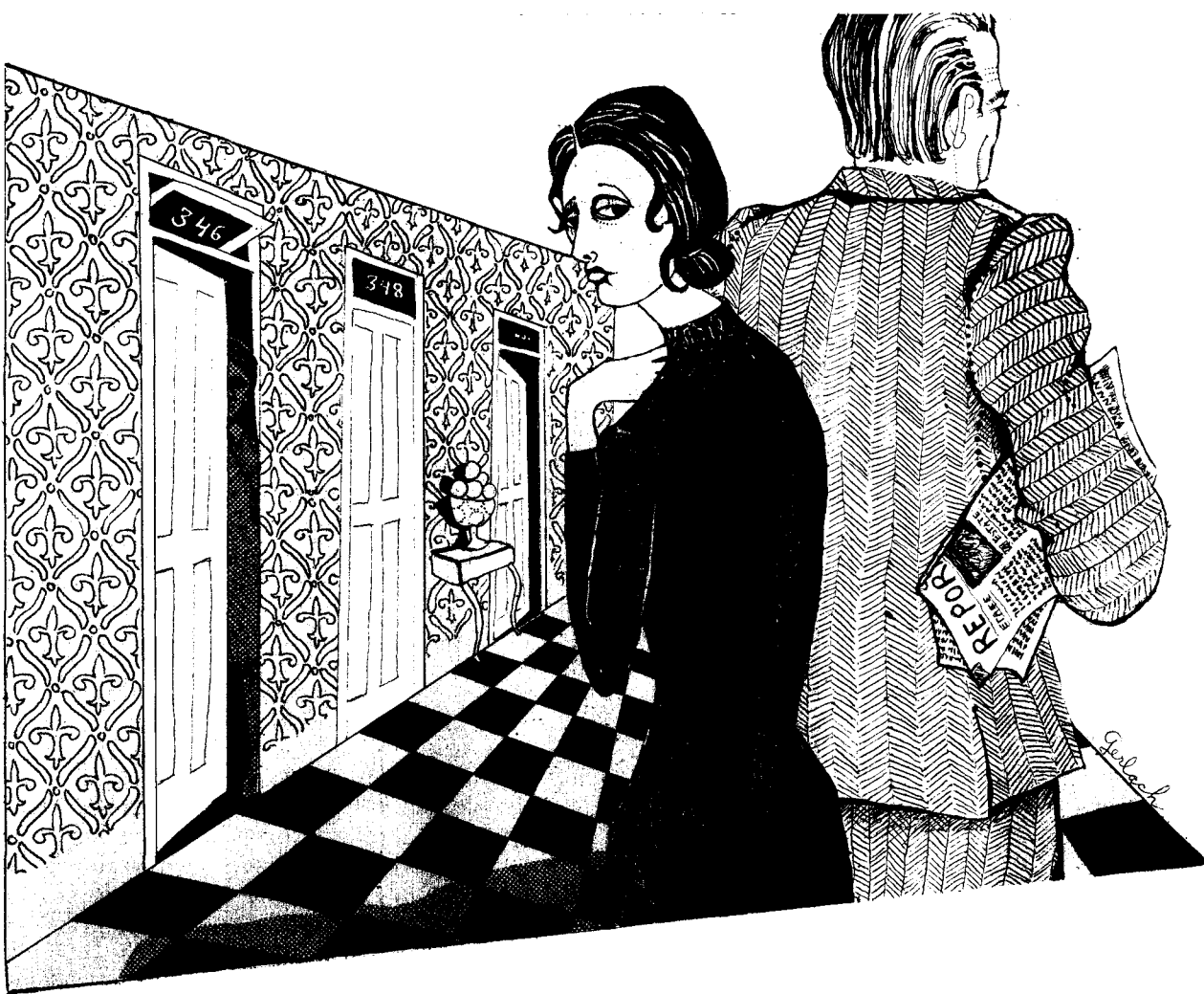
Scattered laughter, the laughter of individuals. It is mocking, dangerous. The distinguished men of the committee sit gravely, unsmiling, and their counterparts in the audience are silent. Who are the people, like my father, who dare to laugh? They are dangerous men.

He was almost shot, some months ago. The man was apprehended at once. He had wanted to kill my father, to warn my father. But the shot had gone wild: the future was untouched.

His voice continues. The session continues. When the camera scans the audience I lean forward, here in Milwaukee. I need to see, to *see*. Is his murderer there in the audience?

My father is a man who will be murdered.

There are reasons for his murder. Look. Look at my mother: she is striding toward this room, her face



flushed and grim. She is seeking me out. Her hair is in crazy tufts, uncombed, gray hair with streaks of red.

She jerks the door open. "What the hell?" she cries. "Are you still watching that?"

She stands in the doorway of my room and will not enter. It is one of her eccentricities—not to enter my room.

"Have you been watching that all day?" she says.

"It's—it's a very important hearing—"

"Turn it off! You need to go out and get some air."

I get to my feet.

My fingers on the knob—my head bowed—I stand above my father. He is a handsome man, but he cannot help me. He is a very handsome man. People stare after him. In the street, in a hotel lobby, anywhere, people stare.

He was born to be stared at by women.

* * *

I am prepared to take my place in this story.

I am twenty-three and I have a life somewhere ahead of me, I believe. As I brush my long black hair I think about this life ahead of me, waiting. You see my fresh, unlined face, these two enormous strands of black hair, the white part in the center of my skull, the eyes. Dark eyes, like his. You see the pale, rather plain face, the ears pierced with tiny golden dots, almost invisible. You are dismayed as I walk across the room because my shoulders are slumped as if in weariness. I am round-shouldered, and I have grown to an unwomanly height. Deep inside me is a spirit

that is also round-shouldered. Smaller women dart ahead of me, through doors or into waiting arms. I lumber along after them, a smile on my face, perspiring inside my dark, plain clothes. I am weighed down by something sinister that gathers in my face, a kind of glower, a knowledge perhaps.

I wake suddenly, as always. I sit up in bed. I remember the hearings and wonder if anything has happened to him overnight. There are no sessions scheduled for today. I dress slowly and brush my hair. I am preparing myself for anything, and it may be to review the clippings on my bureau—articles on him or by him, some with photographs.

He has moved away permanently.

Always, he has traveled. I remember him carrying a single suitcase, backing away, saying good-bye. His hearty, happy good-byes! I would follow him on the globe in his old study, so many times, pressing my forefinger against the shape of the country. There, there he was. Precisely there.

He is going to visit. I know this. He is nearby. This morning he is nearby.

My mother: nearly as tall as I, in slacks and an old sweater, in old bedroom slippers, a cigarette in her mouth. Perpetually she smokes, squinting against the smoke irritably; right now she is arguing on the telephone, one of her sisters. They are both going on a trip around the world, leaving in August. She doesn't really want me to join her, but she keeps after me, nagging me, trying to make me give in. Her sturdy legs are too much for me, her thick thighs, her robust face, her pocketbooks and hats and shoes. She is on

the telephone in the kitchen, hunched over, barking with sudden laughter, one side of her face squinting violently against the smoke.

The house: three floors, too large for my mother and me. You could drift through the downstairs and never find anything to sit on. A statue from Ceylon—a ram with sharp, cruel horns—canvases on the walls, like exclamations. A crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling, large and dangerous. Over the parquet floor there is an immense Oriental rug, rich as a universe. On the mantel there are more statues, smaller ones, figures of human beings and sacred animals, and a large ornamental dagger in its fur sheath, everything filmed over lightly with dust. Everything is pushed together: there is hardly room to walk through it. We live in the back rooms. My mother strides out occasionally to add another table or lamp to the debris, her cigarette smartly in her mouth, the shrewd cold eye of a collector taking in everything, adding it up, dismissing it. We enter the house through the back door.

The street: a city street, town houses and apartment buildings and enormous old homes. On a weekday morning like today you expect to see a face high at one of the windows of these homes, an attic window maybe. You expect to hear a faint scream. We watch television along this street and read the newspapers, staring at the pictures of men in public life.

The water: Lake Michigan frosted and pointed at the shore, a look of polar calm, absolute cold, absolute zero. It is zero here. I can hear the waves beneath the ice. I can hear the waves at the back of my head, always. We who live on the edge of the lake never leave the lake: we carry it around with us in our heads. My father lived in this house for fifteen years, and so he must carry the sound of the waves in his head too.

I was conceived, of course, to the rhythm of Lake Michigan.

* * *

He is approaching this house, driving a large car. He eyes the house from a block away, respectful of the enemy. He brakes the car, suddenly, because he sees a tall figure appear, coming around the side of the house, her shoulders hunched against the wind. She walks with the hard stride of a soldier getting from one point to another, wanting only to get from one point to another.

A car slows at the curb, and I stare at it, amazed. At such times I may be pretty. But the glower returns, the doubt.

"Audrey! Don't be alarmed, just get in . . . can you talk with me for a few minutes?"

We stare at each other. His face is melancholy for a moment, as if my flat stare has disappointed him. But then he smiles. He smiles and says, "Please get in! You must be freezing!"

"I didn't—I didn't know you were in town—"

"Yes, I am in town. I am here. Have you had breakfast yet?"

"No. Yes. I mean—"

"Get in. Or are you afraid your mother is watching?"

I cannot believe that he is here, that I am so close to him. "But what—what do you want?" I hear myself stammering. He gets out of the car, impatient with me, and seizes my hands. He kisses me, and I recoil from his fierce good humor.

"Forget about your unfortunate mother and come take a ride with me," he says. "Surely you can spare your father ten minutes?" And he gives me a shake, he grips my elbow in the palm of his big hand. There is nothing to do but give in. We drive off, two giant people in a giant automobile.

He says, "And now, my dear, tell me everything!—what you are doing with your life, what your expectations are, whether you can spare your father a month or so of your company—"

I begin to talk. My life: what is there to say about it? I have written him. I imagine him ripping open the envelopes with a big fatherly smile, scanning the first few lines, and then being distracted by a telephone, some person. In one hand he holds my letters. In the other hand he holds the letters from his women. He loses these letters. He crumples them and sticks them in his pockets or thrusts them into drawers, but he loses them in the end.

"And Mother is planning—"

"No, never mind your mother. I am not interested in morbid personalities!" he cries.

His sideways grin, his face, his thick dark hair. I laugh at his words. They are not funny, and yet they win me to laughter.

"Audrey, I've moved into another dimension. You know that. You understand me, don't you?"

He squeezes my hand.

"I woke up missing you the other day," he says.

I stare at the dashboard of the car. My eyes are dazzled by the gauges, the dials. I can think of nothing to say. My body is large and heavy and cunning.

"Why are you looking away from me? You won't even look at me!" he says. "And that peculiar little smile—what is that?" He turns the rearview mirror above the windshield so that I can see myself.

"Do you hate me very much?" he says gently.

* * *

When I packed to leave, that afternoon, my mother stood in the doorway and said in a level, unalarmed voice: "So you're going to live the high life with that bastard? So you're going to move out of here, eh? Please don't plan on coming back, then."

She was amused and cynical, smoking her cigarettes. I was opening and closing drawers.

"I don't mean . . . I don't want to hurt you . . ." I stammered.

"What?"

My suitcases are packed. I am making an end of

How My Father Was Murdered

one part of my life. In the background, beneath my mother's voice, there is the sound of water, waves.

"Women are such fools. I hate women," my mother says.

* * *

Some time ago a woman came to visit my mother. I was about fifteen then, and I had just come home from school; I remember that my feet were wet and my hair frizzy and bedraggled, an embarrassment as I opened the door. The woman stared at me. She had a long, powdered face, the lips drawn up sharply into a look of tired festivity. Something had gone on too long. She had been smiling too long. The eyes were bright and beautiful, the lashes black, the hair black but pulled sharply back from her face, almost hidden by a dark mink hat. Though it was winter, she looked warm. Her cheeks were reddened. The lips were coated with lipstick that had formed a kind of crust. She was glittering and lovely, and she reached out to take hold of my wrist.

"Audrey. You're Audrey . . ."

Her eyelids were pinkened, a dark dim pink. I smelled a strange fruity odor about her—not perfume, not powder—something sweet and overdone. Her bare fingers squeezed mine in a kind of spasm.

Then my mother hurried downstairs. The two women looked at each other gravely, as if recognizing each other, but for several seconds they said nothing. They moved forward, both with a slow, almost drugged air: they might have been hurrying to meet, and only now, at the last moment, were they held back. "Am I too early?" the woman said.

"No. No. Of course not," my mother said.

The woman took off her coat and let it fall across a sofa—the bronze of her dress clashed with the things in the room. This woman was a surprise, a holiday, a treat.

"I can't seem to stop shivering," the woman laughed.

* * *

That evening my mother drank too much. She told me bitterly, "Women are such fools! I hate women."

* * *

We take a private car from the airport to the hotel. It is Washington, and yet my father doesn't telephone to say that he is back. "Tomorrow it all begins again," he says. "I want us to have a few hours alone." But he is energetic and eager for it to begin, and I am eager to be present, to watch him. I am scanning the crowds on the sidewalk, for he is in danger, someone could rush up to him at any moment.

He is in an excellent mood. He is bringing me into his life, checking me into the hotel, into a room next to his; he is my father, taking care of me, solicitous and exaggerated. The hotel reminds me of my mother's home—so much ornamentation, rugs thick and muffling, furniture with delicate curved legs.

"Well, this is my home. I live here most of the year," he declares.

We have drinks in the lounge. We chat. I ask him, "Has anyone ever tried to shoot you again?" He laughs—of course not! Who would want to shoot him? He smiles indulgently, as if I've said the wrong thing, and he turns to call the waitress over to him. Another martini, please. There is joy in the way he eats, the way he drinks.

It occurs to me that he is a man with many enemies.

"Why do you look so somber?" he asks me.

"I was worried—I was thinking—"

"Don't worry over me, please, I assure you I don't need it!" he laughs. He pats my hand with a hand that is just like it, though larger. "You sound like a—" and he pauses, his smile tightening as he tries to think of the right word. He is a man who knows words, he knows how to choose the right words, always, but he cannot think of the right word now. And so finally he says, strangely, "—like a woman."

* * *

Who is watching us?

Some distance away I see a woman . . . she is standing unnaturally still, alone, watching us. She stands solidly, her feet in low-heeled shoes, and she wears a dark coat buttoned up to the neck, very trim and spare. I find myself thinking in disappointment, *She isn't very pretty*. But really, I can't see her face across the crowded lobby. I feel dizzy with her presence. I would like to point her out to my father.

But he doesn't seem to notice her. He looks everywhere; it is a habit of his to scan everyone's face, to keep an eye on the entrance; but his gaze doesn't settle upon that woman.

We get into a taxi and ride off. It is a suspension of myself, this drifting along in the cab, between the hotel and the chamber where the hearings are taking place. From time to time my father asks me something, as if to keep me attached to him. Or he squeezes my hand.

Photographers move forward to take his picture. They maneuver to get my father and to exclude other people. My father, accustomed to attention, waves genially but does not slow down. He has somewhere to get to: he is a man who has somewhere to be, people waiting for him. I look around the sidewalk to see who is watching us here. I expect to see the woman again, but of course she could not have gotten here so quickly. Is his murderer in this crowd, the man who will leap forward someday and kill my father? Even my father's face, behind its bright mask, is a face of fear.

He too is looking for his murderer.

In the gallery one of his associates sits with me. *Your father is a wonderful man*, he tells me. The proceedings begin. People talk at great length. There is continual movement, spectators in and out, attorneys rising to consult with one another, committee mem-

bers leaving and returning. I understand nothing will be decided. I understand that no one is here for a decision.

"Mr. Chairman," my father says, barely bothering to stand, "I wish to disagree . . ."

I look around the room, and there she is. She is standing at the very back. She is alone, listening to my father's words, standing very still. She is my secret, this woman! I watch her: her attention never moves from him.

She is staring at *him*. She doesn't notice anyone in the room except him. Her eyes are large, fawnish, very bright.

"Do you hate me very much?" he must ask them all.

* * *

Over the weekend we go to one party after another. My father is handsome and noisy with success. I sit and listen to my father talking about the terrible, unfathomable future of the United States. I listen to his friends, their agreement. *Everything is accelerated, a totally new style evolves every four or five years now, it's seized upon, mastered, and discarded—a continual revolution*, he says. These conversations are important, they determine the condition of the world.

"But do you think things are really so bad?" I ask my father when we are alone.

"Have you been listening to all that?" he teases.

I am dragged into taxis, out of taxis. The ceilings of the hotel corridors are very high. The menu for room service lists a bag of potato chips for one dollar. Always there is the sound of a machine whirring, a mechanism to clear the air. We meet in the coffee shop, and eventually we go out to the street, to get in a cab. Once I looked over the roof of the car and saw that woman again—I saw her clearly. She was staring

at us. Her purse was large, and she carried it under her arm.

"There is someone—"

"What?" says my father.

"Someone is—"

But the taxi driver needs directions, and I really have nothing to say.

I am silent.

Evening: we are shown into a crowded room, a penthouse apartment. The height is apparent; everyone seems elongated, dizzy, walking on the tips of their toes. I watch my father closely; he stands in a circle of people. In this room, awaiting him, there is a woman, and she will look at him in a certain way. They will approach each other, their eyes locking. His elbows move as he gestures; he bumps into someone and apologizes with a laugh.

I find a place to sit. The evening passes slowly. I am sitting alone, and people move around me. I sit quietly, waiting. From time to time my father checks on me, my hair plaited and smooth, my face chaste, innocent.

"Not bored, are you, sweetheart?" he says.

Women are placed strategically in this room: one here, one there, one in a corner, one advancing from the left, one already at his side, leaning against him, her hand on his wrist, the little lips, the dainty nostrils.

I will go to my father and take his arm and tell him quite gently, *You are going to die*.

My face is silent, fixed, my lips frozen into a kind of smile learned from watching other women.

No, I will say nothing. I will not tell him. I am silent. The shot will be precise and as near to silence as a gunshot can be. It will tear into his heart from the corner of a crowded room.

It is a way of making an end. □

X-RAY

the bones gleam
out of the dark.
like the ghost of a fern
in stone here
are spine and ribs.

the skull
of my daughter is
a cup:
something is drinking her life up.

there are islands shadowed
on her brain
white tides are washing
washing them out.

by Celia Gilbert

NABOKOV: A PORTRAIT

by Alfred Appel, Jr.

They know that Hamlet and Lear are gay
Gaiety transfiguring all that dread.

—W. B. Yeats, “Lapis Lazuli”

I’m as American as apple pie,” said Vladimir Nabokov as we walked through the main lobby of the Palace Hotel in Montreux, Switzerland. “You have a funny accent, Captain,” I drawled, imitating Peter Sellers’ impersonation of drunken and deranged Quilty being confronted by gun-toting Humbert Humbert in the film version of *Lolita*. Nabokov laughed, a full-bodied, very Russian laugh; his accent, however, is quite English, the language of his nursery and his university. He and his wife Véra have lived in the Montreux Palace since 1960. “Gogol began *Dead Souls* nearby, you know,” said Nabokov, “and Tolstoy stayed here, and risked his health by chasing chambermaids down these endless halls.”

Montreux, says Nabokov, is “a rosy place for our riparian exile.” Situated in the eastern corner of Lake Geneva, the little town is quiet save for the tourist season, when its main attraction is Byron’s Castle of Chillon. “Our Alp,” as Nabokov calls it, is visible from their window. The rococo Palace Hotel, erected in 1835, resembles the grand hotels at which Nabokov’s family vacationed during his privileged childhood. There are personal and practical reasons, he says, for their staying there now; his sister, Elena, lives nearby in Geneva; their son, Dmitri, an opera singer, resides in Milan; and one of Nabokov’s current works-in-progress, an illustrated history of the butterfly in art, “from Egyptian antiquity to the Renaissance,” calls for research trips to various European museums. Montreux is not lonely, however, or without its social life. “There are the crested grebes of Lake Geneva,” he says, “and we are always happy to see American intellectuals.”

Nabokov’s long absence from America is reflected in his work. *Lolita* (1955) and *Pnin* (1957) have

American settings, but *Pale Fire* (1962), conceived in the States but completed in Europe, is only partly American in locale, and *Ada* (1969) is a fantasia that only in its final few pages touches ground, in Switzerland. “I can’t use a contemporary American setting now,” says Nabokov, “because I’ve lost touch with the slang.” It is fitting that the last work he should have completed in America, after twenty years here (1940-1960), was his monumental translation of Pushkin’s *Eugene Onegin*. If, as Nabokov says, “the writer’s art is his real passport,” then *Ada*, the first and only classic of Amerussian literature, makes it more difficult than ever for academic pigeonholers and census-takers to “place” him.

Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov was born in St. Petersburg on April 23, 1899, a birthday he shares with William Shakespeare and Shirley Temple, as he likes to point out, thereby defining the polar extremes of the vast areas of knowledge at his disposal as scholar and novelist. Widely read in three languages by the age of seventeen, when he inherited from his uncle a country estate and the equivalent of a few million dollars, Nabokov took with him into exile no legacy, but a mind filled with literature and memories of a loving and “harmonious world of perfect childhood,” re-created with eloquence and elegance in his memoir, *Speak, Memory* (1951, revised edition, 1966). His was a truly distinguished as well as aristocratic family, with a long tradition of culture and public service. His father, Vladimir Dmitrievich, was an eminent jurist, the author of several books and thousands of articles, including “The Blood Bath of Kishinev,” a famous protest against the 1903 pogrom in which hundreds of Jews were massacred. A leader of the prerevolutionary opposition party and a member of the first imperial parliament (Duma), he moved his family to the Crimea in 1917 (as Minister of Justice in the anti-Soviet government), and two years later, into exile in Berlin. His son noted that occasion with several poems, including one called “Hotel Room”:



Vladimir Nabokov and his wife Véra

Not quite a bed, not quite a bench.
Wallpaper: a grim yellow.
A pair of chairs. A squinty looking-glass.
We enter—my shadow and I.

We open with a vibrant sound the window:
the light's reflection slides down to the ground.
The night is breathless. Distant dogs
with varied barks fracture the stillness.

Stirless, I stand there at the window,
and in the black bowl by the sky
glows like a golden drop of honey
the mellow moon.¹

Written shortly before his twentieth birthday, in Sebastopol, "Hotel Metropole, room 7, April 8, 1919, a few days before leaving Russia," the poem provides the foreground frame for an infinite regress of rented rooms.

Nabokov's exile defines a state of mind and spirit and is not simply a matter of his being a so-called "White Russian." The figure of the exile embodies the human condition in our time, and it has become a commonplace to point out how many writers have either chosen this role or been cast literally in it: Joyce, Mann, Toller, Brecht, Beckett, Ionesco, and Russians too numerous to name, for they seem to have had all of modern history with which to contend. Nabokov's cousin and childhood playmate was killed by the Soviets in 1919; his brother died in a German concentration camp in 1945; and his father, age fifty-two, was shot at a political meeting in Berlin

in 1922, as he was shielding a speaker from two Russian monarchist assassins. Under Hitler, Vladimir Dmitrievich's killer became chief of the Gestapo's émigré section.

The sorrows of exile were infinite: isolation, poverty, despair, disease, early death, suicide, or—if the émigré writer survived, languageless in some distant land—silence, obscurity, and the nightmare of nostalgia. "I haf nofing, I haf nofing," wails Pnin, and,

Beyond the seas where I have lost a sceptre,
I hear the neighing of my dappled nouns,
soft participles coming down the steps,
treading on leaves, trailing their rustling gowns

writes Nabokov in "An Evening of Russian Poetry" (1945), the year he became an American citizen. Only the vulgar persist in believing that Nabokov scorns the Russian Revolution simply because it wiped out his wealth.

Nabokov graduated in 1922 from Trinity College, Cambridge, with a "first-class" (Honors) degree in foreign languages (French and Russian). From 1922 until 1937, except for many summers, he lived in Berlin, where he wrote prolifically in Russian—numerous translations, fifty reviews and essays, hundreds of poems, nine plays, forty short stories, and nine novels—almost all under the pseudonym of "V. Sirin," which he adopted in 1920 so as to avoid confusion with his father, in whose newspaper, the liberal émigré publication *Rul'* (*The Rudder*), he often published.

One evening on her way back to their apartment, Véra Nabokov witnessed one of the first of the Berlin book-burnings, and the passage of time has not dulled her or her husband's memories. They have not revisited Germany since their return to Europe ten years ago; they cannot forget the crimes, or forgive a criminal, however hapless he may now seem. "It is always the year one," as one of his narrators says. Thus the vehemence with which Nabokov noted the news coverage describing the return to Hamilton College in 1969 of a famous American poet whose activities as an Axis broadcaster are barely remembered: "That bit about Mr. E. Pound, a venerable mediocrity, making a 'sentimental visit' to his alma mater in Clinton, New York, and being given a standing ovation by the commencement audience—consisting, apparently, of morons and madmen."

Too many readers have taken Nabokov too literally when, in the prefaces issued from his present tower, he says he is not a political writer. He is no ideologue, to be sure, but *Invitation to a Beheading* (1935-1936) and *Bend Sinister* (1947) are in the best sense "political," and Nabokov's detractors should submit themselves to Adam Krug's anguish in *Bend Sinister* when he discovers that the State has murdered his young son by mistake, or the vision in *Pale Fire* of obscene Gradus, the political assassin, fighting the effects of less-than-fresh *pommes frites* as he

¹Translated by Vladimir Nabokov and included in his recent book, *Poems and Problems*. Copyright © Vladimir Nabokov, 1971.

rushes to discharge his gun rather than his bowels.

Unable to obtain an academic job in England, which he visited during the winter of 1939, Nabokov, his wife, and son, Dmitri, emigrated to America in May, 1940. On the Continent, Nabokov had supported his family by reading his works to Russian émigré audiences and by giving lessons in tennis and English. There was less demand for such services in America. During his first year here he wrote reviews on Russian subjects and received modest grants. The summer of 1940 was spent at the Vermont summer home of an old friend, Mihel Karpovich, a professor at Harvard. One day at Karpovich's the mail produced an invitation to contribute to the *New Republic*. The letter was signed by someone named Edmund Wilson, who also enclosed a copy of a book he had just published, *To the Finland Station*, thereby inaugurating a friendship that would last some twenty-five years. At about the same time a telegram arrived from the Tolstoy Committee (an organization that, among other things, helped émigrés to resettle), advising Nabokov to return immediately to New York City; a job had been found for him in publishing. Nabokov hurried back to the city. The Tolstoy Committee's secretary told him to present himself at the main desk of Scribner's Bookshop, which is located below their editorial offices on Fifth Avenue. "And stand up straight," she added, "you'll make a better impression." At Scribner's he was received by a man named Wraden, whom he had known in Europe, and who was somewhat nonplussed to see who had been sent over, since the job opening was for a delivery boy on a bicycle. When young Dmitri registered at school, he wrote "tennis coach" in the blank space above "father's occupation."

Nabokov's vocational identity was firmer by 1941. That summer he taught Russian literature and a creative-writing course at Stanford University, and in the fall began teaching Russian grammar and literature at Wellesley College. The salary was in the neighborhood of \$2000. "Not bad for a beginning boy of forty-one," he says today, smiling slyly. There were other upward turns. *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, which he had written in English in Paris, was "bought for \$150 in 1941 by New Directions." Lucie Léon had gone over the manuscript in Paris; and now, still concerned with what he calls "the fragility of my English at the time of my abandoning Russian in 1939," Nabokov "begged the late Agnes Perkins, the admirable head of the English department at Wellesley, to assist me in reading the galleys of the book." It was published just a few days after Pearl Harbor and did not eclipse *The Song of Bernadette*, *The Robe*, or any of the other timely best sellers of the moment.

The Real Life of Sebastian Knight was not his first publication in English. Gleb Struve, the émigré critic and scholar, had placed translations of Nabokov stories in *This Quarter*, an English-language little magazine based in Montparnasse (1932), and in *Lovat*

Dickson's Magazine in England (1934—the misspelled by-line read "V. Nobokov-Sirin"). An offer of further Nabokov stories was rebuffed by a famous "liberal" magazine in London because it was against their policy, during the worst years of Stalin's reign of terror, to publish those reactionary "White Russians." Encouraged by the English publication in 1936 of Winifred Roy's translation of *Laughter in the Dark* (1932), Nabokov himself translated *Despair* (1934) at the end of 1936, and it appeared in London the next year. "This was my first serious attempt," he says, "to use English for what may be loosely termed an artistic purpose." It sold badly, however, and the entire publisher's stock was destroyed by German bombs in 1940.

Publication in America continued to elude Nabokov. After Ivan Bunin won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1933, H. L. Mencken asked Albert Parry (now chairman of the Russian department at Case-Western Reserve University) if there were any other émigré writers who deserved an American audience, and if he would write a piece on them for Mencken's *American Mercury*. Parry said there were, and his article, which also focused on Mark Aldanov and Nina Berberova, represents the first mention of Nabokov in America. It prompted the following letter to Parry from Slovo, the émigré publishing house in Berlin (dated September 1, 1933):

Dear Sir,

We have had the pleasure of reading your fine article—"Belles-lettres among the Russian Emigrés"—in the July issue of the "American Mercury."

We are the publishers of Mr. Sirin's works and in this capacity highly appreciate your recognizing that author's great merits. You are right in supposing that Mr. Sirin's brilliant novels and short stories (with the only exception of one short story published in "The Quarter") have not yet been translated either in America or in England. We should be very much obliged to you for any suggestion or advice you should care to give in regard to the chance of Mr. Sirin's works finding a publisher in America.

We hope that you will kindly give your attention to this matter, and remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully
(signed)

Alfred A. Knopf, Bunin's publisher, saw Parry's article and invited him to his office to discuss Sirin, but nothing came of it; the economic realities of the Depression did not encourage Knopf to introduce another foreign author. But in 1938, Bobbs-Merrill published Miss Roy's rather flat translation of *Laughter in the Dark*, revised anew by the novelist, who at the time transliterated his name as "Nabokoff." While he was still living in Paris he also made his debut in an American magazine, the December, 1939, *Esquire*, wherein appeared Sirin's "The Potato Elf," a dark and haunting tale about a dwarf, quite out of place in a gala Christmas issue.

Sebastian Knight and *Laughter in the Dark* each



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had its American admirers, but only after "Hurricane Lolita" (to quote *Pale Fire*) did Nabokov's eight other Russian novels begin to appear here in English translations. In the mid-nineteen-forties, one of Dmitri's teachers asked him who his favorite Russian writers were. "Pushkin and my father," he answered, a piquant enough response, given the sudden disappearance of Sirin, and the scant evidence in America that he had ever existed.

In addition to *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, 1941 saw the publication also of "Cloud, Castle, Lake" and "The Aurelian" in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Translations of short stories from the thirties, they were only the first of seven stories, both old and new, which Nabokov would contribute to that magazine in the forties; they made him visible. A novel, of course, is on its own, for better or worse, and *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* and his next novel, *Bend Sinister* (1947), turned out to be lonely creatures indeed. *The Atlantic*, however, provided Nabokov with a body of readers large enough to call an audience, and these stories in turn formed the main content of *Nine Stories* (1947).

That first American audience included Professor Morris Bishop of Cornell University, who in 1947 found himself chairman of a committee searching for a new professor of Russian literature. Bishop sought out Nabokov, even though the latter had neither advanced degrees nor, worse yet, a record of academic publications. Nabokov liked Wellesley, especially since its proximity to Cambridge allowed him to work on lepidoptera many hours every day (including Sundays) at the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology, but after seven years he still did not have tenure. He was invited to Cornell to present a paper and endure the customary "looking over," and shortly afterwards, in 1948, was offered an associate professorship, which he accepted—"though at heart," says Nabokov, "I have always remained a lean visiting lecturer."

The Bishops remember how Nabokov, seated in their living room before giving the paper, suddenly clasped his coat against his chest to see if his folded lecture was there, a heart-arresting gesture sufficiently reminiscent of Nabokov's own creation, the myopic and addleheaded Professor Pnin. Lecturer Nabokov had his share of Pninian experiences. One letter of invitation from a department chairman was signed "Vladimir Nabokov." Only four people showed up for the resulting lecture; "I forgot to advertise," said the chairman, a genius of absent-mindedness. As Nabokov began to speak, half of the audience, a mother and son, got up and left. They were in the wrong room. "Vladimir Vladimirovich, we are all Pnins," said an émigré colleague in the history department as they were walking across the snowbound Cornell campus shortly after one of the *Pnin* chapters had appeared in the *New Yorker*. "You know, he'd forgotten I'd written it," says Nabokov, fifteen years later, his disbelief firmly intact. But

Nabokov is not Pnin. He did not take the wrong train to Cornell, or arrive at the Bishops' a week too early, and the folded pages were in their place, as Morris Bishop fondly recalls.

Nabokov is one with Pnin, however, in his abhorrence of Soviet totalitarianism and "the Philistine essence of Leninism." The decision to leave Wellesley had been hastened by the person in high authority there who had suggested to Nabokov that he tone down his classroom criticism of Soviet writers: "They are our allies, you know." Of the writers he met in this country only Robert Frost seemed to share his opinion of Communism, but their fleeting political kinship was neutralized for Nabokov when Frost was gratuitously and excessively rude to their kind host. "My main regret," says Nabokov, is "that I didn't emigrate earlier to America." If he had lived in New York City in the thirties he might have offered "free lessons to pro-Soviet boosters." After receiving Edmund Wilson's presentation copy of *To the Finland Station*, Nabokov sent him an errata and a critique, which insisted, among other things, that the oft-repeated story about Lenin sparing a fox's life was both apocryphal and symbolically meaningless, considering certain facts and statistics.

Nabokov and Wilson met often thereafter, particularly in the forties, and exchanged "frank letters" for years. Wilson was kind in many ways, some of them professional—a long blurb for *Sebastian Knight*, a publisher for *Bend Sinister*—while Nabokov quietly aided and abetted Wilson backstage in his long struggle with the Russian language.

It would not be cheap or easy psychologizing to suggest that Wilson's famous 1965 assault on his old friend's *Eugene Onegin* translation was a monumental self-assertion dating back to their preceptorials in Russian. Wilson nevertheless sent the Nabokovs his customary Christmas card that year, enclosing a little wind-up paper butterfly. "It didn't work," complains Nabokov. "Made in Japan."

Politics and pedagogy converge in Nabokov's view of the "student revolution." Lamenting the conformity of "group beards and group protests," he says that "rowdies are never true revolutionaries." Nabokov would be unhappy on today's campuses for more than one reason. "After all," he notes, "my method of teaching precluded genuine contact with my students," and it is, of course, that kind of contact which many students now demand.

Although Nabokov gave some seminars at Cornell—in Pushkin, for example—the subject matter and the catalogue description ("Prerequisite, proficiency in Russian") led no one to expect a rap session. Nabokov's other courses were conducted as lectures, even if the enrollment was modest, as in his survey of Russian literature. Few of his pre-*Lolita* students knew he was a writer. He was an immensely popular teacher, however, particularly in his Literature 311-312 course, "Masterpieces of European Fiction." The course was unique in the smallest of ways

(witness the “bonus system” employed in examinations, allowing students two extra points per effort whenever they could garnish an answer with a substantial and accurate quotation—“a gem”—drawn from the text in question).

Carefully handwritten and then typed out, an artist-scientist’s anatomical examination of the books he admired and adored, Nabokov’s lectures ranged widely and wildly in mood, from the most moving to the most farcical of moments. “You cannot understand a writer if you cannot pronounce his name,” he would say, introducing Gogol (“Gaw-gol, not Gogal!”). He would then rehearse Gogol’s death agonies, his head thrown back in pain and terror, nostrils distended, eyes shut, his beseechments filling the hushed lecture hall. Urging his students to become “creative readers,” he would ask them to develop “the passion of the scientist and the precision of the artist”—double takes on the part of notetakers; didn’t he mean the opposite?—and, digressing for the minute, Nabokov would toss brickbats at “Old Dusty” or “the Viennese quack,” eliciting from the gallery as many gasps as laughs. He would conclude a lecture with a rhapsodic apostrophe to our writer’s style: “Feel it in your spine; let us worship the spine—the upper spine, the vertebrate tipped at the head with a divine flame!” And then, as the hour ended, he would ask to see the students who had occupied seats 102 and 103 during the recent midterm examination: “I suspect mental telepathy!”

My assistant,” he always called her, with a decorous, businesslike impersonality, but everyone knew she was Véra Nabokov. Depending on the lecture room, she would sit either in the first row or at the end of the platform, her cool, steady gaze taking in the audience, one by one, it seemed. “My assistant has forgotten one label on the diagram . . . oh, it is a very important label,” he said one day, rushing to the blackboard and picking up a piece of chalk. It was the only time anyone had seen her smile in class, even at one of his jokes, or, rather, *especially* at one of those jokes, since most of his funniest “asides” were in script, and, an experienced troupier, she had heard it all before, many times, and had no doubt typed it up. A woman of great dignity and natural elegance, Véra Nabokov has been a totally devoted collaborator, handling her husband’s correspondence and business transactions, driving the car, grading thousands of examination papers, and running the household, such as it was. Fiercely intelligent, she is at once his ideal reader and only real editor. Since their marriage in Berlin in 1925, he has read to her all of his works at least twice, and she has reread them while typing them; *Ada* was the first manuscript to have been prepared by a professional secretary.

“Véra’s Russian is stupendous,” he says, and she learned Italian in order to be able to check the trans-

lations of his novels into that tongue. She reads widely in several languages, and is very much “up” on contemporary American letters. “He has digested his Nabokov,” she says of a well-known young novelist, genus Black Humor. “Trash,” she says of another. Her memory may be better than her husband’s. He does not remember Thomas Pynchon, a student in Literature 311-312, *circa* 1957, nor has he read *V.* (“Lovely title, lovely,” says Nabokov), but she quickly responds, “Yes, I remember him, he had an unusual handwriting: half printing, half script.” Nor is Véra Nabokov too shy to disagree with her husband, and their games of Scrabble (in English, and “*Skrebl*” in Russian) have the aura of an infinite series of good-natured rematches between Dempsey and Tunney. Inseparable, self-sufficient, they form a multitude of two.

Although he taught at major institutions, published in *Partisan Review* as well as the *New Yorker*, and had friends such as Edmund Wilson and Harvard’s Harry Levin, Nabokov remained through his years at Cornell aloof from “literary circles” and naïvely unaware of their existence. One summer in the forties he taught at a Writers’ Conference at the University of Salt Lake City. He remembers that the faculty included Wallace Stegner, Oscar Williams, and another man. “I don’t remember his name,” he says. “White-haired, eyeglasses, he wore a conservative suit and looked like a banker, yet wrote some extraordinary verse: ‘Bells . . . Bells’—not Poe!—‘Bells for John Whiteside’s Daughter,’ I liked particularly.” The mystery faculty member was John Crowe Ransom, at that time one of the two or three most influential poet-critics in America and editor of the *Kenyon Review*. A well-known younger poet of that period, who died in middle age, sat next to Nabokov on a bus trip after they had both given readings. “He didn’t want to talk about poetry,” says Nabokov, “only about the reputations of other poets.” Nabokov also remembers how a distinguished professor of English at Cornell cut short a budding literary discussion at a cocktail party: “It’s after five; no shop talk!” Nabokov laughs. “A strange man,” he adds. But it is with no bemusement that he recalls the expert in linguistics who could not speak the language of the department he chaired, a phenomenon preserved in the pages of *Pnin*. Many of the most fantastic and grotesque perversions of learning in *Pnin* happen to be drawn from “real life” in the academy; it is the only novel he has ever written that bears the disclaimer, “All of the characters in this book are fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.”

Never once during his almost twenty years on campus did Nabokov write an academic article or attend a meeting of the Modern Language Association, but he did contribute continually to *Psyche* and other lepidopterological journals, and occasionally participated in scientific meetings. Once, at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, where sev-

eral of Nabokov's specimens are deposited, he met a rather stuffy old gentleman, a banker or businessman, who told Nabokov that he had recently caught a unique butterfly. As Nabokov re-creates the scene in the museum, the man, eyes aglow, reached into his vest pocket and produced a little tin specimen box. He opened the box, and playing it close to the vest in the most literal sense of that cliché, he held it in his cupped palm, against his ample stomach, like a vendor of pornographic postcards in front of a church or school yard. Nabokov mimes his manner, and impersonating himself, leans over to see the proffered butterfly. Stolid and staid, the old gentleman had also experienced the quiet rapture of discovering an undescribed species, and like a long line of Nabokov's fictional creations, from Luzhin in *The Defense* to Humbert in *Lolita*, he too had pursued a secret life, an ardent desire, an obsessive quest.

Nabokov went butterfly-hunting every summer, and these adventures as a "lepidist" carried him through two hundred motel rooms in forty-six states, along the same roads traveled by Humbert and Lolita. Though he had tenure at Cornell, the Nabokovs continued to rent, moving every year, sometimes every term—a mobility he bestowed on refugee Humbert. Morris Bishop, Nabokov's only close friend at Cornell, remembers visiting them after they had moved into the tastelessly furnished home of an absent professor. "I couldn't have lived in a place like that," says Bishop, "but it delighted him. He seemed to relish every awful detail." In a few years Bishop realized that these moves were a form of field research enabling Nabokov to study the natural habitat of Humbert's prey. *Lolita* was under way.

Nabokov usually has at least two works-in-progress at roughly the same time, and these literary companions often turn out to complement each other in extraordinary ways; this is most true of *Lolita* and *Speak, Memory* (or *Conclusive Evidence*, as its first, shorter edition was titled in 1951).

In *Speak, Memory*, his fifth book in English, Nabokov became the master of a variegated and virtuoso prose; henceforth he would seek no further advice on English. *Speak, Memory* released him to write *Lolita*, and *Lolita* in her turn released him from the circumscribing spell of *Speak, Memory*, the cul-de-sac of nostalgia. It is no coincidence that after losing Lolita to Quilty, it takes Humbert three years to find her again, the same number of years Nabokov spent writing *Speak, Memory*. "The past is the past," she tells him, after he has finally located but not recaptured his ineffable girl, now wan, veiny-armed, pregnant, a nymphet no more and badly in need of a few bucks.

The novel developed slowly as Nabokov faced technical problems, and absorbed the necessary *couleur locale*—as Humbert might say—by renting Charlotte Haze's house, sampling teen-talk on school buses, reading case studies and movie magazines, observing, observing, wherever he went. Robert M.



Vladimir Nabokov

Adams, then in the English department at Cornell ("Ah, a duel!" Nabokov had exclaimed, when Adams appeared at the departmental office one morning with his newly broken arm in a sling), remembers a Monday morning in June, circa 1951, during the calm between commencement and summer session. A convocation of a youth group was to begin that day—the Young Lutherans or Future Farmers of America—and as Adams approached the wide bridge that separates the campus from the main dormitory area, he saw heading toward him, on the left side of the bridge, radiating the healthiness of a breakfast-food ad, a seemingly endless swarm of blond and apple-cheeked junior- and senior-high-schoolers, and on the other side, walking alone in the opposite direction, his gaze taking them in, a man wearing hiking shoes, knee socks, baggy Bermuda shorts, a sporty cap, and carrying a butterfly net. As it crossed the bridge, the Norman Rockwell *tableau vivant* turned as one to stare in astonishment at him, since Nabokov was no doubt the first typical American college professor they had ever seen.

Written before class in Ithaca, or in a parked car on cloudy Colorado afternoons while butterflies slept, or at night in a motel after a long day of "lepiding," *Lolita* was finally completed in the spring of 1954, surely no placid period for the Nabokovs. Back in 1950, when he had been discouraged, Véra Nabokov had prevented her husband from throwing the

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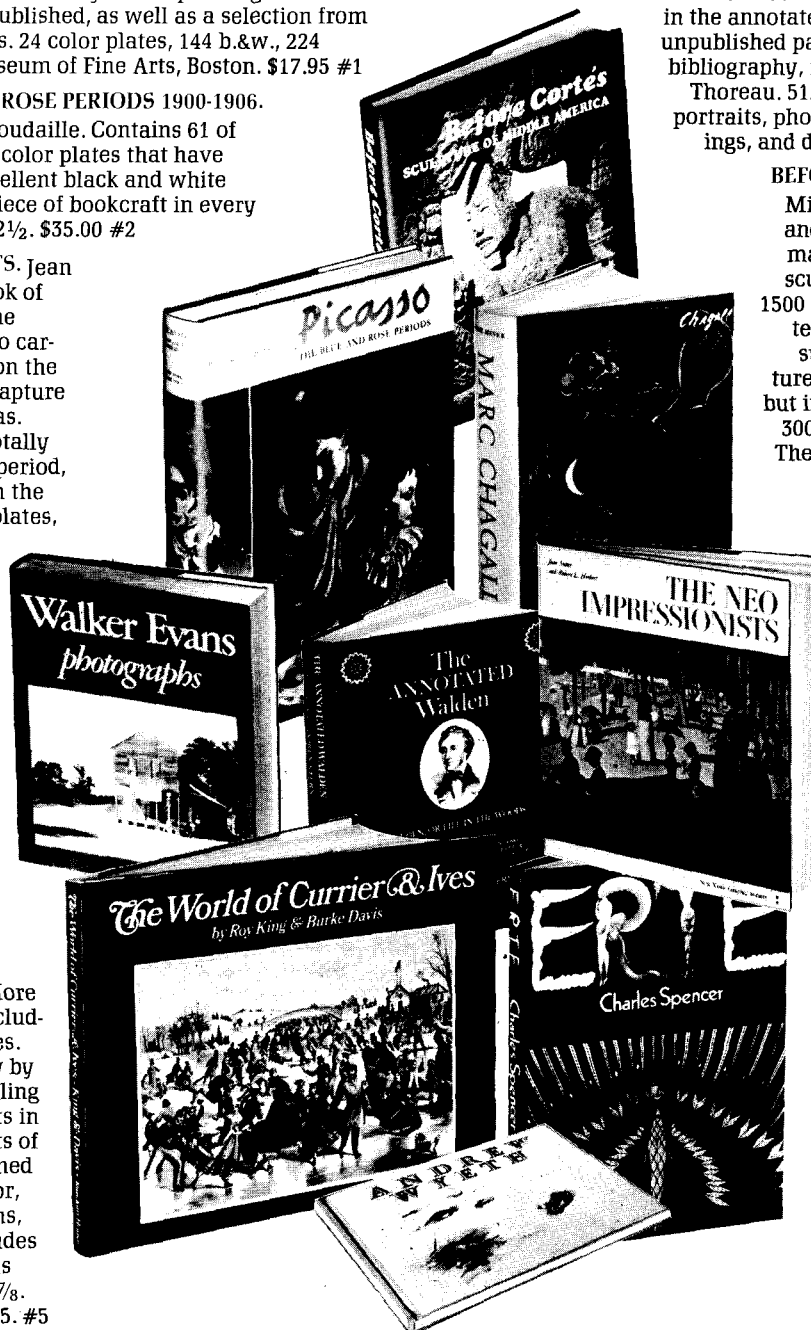
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initial chapters into the garden incinerator, but now that the book was a reality, she must have experienced some misgivings and anxieties about its publication and possible reception; even tenured professors are vulnerable. "But she had no doubts about *Lolita*," says Mrs. Bishop; "she knew it would be a classic." Véra Nabokov was absent from lecture the last two weeks of the term (typing the manuscript, no doubt), and one day Nabokov startled the class by appearing without tie or jacket, in old tennis shoes, clearly a distracted man. One friend urged Nabokov to issue the novel anonymously; another refused to publish it for fear that they'd both be imprisoned. With no fanfare whatsoever the Paris-based Olympia Press brought out *Lolita* in 1955. Three years later it was published in America.

"A painful birth, a difficult baby, but a kind daughter," *Lolita* enabled Nabokov, at sixty, to resign his professorship. Part of the fortune lost in 1919 had been restored exactly forty years later, the rubles miraculously converted to dollars, and the Nabokovs soon moved again, first to Hollywood to script *Lolita*, and then to Switzerland in 1960.

Fifty years of renting furnished quarters has made Nabokov, along with Samuel Beckett, a laureate of the lonely room. He has learned to travel light, and his ambience at the Montreux Palace sustains this sense of him. The Palace is a grand hotel in the old tradition, with wide, spacious salons and lovely gardens, but there is nothing opulent about the Nabokovs' apartment on the sixth floor, overlooking Lake Geneva. The living room, where they receive guests, is small, as are the other rooms. There is no TV; they rent a set for important events such as the moon landing and the World Cup soccer championship (Nabokov, who played goalie at Cambridge, notes that Brazil's spectacular player, Pele, "is powerful but has no style"). A card table next to the couch is stacked with books of recent vintage—mostly sent by publishers—which they are sampling and, in a few instances, reading. Nabokov recommends *The Godbotherers*, a novel by Philip Oakes, an Englishman, and is even more enthusiastic about *The Butterflies of Japan*. Paul McCartney, whom he has never met, has sent them his latest record album, the presentation note signed, "With love, Paul and Linda." A still life recently painted by Dmitri, his son's first try at oils, adds a genuine personal touch to the wall above the couch. Nabokov's study, in the next room, contains a lectern, a desk and chair, and a bed. Although he prefers to write standing up, he may use any of the three, depending on the hour and the pull of gravity. The walls are bare, but arranged along the top of the desk are a little family photograph, a framed butterfly, and postcard reproductions of a Picasso still life, *Pitcher, Candle, and Casserole*, and Fra Angelico's *Annunciation*, the radiant rainbow wings of the angel Gabriel

easily outshining those of the framed specimen. A conspicuous presence in the room is a multivolume Russian dictionary and a well-worn *Webster's Unabridged*, second edition. Except for the back bedroom, which their part-time secretary has converted into an office, the Nabokovs' apartment gives the impression that they could be packed and ready to leave on the shortest notice.

Nabokov rises at 6 A.M. and, armed with the discoveries of creative insomnia, begins to write immediately; *Transparent Things* is the title of the novel now in its early stages. By ten thirty, when he draws a hot bath, Nabokov has put in what many writers would call a full day's work. The fair-weather schedule he was following during my most recent visit (August, 1970) would next find him, at around eleven o'clock, walking down to the Montreux station to buy his three daily newspapers, *The Times* of London, *Le Monde*, and the Paris *Herald-Tribune*, where he follows, with determined loyalty and attention, the open-ended comic-strip adventures of *Buzz Sawyer* and *Rex Morgan, M.D.* Returning along the lakeside, Nabokov comments on its flora, fauna, and filth; Lake Geneva has not been immune to the waste that has so befouled America. "I saw it coming in the States twenty years ago, and would tell people that," says Nabokov, shaking his head, then deploring "the faddist aspects of the antipollution movement." He points out a ginkgo tree he is very fond of, and pauses to examine the venation of one of its butterflylike leaves (a small wonder also marked in *Pale Fire*, note to line 49). Further on, he stops to watch some swans. "An overrated bird," he says, "the postures of its neck are grotesque, aesthetically absurd, and," he adds, "how can you respect or trust a creature that goes about with such a dirty neck?"

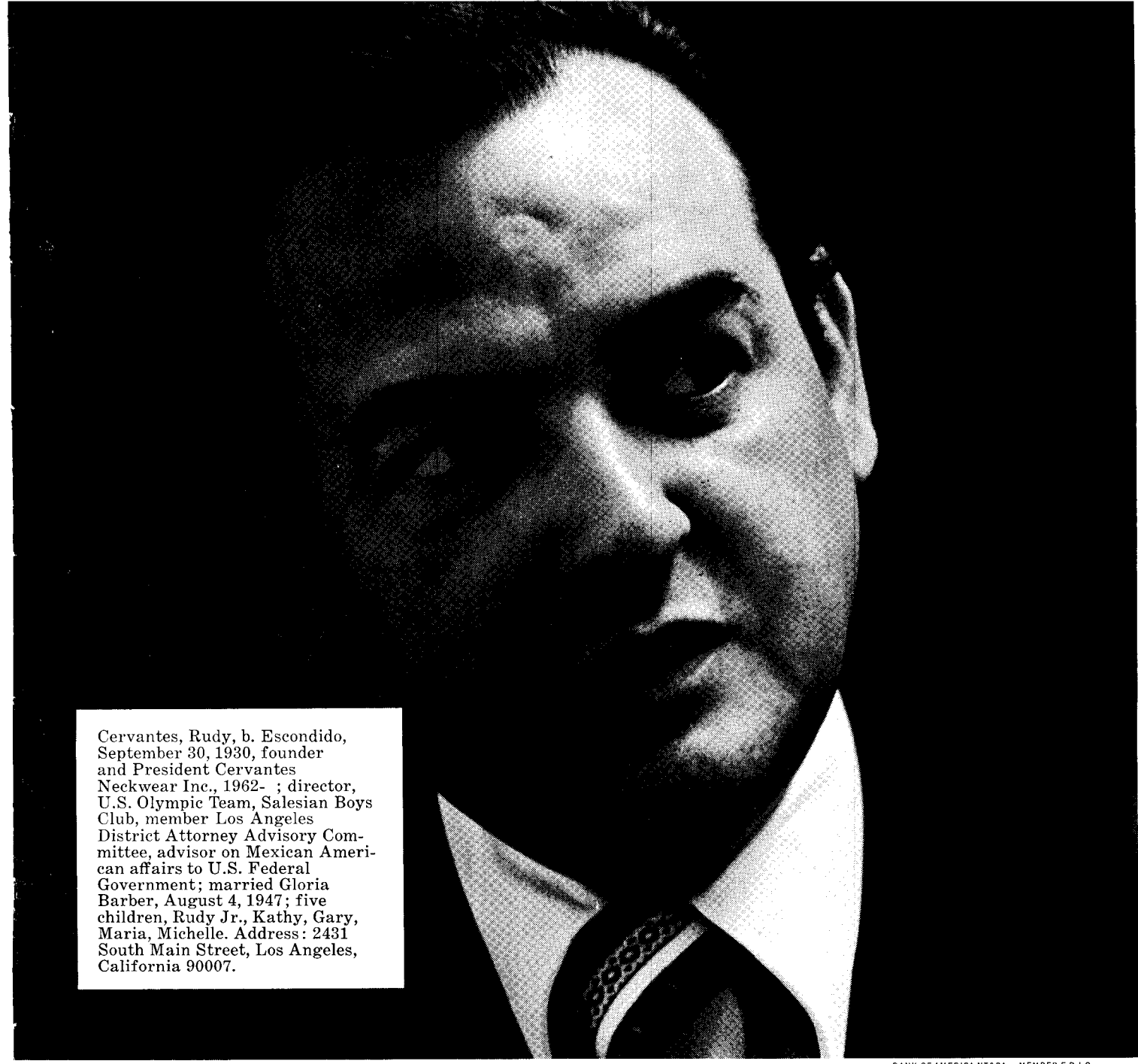
After lunch, there is coffee and conversation in the Nabokovs' apartment: the butterfly in art, the prosody of prose (Bely and Melville), the art of Keaton, Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, and his favorites, Laurel and Hardy. That subject leads logically to Nabokov's experiences in Hollywood while scripting *Lolita*: excellent "lepping" in the Hollywood hills, and stimulating discussions with the film's producer, who wanted Humbert to marry Lolita, a small compromise Nabokov was unwilling to make.

The conversation turns to cannibalism. "It is not as uncommon as you'd think," Nabokov says, recalling a Belgian poet he had known in the nineteen-thirties. The poet's father had been a stationmaster. One day a terrible accident had severed a man's leg, and the poet, then a very young man, had helped himself to the limb, "prepared and waiting on the track."

"I never believed that story," says Véra Nabokov, with a tolerant smile.

"It happened, it happened!" insists her husband. "I couldn't make up such a story."

"I like people who have the gift of gab," says Nabokov, generalizing. "I mean 'good conversationalists,'" he adds, correcting himself, not wishing



Cervantes, Rudy, b. Escondido, September 30, 1930, founder and President Cervantes Neckwear Inc., 1962- ; director, U.S. Olympic Team, Salesian Boys Club, member Los Angeles District Attorney Advisory Committee, advisor on Mexican American affairs to U.S. Federal Government; married Gloria Barber, August 4, 1947; five children, Rudy Jr., Kathy, Gary, Maria, Michelle. Address: 2431 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California 90007.

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to hurt the feelings of anyone present. Nabokov clearly relishes good gab; gossip, anecdotes, and jokes pour forth from him, and he is one of those people whose laughter threatens to unseat them. To emphasize a point or underscore a punch line, he will often lower his head, wrinkle his brow, and peer over the top of his eyeglasses, a parody of a professor. His face, even at less animated moments, is very expressive, mobile; photographs reveal its protean qualities. "I've frequently been told I don't look like me," he says, pausing for a moment to enjoy the paradox. "Recently, a stranger, a tourist, approached me in the [hotel] garden, and said, 'I know you! You're . . . you're . . . you're General MacArthur's brother!'" Nabokov shakes with mirth, and dabs his eyes with a handkerchief, and catches his empty coffee cup and saucer as they are about to topple from his lap.

By three in the afternoon Nabokov retires for a rest and more work: the polishing of Dmitri's rendering into English of *Podvig* (1931)—*The Exploit*, now retitled *Glory*—the last of his untranslated Russian novels (Nabokov was delighted to find a forgotten passage in which the reverie of his fantasizing hero seems to anticipate Thurber's "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," a story much admired by Nabokov). Then drinks and dinner and more conversation. Close students of the artist's metabolic patterns should note that Nabokov usually goes to bed by nine o'clock.

When Nabokov doesn't have visitors, he may spend the early afternoon reading in the hotel's pool-side garden (always keeping notepaper by his side in case the Muse speaks unexpectedly), or else take long walks, sometimes for three or four hours, doing a lot of work in his head. In the spring, when the butterfly-hunting is best, Nabokov may walk (and run) as many as fifteen or twenty miles a day. It is not surprising that he is deeply tanned, firmly muscled, and looks considerably younger than his seventy-two years. Watching him kick around a soccer ball with Raffaello, one of the hotel's cabana boys, underscores the connection between his penchant for exercise and the enormous enthusiasm and creative energy which have resulted in, among many other things, three major works since his sixty-third birthday (*Pale Fire*, the four-volume *Onegin* translation, and *Ada*).

Wordplay is very much part of Nabokov's personal manner. He has a habit of repeating a phrase that he has just spoken, of spearing a word in midair and toying with the pieces. "No, tape recorders are out," he says. "No speaking off the Nabocuff. When I see one of those machines I start hemming and hawing . . . hemming and hawing. Hemmingwaying all over the place."

When reviewers use the tag "Nabokovian," they are acknowledging that he is that rarest of artists—a

man and a writer who discovers, defines, and expresses himself and his world in a voice that is consistently and uniquely his. Nabokov's voice is most vibrant and identifiable when he is describing either his "passion for lepidopterological research" or his abhorrence of certain writers. "Had there been no Russian Revolution, I probably would have devoted myself solely to lepidopterology," says Nabokov, whose aesthetic of objectivity and precision is clearly that of a naturalist: "The use of symbols [is] hateful because it substitutes a dead general idea for a live specific impression. . . . In high art and pure science detail is everything." His statements go far in helping to place in a quite reasonable context his remarks on other writers, remarks which are variously thought to be arrogant, eccentric, outrageous, indefensible, funny but frivolous. The zest with which he exorcises "bogeys and shams from the hall of false fame" and the verbs he favors ("detest," "loathe") are bound to set sensitive teeth on edge, while his inscrutable dismissals of famous works (*Death in Venice* is "asinine") rarely clarify his objections to them, or suggest the seriousness and consistency of his position or its source in the literary wars of Russia a hundred years ago. In the eighteen-sixties and -seventies Nikolai Chernyshevsky and other influential radical polemicists insisted that literary artists be topical reporters and social commentators, and the proselytizing, ideological, and sociological nature of much nineteenth-century Russian literature testifies to their success. Pushkin and Chekhov were attacked for their failure to be "relevant" and *engagé* (to use today's trite terms), as Sirin would be in the nineteen-thirties, and today's Socialist Realism is the police state's transmutation of those earlier criteria and supposedly progressive principles. Beleaguered or not, Solzhenitsyn is in the main tradition of Russian literature, and the ironies are, of course, tragic.

When the first chapters of *The Defense* came out in 1929 in the leading émigré journal, the Paris-based *Sovremennye Zapiski* (*Contemporary Annals*), Nina Berberova knew that "a great Russian writer, like a phoenix [had been] born from the fire and ashes of revolution and exile. Our existence from now on acquired a meaning. All my generation were justified. We were saved," she writes in her recent memoir (*The Italics Are Mine*) She was not alone in her estimation of Nabokov, but a number of other émigré critics vilified him for being "un-Russian" in his concerns. So taken for granted were these assumptions about the writer's social responsibilities that the liberal editors of *Sovremennye Zapiski*, not wishing to offend their readers, refused in 1937 to publish Nabokov's satirical biography of Chernyshevsky, now intact as Chapter Four of *The Gift*, which they were then in the process of serializing.

Living in Switzerland, writing in English, Nabokov is never more Russian than when offering to journalists and interviewers those seemingly frippery remarks about writers he deems short on style and/or

long on argument and advice. Those remarks, hardly random, enable him to sustain his miraculous open-ended debate with Chernyshevsky, thereby fulfilling his own polemical responsibilities as the embodiment of the other great Russian tradition: Pushkin, Chekhov, and the Tolstoy who wrote *Anna Karénina*, or at least most of it. "Skip the hymn to the wheat," Nabokov would instruct his students, referring to Tolstoy's Populist attitudes and Levin's day in the field.

Contrary to rumor, Nabokov is not totally ungenerous, and has praised in print many writers, from Shakespeare to Sirin. Of the famous moderns, he most admires Joyce, Proust, Kafka, and H. G. Wells, his favorite boyhood author. When Nabokov mentions his continued esteem for Wells, especially his "romances"—*The Time Machine*, *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds*—I ask him about Chapter Three of *Ada*, where he describes Aqua Veen's private "War of the Worlds," and, in a haunting passage, her howling disintegration. Did he have in mind, I wondered, the final pages of Wells's fantasia, when the silence of devastated and darkened London is disturbed by the terrible last lamentations of those mammoth invaders from Mars, toppled by lowly bacteria?

"Yes," says Nabokov, "I can still hear those creatures," and the expression on his face and the tone of his voice remind me of two moments during other visits to Montreux. Late one afternoon in January, 1968, our conversation had turned to the dark days of the mid-nineteen-thirties, when the Nabokovs were planning their permanent departure from Germany. Because Véra Nabokov is Jewish, a future there seemed even more uncertain. Nabokov recalled Ivan Bunin's visit to Berlin in 1934. The most famous of the émigré writers, Bunin had recently received the Nobel Prize, and was making a kind of triumphal tour. Nabokov attended the public ceremony in Bunin's honor, and a few days later lunched with him at a Berlin restaurant. They were seated, Nabokov remembers, at the rear of a crowded room, beneath a huge Nazi flag. When they met again shortly afterwards, in Paris, Bunin told Nabokov and several others how on his departure from Berlin he had been stopped by the Gestapo, ever on the alert for that most stable of émigré commodities, a smuggled jewel or two. The handsome and erect old gentleman was interrogated, searched, stripped, and searched again. An empty bucket was placed behind the Nobel Laureate, who was then given a strong and immensely successful dose of castor oil. The search of the naked man was completed by the Gestapo agent who wiped him. As Nabokov finished the story, his forehead twisted into a tangle of lines, and he stared, unblinking, at a point considerably distant from this small, nondescript room in a Swiss hotel.

Late in the last evening of my September, 1966, visit we were talking about Soviet writers. Nabokov spoke contemptuously of "the literary double agents," "the party hacks," "the purveyors of works-

to-order." Were there any writers of the Soviet period whom he admired? Yes, there were, and Nabokov spoke of several, concluding with Sinyavsky and Daniel, pacing back and forth across the living room as he talked, clasping and unclasping his hands behind his back as he summarized their stratagems for survival. "All these people were enormously gifted," he said, softly, "but the regime finally caught up with them and they disappeared, one by one, in nameless camps." His voice trailed off, and for the first time he looked his age. It was eleven o'clock, late indeed for an early riser and insomniac who usually retires by nine. He stood by the open doorway of his small balcony; it was warm and muggy, the darkness over Lake Geneva was softened by a heavy mist, and he was the last free Russian writer.

"By the way, do you know how a dung beetle lays its eggs?" he asked, moments later, picking up an unresolved thread of conversation from earlier in the evening, when he had entomologically identified Kafka's metamorphosed Gregor Samsa. Since I had to confess that I did not know how a dung beetle laid its eggs, Nabokov imitated the process as best he could, bending his head toward his waist as he slowly walked away from the darkened doorway, making a dung-rolling motion with his hands until his head was buried in them and the eggs were laid.

Laughter in the Dark is clearly a resonant title. That it embodies the ample spirit of the man as well as his work is best illustrated for me by an incident at Cornell in 1953, when I was one of thirty or so students enrolled in Nabokov's Russian literature course. The class was held at the end of a long, dimly lit corridor in the basement of Goldwin Smith Hall. I was rushing to class one wintry morning, three or four minutes late, but slackened my stride when I noticed that Professor Nabokov was also late, and walking ahead of me halfway down the hall. He hurried into a classroom, and my heart sank as I realized it was one door too soon. I entered the class to find Nabokov several sentences into his lecture; not wanting to waste another minute, he was stooped over his notes, intently reading them to thirty stunned students, a shell-shocked platoon belonging to an even tardier don. Trying to be as transparent as possible, I approached the lectern and touched Nabokov on the sleeve. He turned, and peered down at me over his eyeglasses, amazed. "Mr. Nabokov," I said very quietly, "you are in the wrong classroom." He readjusted his glasses on his nose, focused his gaze on the motionless figures seated before him, and calmly announced, "You have just seen the 'Coming Attraction' for Literature 325. If you are interested, you may register next fall." Pnin no more, he closed his folder of notes and moved one door down the hall. "A most extraordinary thing just happened, most extraordinary," he told the students of Literature 325, chuckling to himself as he opened his folder once more and, not bothering to explain what had happened, began to lecture. □

HAPPY ENDING

A story by Ralph Maloney

The cars were parked in a holiday jumble, each at its own tipsy angle, behind the beach. Milam Smith stopped his car in a clear place on the roadside and got out. The many fine automobiles in the parking lot, under trees and dappled by light from a distant source, gleaming, and the sounds of music and women's voices from afar achingly evoked other summers and younger parties. Pathetically evoked; the evocation corny, overstated. Summer night, women's voices, a splash and a roar of laughter. Nothing awaited him but some fifty middle-class, middle-aged men and women with perhaps their older children—middle class, average in stature, in their junior year somewhere. Yet his heart beat hard, and Milam walked fast, almost at a jog, toward the sounds.

The beach was manufactured. Tons of sand were every spring dumped on the lakeshore and out into the bed of the lake as far as a tall man might wade. The lake bottom and its shores were naturally mud. A slender dock ran out from the beach on one side, and barely to be seen out on the lake was a raft, hulking gray and wet in the fringes of light. The beach was no more than a hundred feet wide and perhaps sixty feet deep. There was a makeshift bandstand, just drums and mikes, without musicians, and a patch of torn sand before the bandstand apparently used for dancing. The rest of the beach was nearly filled with barbecue tables delivered from backyards, some serving as buffets and most with bottles and paper plates of food on them and people sitting around them eating and drinking. The women wore informal beach dress, to the point here and there of near nu-

dity, and the men were dressed in shorts and sport shirts. The level of sound was loud conversation. Milam had avoided cocktails at somebody's house by pleading an imaginary call from Chicago, and now that he had arrived at the beach he wished he had invented a call from Beirut or Adelaide, so that he might without rudeness have stayed home all night. He paused at the top of a short, wide stairway that led to the beach and searched in his chest for the elation evoked only minutes before by the darkly shining cars and the women's voices heard but not understood. There was no elation. He continued down the stairs, apparent and unnoticed, and went to the table occupied by his wife and their friends.

The Herridges were there, and the Riordans and the Kirks, with their daughter Cissy and a plain friend of Cissy's named Louise. Milam shook hands around and kissed some women and sat next to his wife, Nancy. He put a lot of gin in a paper cup and drank it off. Frank Herridge asked earnestly about the call from Chicago, and Milam answered earnestly that it had gone well. The call was supposedly business, and nobody joked about business anymore. Then Milam put a lot more gin over the ice in the cup and added tonic to the top. He drank a little too much a little too swiftly, not to launch himself into gaiety, but so the people around him would look better. They were intelligent, considerate neighbors and valuable friends, and at that moment in their evening, seen soberly, the women looked withered in the cruel blue light and the men sweated and looked mouthy. Milam added gin to his gin and tonic. It was the least he could do for friends.

On his second drink, Milam toured their table, making his party manners and small talk. Cissy Kirk and her friend, Louise, answered his questions about school rather curtly, presuming he was not really interested, perhaps, or put off by Milam's age and careful dress. Milam smiled through it, and excused himself, and decided that a gap was not enough between generations and he would dig a moat. He went back to his wife and the Herridges, who were their closest friends.

Frank Herridge was a big, hard-bodied, handsome man some five years younger than Milam, an artist in the undeclared sense. He made things—jewelry, houses, music, enormous toys, some money. He had a quick ear for claptrap, which Milam liked to think they shared, and that makes good friends. They also shared a passion for exercise, which was sustaining because it gave friendship something to do. Lorraine Herridge was somebody Milam had known long ago, and well, but had forgotten where. She had the touching hungry-pretty look of models starved for the camera, and the odd jawline that went with the look. Lorraine and Nancy were as close as Nancy permitted women to come. In all, they were an enduringly agreeable foursome, which meant each of them surrendered something, and some of them gave up more. They were sitting easy, talking kids and weather, when Frank slapped his thigh and jumped up from the table and strode rapidly to the stairway and up.

"What the hell hit him?" Milam asked.

"I think he went to get his doggy bag," Lorraine said. "They didn't feed him enough last year, so he brought a doggy bag along for chicken for later."

They laughed. Frank was an eater of considerable just celebrity. "Broth of a boy you've got there, Mrs. Herridge," Nancy said. "Fine appetite."

"He's big enough, but I still don't know where the hell he puts it all," Lorraine said. "Oh, good. Here's the band back."

A band was assembling at the mikes and drums. They were a thirtyish group with traditional instruments, possibly schoolteachers moonlighting, and Milam took immediate heart. The past several annual frolics had been quite completely ruined by other people's children with guitars and insane amplifiers. The band began in loose jazz to play "Sugar" or "Squeeze Me" or some similar antique standard, and Milam decided he might have a little party for himself after all. He reached for his wife to dance, but Nancy was already up and leaving with some hot-eyed greaseball, so instead he turned to Lorraine Herridge and said, "Darling, they're playing 'R-2.'" It was a pun they shared about "our tune" and "R-2" on a jukebox in a roadhouse they had also shared.

"Wasn't that the summer the Casino burned to the water?" Lorraine asked.

"The summer before. When we came down the Loire on the barge." It was a game involving places like Cannes and Gstaad, where they had met before.

"We were so young then," Lorraine sighed.

"I had forgotten it, almost."

"I have tried."

"How is Hilary?" Hilary was Frank Herridge, her husband.

"Oh, splendid. He's really doing awfully well. How is Cicely?" Cicely was Nancy.

"She's very loyal," Milam said, "and wonderful with children."

"Cicely is a wonderful human being," Lorraine said, her voice scarcely in control, brittle. "I've always been happy that you found her."

"If it hadn't been . . .," Milam began, but could not go on. "But no matter. Would you care to dance?"

"Oh, no, darling, no. Not while they're playing 'R-2.'"

They laughed in delight at their invention and got up and joined hands and went to dance. They made friends with the musicians and asked for certain tunes. Lorraine was a fine dancer, which certainly helped. Milam was not a dancer, but he knew always—in the homemade, antic lindy he favored—where Lorraine's body would be and which way she would be moving. In curious fact, he knew everything about her body, although he had been no nearer to learning it than a little necking in a roadhouse one sad afternoon. Her lips, her breasts, her belly, her bottom, her thighs were all where they *belonged*, for reasons Milam could not fathom and was not about to plumb now, singing old lyrics while he danced.

When the musicians finished their set, they permitted Milam to herd them back to his table. They drank very little, which was civilized but disappointing. Nancy was gone, and Milam scanned the beach and found her sitting with her hot-eyed greaseball. *Let her have a little fun. She goes home with me.* Milam made small drinks for the musicians and a big drink for himself. Frank Herridge's sport shirt was unbuttoned and mostly off him. He was marvelously made, bulging everywhere, without an ounce of fat at thirty-eight, and with an understandable tendency to lose his shirt late at beach parties. Milam wondered briefly if he had not pursued Lorraine all the way upstairs because he was too slender to compete with Apollo. One of the musicians was a moonlighting schoolteacher, and the others were moonlighting from banks and a department store. They were dull for men who made such glad music, as though all cheer and charm went into their playing. But they were polite, and everybody was polite back, and after twenty minutes the leader took them back to the bandstand.

It seemed rude to monopolize Lorraine with Frank there—courtship was involved—so Milam turned to the other end of the table. Jim Riordan was holding forth. He was an amusing talker always, but after drinks he no longer talked but held forth. Cissy Kirk and Louise looked bored as turtles sunning. Some

phrase of Riordan's struck a note in Milam, and he thought, *She has a haunted jaw! That's why she's so attractive! Her goddamned jaw is haunted!* He turned quickly to tell Lorraine about her jaw, but she and her husband were walking toward the dancing area, Frank shirtless now. Milam offered small thanks. What he had been about to say said too much. He roused himself and walked around Riordan and his listeners to ask plain, bored Louise to dance. She said, very clearly, "No, thank you."

It was an eventuality Milam simply had not contemplated. He stood middle-aged and elegant, tanned and agape. "Of course," he said, when he could.

"Oh, dance with him, Louise. He won't hurt you," Harriet Kirk said. She was the girl's hostess. "Go ahead, Louise," Al Kirk, the girl's host, said. Louise stirred out of duty, and rose. In exquisite discomfort, Milam took the girl's arm and led her to dance.

They did not know what to do with each other. The girl gyrated to rapid music and Milam tried to ape her, but he was not a dancer. The music mercifully stopped and left them standing opposite one another, both watching the bandleader, like wrestlers awaiting the signal to attack. The guitar played a slow introduction (*Thank God. Now we can dance dance, not wriggle in the sand*), and the leader stepped forward and lifted his shining horn to the romantic night and began "I Surrender, Dear." Older couples cleaved together avidly. Milam and the girl embraced like glass flowers joining. She was all wrong, a breast in his diaphragm and her mound catching him in midthigh, then recoiling. He felt a sudden surge of fury (*I Surrender, Dear!*), and governed it, and stepped back smiling. "Why don't we sit this one out," he said, "and wait for something. . . ?"

"Yes," the girl said, and walked away.

Milam stood where he had been abandoned, fuming. *Homely enough to get drafted. I ask her to dance so she won't get bored ugly, she can't dance a lick, and she rejects me.* He was bumped into strongly, and came to himself. It was Frank Herridge and he was laughing. Lorraine, pressed to the lean and massive naked chest, laughed too. "Nice guys finish last, old man," Frank said.

"They never learn, either," Milam said. He laughed and his anger gave way to something newly felt—jealousy, or envy. They moved off tightly clasp- ing and near nude. When Milam got back to his table, he saw that Cissy and plain Louise were gone, which absence Milam took to mean they had fled him as a nuisance. The realization, pursued relentlessly by its utter accuracy, awoke such perfect fury that he thrust it, *thrust* it, from his mind. He made a fresh drink slowly, talking to nobody, thinking, *I have not been such an emotional fruitstand since adolescence.* He walked down to the water's edge to regroup himself, and get the bloody murder out of his face.

People were leaving, and Milam wanted to leave with them, but it was a tight community and he had arrived very late. He would be expected to bitter-end it and help clean up and put out the lights. He studied the table venomously, hating paper plates and cups. "Wow, do you look pissed," a voice said. It was a word from his youth and Milam looked up quickly, at Lorraine. "Hi," he said. "Where's your old man?"

"He got hungry. He went up to get his doggy bag."

"How can you insist on Paterson? You know perfectly well you were raised on Fifty-eighth Street and went to Finch."

Lorraine shook her head. "Paterson, New Jersey," she said.

"Armando's in the afternoon, Stork and Elmo's at night." Milam smiled as if to encourage her memory. "LaRue? Joe King's? Baby Grand? Birdland? Jimmy Ryan's. . . ?"

"Birdland," Lorraine said, helping. "I went to Birdland on dates. And the Café Rouge at the Statler and the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Plaza, after a prom."

"They're all wrong," Milam said sadly. "Even Birdland was wrong. I don't know what I was thinking of."

"I actually *have* been to Cannes and Ligure and Cortina and all that business."

"But that was much later. You were married and grown, or vice versa. I seem to think that when we were sixteen or seventeen. . . ." Milam shut himself up. The booze had been just about to talk.

"I'd like to help, lover, but when I was sixteen you were twenty-five." Lorraine spoke as if to chill him with fact. She smiled to take out some of the chill.

"Of course," Milam said. "There's that, too."

Frank descended on them in a great vigorous rush and sat down with his doggy bag and began to eat chicken. He made Milam hungry, and Milam took a drumstick and was about to eat when childhood warnings about eating and swimming entered his mind, and he decided not to eat but to go for a swim. To swim home, in fact, and leave this horrid party unnoticed and without rudeness. "Frank," he said, just above a whisper, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure," Frank said, whispering too. "What is it?"

"I'm going to swim home, and I don't want everybody to know about it." Lorraine started a noisy protest, but Milam talked her down. "Nononono. There's no danger. I swim farther than that every day. But I don't want to take my clothes off and march down the beach like some drunk going for a skinny-dip before an admiring throng, do you understand?"

"Sure," Frank said again, eating.

"I want you to come down to the water with me and take my clothes and take them home with you when you go."

"All right," Frank said reasonably. "Say when." Lorraine started another fuss, less noisy but more

vehement, but Frank hushed her. "Don't be silly. Milam can swim like a water rat."

"Thanks a lot," Milam said. "Can we go now?"

"Sure."

They went together down behind the slender dock, where Milam undressed to his undershorts, folding his shirt and dress shorts over his shoes on Frank's arm. "There's fifty bucks in the pants if I don't make it," Milam said.

"Good luck," Frank said pleasantly. "Come by for a drink later, pick up your stuff."

"OK," Milam said. He slid into the water without splashing, in order not to stampede the skinny-dip nuts.

Milam swam left, into the nearest dark, then swam straight out into the black lake. The water was gently cold and smelled like a kind of rain. Milam rinsed his mouth twice, then drank a small mouthful. He swam breaststroke, sidestroke, backstroke, floated for a time, then began again breaststroking. Water was very nearly a native medium to him, and he knew if he did not panic or get lost he was in no danger.

At perhaps three hundred yards from shore, Milam treaded water in a circle to get his bearings. He discovered that at that distance into the blackness he saw things as clearly as one sees dawn in the movies. The small island was there, where it belonged; the big island seemed miles down the lake, but that was the distortion of viewing from water level, absolute water level. The water rat's view. Houses alongshore loomed before a backlighting source Milam decided was town, although town was five miles off and shut down for the night.

He knew where he was and where he wanted to go, and began to swim again. Breaststroke, sidestroke, backstroke—just rowing his body gently—float; take a look around. If a man doesn't get scared or mad, he can swim forever. He put the beach lights dead astern of him and rowed his body out to the deep of the lake, out into the ink, where there was indescribably nothing. When he was about a half mile from the small island, and it the nearest land, he floated to rest and check his navigation. Instinctively he looked at the stars, and he found Polaris and laughed. "That's North," he said aloud. "Now where the hell am I?" He took rough bearings and decided he was just about where he wanted to be, in the middle of a lake, alone, at night. There was some minor annoyance, something slightly wrong, and he discovered it was his shorts. He jackknifed quickly in the water and got rid of them, cramping small muscles with the sudden effort. He floated naked, rubbing his rib cage and one thigh until the knots were smooth. "Easy," he told himself, "easy," and he started breaststroking again. The water was all cool pleasure on his balls and backside, and his mind empty now, he felt vaguely sad that he had wasted half the lake with stupid pants on.

As he swam toward the big island, it began to engulf his horizon in blackness. He could still see lake-

shore behind him and on both sides, but he wasn't going that way. Home was directly behind the island. He altered his course leftward, to skirt the island on that side, but still swam into blackness. There was a dam to the far right, he remembered, and the current flowing toward the dam was holding him behind the island. There was no danger. He could surrender to the current and ride to the dam, which was dangerous only insofar as a walk home naked in any good suburb was dangerous, or he could swim more sharply leftward, and more strongly, and around the island to home. He turned sharply left, and started swimming strongly. He was not tired.

Milam swam sidestroke so he could watch the beach lights, now quite small. He could no longer see lakeshore. The black from the island seemed to have canopied outward and enveloped him. He might have swum in circles in that dark had it not been for the beach lights. Then they went out. He fixed his eyes on where they had been, in the dark, in the utter black. His hand, scooping downward, struck long grass waving up from the bottom. He emptied his lungs in a great howl of revulsion and reversed his body violently. He raced in a wild crawl to where the beach lights should have been, thinking everything: the plain girl dancing, Riordan yakking, Nancy with the greaseball, the haunted jaw, the white baby grand in the Café Rouge, the money in his pants!

And suddenly he relaxed. He floated face forward in the water first, lifting his head at intervals to breathe, then he floated on his back. *Panic and drown, dummy.* He saw a small spear of light through the island trees. It was the end of the island, and the light was home. In his fearful racing spurt he had defeated the blackness. He turned and swam vigorously, feeling fatigue now but gaining light with each stroke. He entered the stretch of water between the island and his dock, where he swam every summer day. There was so much light here that the blackness must have been a trick of some kind, an illusion born of fatigue or of the desire for blackness. He swam to his dock, climbed up with difficulty, and sat, feet still in the water. *Some cheapskate you are,* he told himself. *Left fifty bucks in your pants, so you decided not to drown.* He stood and stretched in a deep, oddly elastic, overall fatigue. The money had mattered because spending it was something to do tomorrow. He felt a strong need for his wife and hoped she had not gone off with her greaseball—not from jealousy but because of his need. He took a towel from a beach chair on the dock and wrapped it around his waist and went up to his house.

Milam's daughter, Lee, was asleep on a couch in the living room, her brand-new figure in an odalisque sprawl. He covered her with a crocheted sort of shawl from the couch opposite, but did not kiss her, not to wake her. He went into the bedroom and dressed in slacks and sport

shirt, with a jacket against the chill of fatigue and long immersion. Then he went upstairs and looked at the boys in their bunk beds until the light began to wake them, when he shut it off and went out. In the living room he left the lights on in case some other dumbbell was out there swimming, and indulged himself to kiss Lee on the forehead and cheek. She didn't stir.

His car was one of several in the Herridges' driveway. Milam walked on the grass beside the drive, his legs deliciously tired and quivering slightly. Jazz rang out of the house. He could see cigarette smoke and the tops of heads in the living room. Milam went in the front door without knocking or ringing and down a short hall, and, consciously theatrical, simply appeared in the entranceway to the busy room. If he had expected a hullabaloo at his escape from the perils of the midnight deep (and he had), he was disappointed. Frank Herridge said, "Here he is now. Florence Chadwick in drag." Everybody laughed and called hello. "Where you been?" Frank said.

"Took a dip," Milam said. Nancy had not looked up. She was in some deadly discussion with Al Kirk; her greaseball was gone; she had been crying.

"Make yourself a drink," Frank said, not rising. "You know where everything is. Oh." He reached in his pocket and brought out money. "Here's your fifty bucks."

"Thanks." Milam started for the kitchen and a drink. "Where're my clothes, by the way?"

"I don't know. Lorraine took them."

"OK." Milam went out to a small pantry where Herridge kept his makings. He put an ice cube in a glass and poured scotch over it and swirled it for chill, then drank it off neat. He felt passively lustful, passion's plaything, but Nancy had already had her cry, so there would be no action from that quarter. The whiskey went quite to his fingertips and toes. He poured more scotch and added water from a pitcher. A refrigerator door slammed beyond the swinging door. Perhaps Lorraine. He pushed open the swinging door and stepped into the kitchen. Lorraine. She was startled to see him; looked enraged. "Oh, it's you!" she cried and hurled herself at him, her arms wrapping tight around his neck, her mouth all over his mouth. "Oh God! Oh God!" she whinnied into his mouth, pressing all of herself against him in a harshly sexual embrace. "Oh God, oh God, oh God!" Milam responded to her at once, vitally hard. His free hand without thought grasped a great live clutch of bottomflesh and he lifted her into him. *Where! Where!* He turned his mouth away to find a place to lie with her. *Not the floor, Lord, not the floor!* Lorraine put her face in his neck, eased her grip on him. "Oh, you're all right," she said. Her body eased back from his. Milam moved his hand from her bottom decorously to her waist. "Well, you're here," Lorraine said. She let her arms fall to her sides and stepped back. "You're all right. I'm sorry. Seeing you so suddenly . . ."

"Oh, Christ. Don't be embarrassed. Please." Milam's excitement persisted, but the floor was still the floor, and the moment lost. "Don't be sorry. Nobody else knew I was gone."

Lorraine went to the kitchen table. Something to do; stage business. Milam's clothes were folded there. "I even called the police," she said. She brought his clothes to him. "Here are your things. Frank has your money."

"The police. Terrific. Thank you for caring." He was grounded now; this was talk.

"Well, you were gone three hours." Lorraine's breathing was feathery. "They said. Call them back. If I heard from you. But to hell with them."

There was still only the floor for them, but Milam was beginning to plan. He said, "That was such great fun. Pity Hilary and Cicely couldn't have been here to share."

Lorraine smiled, understanding. "Just as well, really," she said. "Hilary's very jealous. He dueled for me once. On Corfu. One has to be careful with Hilary around."

Oh, hungry-pretty, haunted jaw. "I see. I will be. Cicely would have been cross, but not furious. She knows you and I have not been parted, only apart."

"We'll go in now," Lorraine said. "Or Hilary will wonder what's become of us." She went to the swinging door and held it open. "Hilary likes form."

Both hands busy with his drink and his clothes, Milam walked through the kitchen door. "Pity about Hilary," he said. "Pity about Cicely. Pity about us, too."

"Not to weep, lover. I think we might manage a happy ending." Lorraine patted him twice on the behind in the manner of ballplayers. She smiled.

"Let's do." Milam smiled back, in the dark, as the door swung shut. "I love happy endings." □

A WOMAN

You who were so timid in your body,
so downcast and so glancing,
as if you lived a lodger there
and feared they'd turn you out:

did someone break in shouting
that you own the place, that now
there's bread and salt, and all
is garlanded with apple-boughs?

Did someone break in, shouting?

by Barry Spacks

MERLE HAGGARD:

"When you're runnin' down our country, hoss,
you're walkin' on the fightin' side of me"

by Paul Hemphill

If it's Friday, this must be Dayton. Laid out like a sheet of rolled steel on the Great Miami River, a major industrial center plopped down on the placid, undulating farmland of southwestern Ohio, Dayton is about as Middle America as you can get. "Middle Voter," says the book *The Real Majority*, "is a 47-year-old housewife from the outskirts of Dayton, Ohio, whose husband is a machinist." There has been some rumbling in the black ghettos, and some posturing by isolated hippies, but Dayton is still dominated by two singular classes: substantial law-abiding Midwestern businessmen and alienated white Appalachian migrants dismissed as "Briarhoppers." The businessmen bank the money and ridicule the workers ("The first thing Neil Armstrong saw when he stepped on the moon was two Briars in a '57 Ford, looking for the Frigidaire plant"), while the latter mind the factories by day and smash the Rebel-flagged honky-tonks of disheveled East Dayton by night. But no matter how much the two groups may differ in life-styles, they stand together on what are, to them, the larger issues. Hippies, draft-dodgers, and pot. The flag, police, and apple pie.

Little wonder, then, that Memorial Hall, a bleak granite hulk dedicated to the area's war dead, is bulging on a blustery Friday night when the new king of country music comes on. It is Merle Haggard, a wiry ex-convict whose Okie parents endured the same degradation in Depression California that the Briars suffer in Dayton, and when he strolls out in a flared black Western suit and \$350 rattlesnake-skin boots from Nudie's in Hollywood, they wildly applaud. His "Workin' Man Blues" touches nerves ("I ain't never been on welfare, that's one place I won't be")¹, but as he moves on to his autobiographical ballads about liquor, ladies, and the law, you can sense the crowd's restlessness. They have come for

one thing this night. "Okie, 'Okie,'" they are pleading. Personal-sized American flags begin coming out of purses. Haggard grins nervously. "Hey, Merle, how 'bout 'Okie'?" Finally, having teased long enough, Haggard lays it on them—"We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee, and we don't take our trips on LSD"—and suddenly they are on their feet, berserk, waving flags and stomping and whistling and cheering, joining in on the chorus: ". . . we still wave Ol' Glory down at the Courthouse, white lightning's still the biggest thrill of all"²; and for those brief bombastic moments the majority isn't silent anymore. "It will," a liberal friend had promised, "scare the living hell out of you."

Country music was always the folk music of the white Southern working class—"white soul," if you will—an earthy commentary that rang out over rural radio stations and roadhouse jukeboxes for truckers, farmers, mill workers, and their bored housewives. Even in recent years, when the music began to modernize into "pop-country" and spread out from the South to become the nation's most popular music, its basic appeal was in its simple answers to everyday problems. Country artists continued to sing about divorce and drinking and a fiery hell, leaving the more complex contemporary problems to the politicized young folk-rock crowd. But they had to react, sooner or later, when America went through the traumatic social upheaval of the late sixties. Suddenly there were more pressing social problems than booze and broken homes to deal with: campus riots, drugs, and war protests. There was an America out there, weary of complexities, looking for a simple answer to it all. It was inevitable that country music would get around to offering up an answer.

The response was "Okie From Muskogee," and when Merle Haggard first sang it in public—to a

¹From "Workin' Man Blues." Copyright 1969 by Blue Book Music. Used by permission.

²From "Okie From Muskogee." Copyright 1969 by Blue Book Music. Used by permission.

beery crowd of Green Berets at the Fort Bragg, North Carolina, NCO Club—the reaction to the song scared him, too: “They started comin’ up after me on the stage, and I didn’t know what was gonna happen next until they said we’d have to do it again before they’d let us go.” But when “Okie” was released in September of 1969, followed by the more explicit “The Fightin’ Side of Me” (“If you don’t love it, leave it, let this song that I’m singin’ be a warning; when you’re runnin’ down our country, hoss, you’re walkin’ on the fightin’ side of me”),¹ it stamped the handsome thirty-three-year-old Bakersfield, California, native as a proletarian poet and fired his career into another orbit. His average price for a one-nighter on the tire-busting country music circuit quadrupled to nearly \$9000, and his gross annual income tripled to \$1 million. The *Okie* album qualified as a gold record, his first and a rarity in the country music market, and when the annual Country Music Association awards show was televised from Nashville’s Grand Ole Opry House last fall, Haggard swept the boards, as Johnny Cash had the year before. He got a letter from President Nixon applauding “Okie,” and there were indications that he would be invited to perform at the White House. There was talk of a network television show, and National Educational Television rushed out with a Haggard profile. “He is sort of the Spiro Agnew of music, the poet laureate of the hard hats,” wrote Dayton columnist Steve Clark after Haggard’s performance there.

Predictably, most liberals were livid. “Okie” and “Fightin’ Side” came along precisely when students and rock musicians were beginning to picture Haggard as a potential Woody Guthrie of the seventies—a raw Populist tale-spinner more concerned with singing honest songs than with cutting gold records—but the two new songs blew it for them. “Somewhere, some night, some guys are going to sit around in a tavern, prime themselves with beer, ‘Okie’ [and] ‘Fightin’ Side,’ and go out and get some hippies,” said the *Great Speckled Bird*, an underground paper in Atlanta. “I hate Merle Haggard,” a Hollywood writer-friend closed out a letter to me. “One ground rule,” the wife of my publisher said over drinks at their Manhattan apartment, “don’t mention the Okie’s name.” Liberals were accusing Haggard of capitalizing on Middle America’s frustrations and adding to the nation’s polarization. In retaliation, several rock groups unsuccessfully solicited Haggard’s permission to record parodies to the tune of “Okie”; and Arlo Guthrie, son of the folk singer Haggard was supposed to succeed, began opening his concerts with “Okie,” to the delight of his long-haired audiences.

Haggard, then, had become caught in the cross fire between the hard hats and the hippies, both of whom seemed intent on remaking him into their image, and he didn’t like it one bit. Claiming no special knowl-

edge about Vietnam, campus disorders, or hippie culture—“except what I read in the papers or see on TV”—he swears “Okie” occurred to him on the bus one day while he and his band rumbled over the drab Oklahoma flatlands en route to a date: “There was this sign that said ‘Muskogee, thataway,’ or whatever, and somebody said something like, ‘I bet they don’t smoke marijuana in Muskogee.’ I thought it was a funny line, and we [Haggard and Roy Burris, his drummer at the time] just started making up some more. It probably took twenty minutes to write the thing, if you add it all up.” When the furor arose after “Okie’s” release, Haggard got scared—“Boy, I tell you, I didn’t realize how strong some people felt about those things”—and backed off, wondering what manner of monster he had wrought. He turned down George Wallace’s invitation to work the Alabama gubernatorial campaign, eluded reporters, and shied from network television talk shows. But at almost every stop he was collared by liberals and began to hear the other side, like the night in Buffalo when a pair of college students waited in the wings for him between shows: “The girl was kinda hippieish, but the boy looked like a pretty sensible kid. Anyway, we got onto the war thing, and I said to the boy, ‘You mean you wouldn’t fight for your country?’ He said, ‘Oh, yeah, I’d fight for my country. But I don’t believe I’m fighting *for* my country, I’m fighting *against* it.’ So I said, ‘Well, if you’d said anything else I’d o’ walked off, but I’d like to hear what you got to say.’ I spent the next two hours listening to ‘em, squatting right there in the hallway. I have to be truthful; after I talked to ‘em I wasn’t too sure they wasn’t right. They made me understand some things that possibly I never understood before.”

It is a shame, in a way, that Merle Haggard had to be the one to give us “Okie” and “Fightin’ Side” because those two songs have obscured the fact that he is one of the few genuine folk heroes in American popular music today. “‘Okie’ notwithstanding,” said *Rolling Stone*, the folk-rock journal, “Haggard is no racist cracker spewing out Johnny Reb songs for the segs. . . . As a writer he is gifted with an ability to capture the life of the common man with a certain dignity.” He has no racial hang-ups (“I got that out of me in prison”), no politics (he hasn’t told anybody whom he supported in the last presidential election, if he supported anyone at all), and few concerns about his image. Restless, moody, chain-smoking, intense—as real as the tattoo of a spider web on his back (“He did it when he was young and felt trapped,” says his wife)—he is a good old boy who put himself through a lot of trouble as a kid and lived to write and sing about it. Technically, his voice is second only to Marty Robbins’ in country music, and when he meanders onstage he is a super-cool, almost reticent troubadour—no sequins, no ten-gallon hat, no hokey ad libs—with wavy black hair and slightly bowed legs and a high shiny forehead and a story to sing. Maybe he *did* turn out “Okie” and

¹From “The Fightin’ Side Of Me.” Copyright 1970 by Blue Book Music. Used by permission.



Merle Haggard

"Fightin' Side," but sandwiched around them were two splendid albums with little chance of commercial success: loving tributes to Jimmie Rodgers and Bob Wills (he taught himself the fiddle in only six months for the latter) which he did because he thought they were historically and musically important. "To brand him for those songs is wrong, man, because he's written some of the best folk songs that's ever been written," says Kris Kristofferson, leader of the new breed of folk-country songwriters in Nashville. "What he oughta do now is an album based on *The Grapes of Wrath*. That'd bring 'em back to roost."

Indeed, the early history of the Haggard family reads like John Steinbeck's novel about the farmed-out Okies' desperate migration to California during the thirties; and much of this is reflected in Haggard's songs. The Haggards and their two children were living on a farm near Checotah, in eastern Oklahoma, when they awoke one morning in the spring of 1934 to see their barn and almost everything else they had burning to the ground. Although they managed to plant their spring crop with the aid of neighbors, the worsening drought killed it, and a year later they made the decision to leave. They

were, as it said in Jimmie Rodgers' "California Blues," "goin' to California, where they sleep out every night."

Relatives who had gone ahead two years earlier to work on a cotton farm sent them \$40. Mr. Haggard swapped all but the essentials for a 1926 Chevrolet and a rickety trailer, and while his wife packed home-cured bacon and other nonperishables, he bandaged the crippled automobile and loaded the trailer. On a blistering Monday morning in mid-July, the four of them set forth on the treacherous journey across the country, joining the antlike train of refugees creeping westward along Route 66. "I remember we broke down in the middle of the desert," says Flossie Haggard, the mother, who is seventy-one now and lives with Merle and his family in Bakersfield. "We were out of water, and just when I thought we weren't going to make it, I saw this boy coming down the highway on a bicycle. He was going all the way from Kentucky to Fresno. He shared a quart of water with us and helped fix the car. Everybody'd been treating us like trash, and I told this boy, 'I'm glad to see there's still some decent folks left in this world.' He rode the rest of the way with us, and I still write to him."

On Friday they limped into Bakersfield. "A lot of our friends were already there," Mrs. Haggard recalls, "and some of them were living in 'Hoover Camps,' all bunched up and starving in old cardboard boxes." The Haggards moved into a makeshift farm cabin with her sister's family and found work—milking cows for rent, \$50 a month, and "all the milk we could drink." After two months of that, Mr. Haggard caught on with the Santa Fe Railroad as a carpenter and found more permanent lodgings. "One day Jim saw this railroad car sitting on concrete blocks out in the sagebrush, and he talked the lady that owned it into letting us live in it free while he made it into a house. He was always a good worker, good with his hands. The only thing we ever took on welfare was a sack of flour a friend gave us that time the barn burned. Nine months later, he'd turned that old boxcar into a right nice little house, and we bought it for \$500. When Merle sings 'Hungry Eyes' [a canvas-covered cabin, in a crowded labor camp, stands out in this memory I revive; 'cause my Daddy raised a fam'ly there with two hard-workin' hands, and tried to feed my mama's hungry eyes']¹ almost every word of it really happened like that."

The same can be said of "Mama Tried," another Haggard composition: "One and only rebel child, from a fam'ly meek and mild, my mama seemed to know what lay in store; 'spite of all my Sunday learnin', towards the bad I kept on turnin', 'til mama couldn't hold me anymore."² Merle was born in the spring of 1937 and grew up, in that converted boxcar, closer to his father than to his mother. His father taught him how to fish and hunt, while his mother, a fierce member of the Church of Christ who had

¹From "Hungry Eyes." Copyright 1969 by Blue Book Music. Used by permission.

²From "Mama Tried." Copyright 1968 by Blue Book Music. Used by permission.

made Mr. Haggard cease fiddling in honky-tonks when they married, felt duty-bound to see that her baby grew up a Christian. Mr. Haggard died when Merle was nine, and trouble was imminent. "A psychiatrist has said that's what started it," says Mrs. Haggard. Past forty, she had to take a job and leave a rambunctious boy at home alone.

When he was fourteen, he started skipping school, to go fishing and taste grown-up vices with some of his buddies, and it was felt that a juvenile home would scare him into his senses. "It was the wrong thing to do," Mrs. Haggard says now. Merle simply walked out of the place the next day ("Well, god-damn, they practically invite you to escape"), giving him a police record and touching off a nomadic spree that didn't end until some nine years later. "Wild hair, that's all it was," Haggard says. "I was curious, and I wanted to feel like a man. Like, while I was in jail I could smoke if I wanted to and I didn't have to eat if I wasn't hungry. It's really hard to say what makes a kid do that, but it's certainly not as unappealing as it may seem." The dossier on Merle Ronald Haggard grew quickly: stolen car in Kingman, armed robbery in Bakersfield, bogus checks in Phoenix, escape here, petty theft there. And when he wasn't in jail, he was exploring the great Southwest: driving a truck, pitching hay, hopping freights, picking grapes, working oil fields, lying about his age so he could pick guitar in what Glen Campbell calls "fightin' and dancin' clubs." The authorities finally nailed him late in 1957 when he and some pals tried to burglarize a Bakersfield bar ("We got drunk waitin' for it to close, thought it was three in the morning when it was eleven at night"). He was charged with second-degree burglary and escape and told to say good-bye to his mother and his wife—an impromptu marriage had produced nonstop fights and four children—since he was off to San Quentin for six months to fifteen years.

He stayed in trouble until he spent a week in solitary confinement, in a dank bunkless cell across a narrow hall from Death Row, for involvement in a moonshine whiskey scheme. "A week of hearing those guys talk about how one thing had led to another scared the hell out of me. The first thing I did when I got out was ask for the roughest job in the house." He worked overtime in the sweaty prison textile mill, minded his manners, got a high-school-equivalency diploma, and even joined the warden's country band. And he got to see his idol when Johnny Cash came through to entertain the troops. (Actually, Cash has spent only one afternoon and one night in jail, both times for pep pills, and Haggard says he is "always asking me about prison.") Haggard doesn't play prison dates because "it'd look like I was copyin' John." He was paroled after two years and nine months at Quentin and drifted back home to Bakersfield in November of 1960, twenty-three years old and much wiser. "I'm not so sure it works like that very often, but I'm one guy the prison

system straightened out. I know damned well I'm a better man because of it."

Music was about the only serious interest Haggard had as a kid. His grandfather had been one of the top fiddlers in Oklahoma, and his father continued to pick and sing around the house after he quit the clubs. Merle grew up listening to the Grand Ole Opry broadcast on Saturday nights, and became a fan of such early stars as Wills, Rodgers, and Lefty Frizzell. "By the time I was eleven," says Haggard, "I felt like I might go into music. I remember, one day my brother came by the house with this old guitar some guy had left at the service station as mortgage for some gas or something. Mama showed me a couple of chords, and I taught myself the rest. About the time I started to screw up I'd learned to play pretty good guitar."

When Haggard returned to Bakersfield from prison, the town was beginning to blossom as a minor center of country music. A musician could make a decent living playing on local radio shows, at weekend dances, and in the rowdy taverns catering to ranch hands and oil workers. Country stars like Glen Campbell had served apprenticeships there, and singer Buck Owens had come in from Arizona and established such an empire that the city was being called "Buckersfield" by some. Haggard first took a job with his brother, an electrical contractor, driving a truck and laying wire and digging ditches for \$80 a week—playing at different clubs on weekends for an extra \$20—but it wasn't long before he went into the clubs full time and ran into Fuzzy Owen.

Fuzzy was an angular Arkansan with pearly teeth and jet black hair and flashing eyes—the small-town dandy you see in a shiny suit and a string tie, slapping used-car hoods on local television—who had been in Bakersfield for ten years, playing the clubs and Cousin Herb Henson's television show, enjoying moderate success. He had bought the Tally record label from a cousin and was making plans to cut some records in a converted garage when he and Merle met. They became fast friends, and Fuzzy helped Merle with his singing and his bookings. Haggard went off to Las Vegas for a while in 1962 to play in a band, and when he returned, he began to record. The first release sold about 200 copies, but the second slipped into the charts, and when Haggard recorded "All My Friends Are Gonna Be Strangers," the doors blew open for him. The song made the country Top Ten, and Capitol Records came calling. "I was over there doing a live album on Cousin Herb," recalls Capitol producer Ken Nelson, "and one of the warm-up acts was Haggard. I knew he had it, and I offered him a recording contract. You know what he said? 'I appreciate it, but I've got a contract with Tally Records, and if it wasn't for Fuzzy, I wouldn't be anywhere today.' I never heard of such loyalty." But Haggard named Fuzzy as his personal manager and arranged the sale of Tally Records to Capitol. Divorced since his return from prison, he married

Bonnie Owens, a pleasant Oklahoma farm girl who was once the wife of Buck Owens. He rounded up a band, moved up from a station wagon to a used bus, and they hit the road. He started writing his own stuff, running into Hollywood to record, hitting the top of the charts with every release, turning them into albums, and became by 1968 one of the top stars in country music with a fanatical following in America's factories and bars and prisons owing to songs like "I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am" ("Things I learned in a hobo jungle were things they never taught me in a classroom; like where to find a handout while thumbin' through Chicago in the afternoon")¹. He was, to that forgotten mass out there between New York and Los Angeles, relevant.

Since "Okie" and "Fightin' Side," Haggard has, of course, been able to immerse himself in the trappings of the superstar. He is building a rustic \$250,000 lakeside estate on the 280-acre spread he owns at the mouth of Kern Canyon outside Bak-ersfield. There is a recording studio on the land, and a forty-two-foot yacht he uses as a retreat during the one hundred days of the year when he isn't on the road. To make his dates he travels in a \$68,000 bus that sleeps ten (and is plastered, lately, with such patriotic slogans as I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN), and when he gets there he can choose from two dozen tailored Western costumes and fifteen pairs of boots. When he and Bonnie started getting at each other's throats during the sweep through the Mid-west and Canada—it isn't easy for a woman to share living quarters with nine men and a terrier on a twenty-four-day tour—Merle stopped in Columbus to kick tires on a \$100,000 second bus for himself, Bon-nie, Fuzzy, and a driver.

Yet, success has worked few personality changes on him so far. There are too many reminders of where he has been: the tattooed initials PBS on his left wrist (for Preston Boys' School, a juvenile home), badly buckled fingernails stunted by chemicals in the San Quentin laundry, and a record that cannot be erased. Indeed, it wasn't until a year or so ago that he would talk for print about his prison background ("I don't see why they have to keep bringing that up," says Mrs. Haggard, who once asked Merle if he wanted to change his name and is now titular presi-dent of his fan club). His marriage, thanks in large part to Bonnie ("He's an Aries, very restless, and I have to remember that"), seems more solid than most entertainers'. And his friends are the same friends he had through school, prison, and the sta-tion-wagon era. He may give each of his band mem-bers a five-acre chunk of his land, "so when I'm too old to work the road and feel like having a jam ses-sion they can get there fast." There is, in short, little distinction between Haggard the man and Haggard the entertainer.

That is why a lot of people in show business don't

expect him to be a Cash. The very things that make him a folk hero may keep him from spectacular suc-cess, they feel. "Do you think Cash would have made it like he did," asks a respected mogul in Nashville, "if he'd had a good old boy like Fuzzy for his per-sonal manager?" When Haggard goes home to Bak-ersfield he is likely to go fishing, no matter who wants to talk to him about what, and this has infuriated more than one show business executive ("Just about every session we've ever set up with him has been postponed," says Capitol's Ken Nelson). Last fall he walked out on an Ed Sullivan special which called for him to sing a couple of songs from *Oklahoma*: "I was rehearsing 'Surrey With the Fringe on Top' when about thirty fags came running out saying, 'No-no-no, Mer-rul,' and when they started telling me I was supposed to do my hands up and down while I sang—you know, choreography—I told 'em to shove it."

And if he refuses to remake himself for Holly-wood, so does he refuse to be gobbled up by the Middle America he is said to represent. Haggard and the Strangers have modishly long hair ("I think it's all right, long as there ain't nothin' growin' in it"), and when they come to the line in "Okie," "We don't let our hair grow long and shaggy," Haggard usually does a double take over his shoulder at mop-headed guitarist Bobby Wayne. That night in Dayton, how-ever, a heckler got the jump on them. Haggard was poised for another song when a voice bellowed from the darkened audience, "Get a haircut!" Haggard stiffened when he heard it, and for a matter of sec-onds the place was like a tomb. He went ahead and did the number, but when he finished he leaned into the mike and jabbed his finger toward the heckler and said, in a firm, measured, irritated voice: "And sir, just for you, we'll get haircuts first thing in the morning."

I must admit to some prejudice toward Haggard, for after interviewing more than a hundred country musicians for a book, I deduced that he was about the only honest one left. Country music has become an industry now, an industry worth some \$100 million a year to Nashville alone, and the mod-ernization has all but killed the basic earthiness that once made the music alive and real. This is an era when Jeannie C. Riley of Anson, Texas, studies elo-cution and choreography before opening in Las Vegas; when Bill Anderson considers installing a mo-bile phone in his bus so he can place public relations calls to disc jockeys while whizzing through In-dianapolis; when Ray Price sings in front of a dozen violins (not fiddles, please); and when plans are an-nounced for an antiseptic new air-conditioned Grand Ole Opry House amid a Disneyland-type complex called Opryland, U.S.A. While all of this is taking place, however, Merle Haggard is walking out on Ed Sullivan, turning down notions of a network show of

¹From "I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am." Copyright 1968 by Blue Book Music. Used by permission.

his own "if I've got to have those same old Hollywood writers doing it," ducking fans and disc jockeys because they keep him away from his guitar and his boat, and getting violent at Capitol for not letting him record a song he wrote about an interracial love affair ("They said it would've been bad for my image").

But I am fascinated most of all because of the transformation he is making in his thinking since "Okie" and "Fightin' Side." It is always hazardous, of course, to accept seriously any pronouncements on the issues made by entertainers because they are, after all, entertainers rather than statesmen, but I believe that Haggard is honestly trying to understand what is going on around him. As the son of an Okie family, and an ex-convict, he knows what discrimination is. As one who dropped out and ran away in an attempt to find himself, he is beginning to understand his kinship with today's kids. As a refugee from the lower working class, he clearly understands who runs wars and who gets killed in them. Any other country singer would have capitalized on the two patriotic hits with a string of others, but I don't expect Haggard to do that because he seems to feel embarrassed by those songs now.

Perhaps the best example of the changes that have come over him is an incident that took place one crisp Sunday afternoon in Akron. The band had retired to the Holiday Inn between the matinee and the evening show, and he and Fuzzy were sitting at a table in the dining room waiting for hamburgers to be brought. Fuzzy pulled his head out of the Sunday newspaper and sucked his teeth.

"Well, one thing's for sure," said Fuzzy, a veteran of the Korean War who fervently believes in "Okie" and "Fightin' Side." "If we don't hurry up and stop 'em over there, pretty soon we're gonna be fighting 'em in Bakersfield. Right there at the Kern Canyon, by God."

"Fighting who?" said Haggard, straight-faced.

"The damn Communists, that's who."

"They interested in Bakersfield?"

"Aw, you know what I mean, Merle."

"Ain't no rice there."

Fuzzy's sap was rising. "Naw, it's that 'domino theory.' If we don't stop 'em in Vietnam, they'll take the rest of Asia. Then they'll take Australia, Hawaii, the whole world."

"Where'd you read that at?" said Haggard.

"I didn't *have* to read it. By God, I *know*."

"Fella here"—nodding toward somebody at the table—"says he's got about thirty books on Vietnam, and he's been there, and says all that stuff might not be right."

"Well, what do *you* think?"

"Tell you the truth, Fuzz, I don't know."

"You don't know?" Fuzzy had come unglued. "I swear, Merle, you're getting just like those damned hippies. Hell, you're just like 'em. Can't make up your mind about nothing." □

STONEWALL

Fanatic?

That's to buy a shoddy journalistic legerdemain of his own time.

Easy to say—easy to believe—
but simpleminded.

That last day,
when he set himself at the reins
of a brand new horse, and reared,
(his wife said he looked like a hero of chivalry)
dressed as a gold braid comic general
going along with Jeb Stuart's joke,
he knew it was funny.

He knew the men would laugh at him
for wearing it,
riding away to be shot.

The cliché makes more seamless legend,
that picture of Old Bluelight, all shoddy collar,
dirty cap, and saying a prayer.

But he broke Virginia law
to teach his neighbor's slaves to read and write.
(one day a week each week)
because he thought the law was wrong.
The penalty was death.
And almost—once—he turned Catholic,
and stayed in Mexico City and married a Spanish girl.
He toured the art museums of Europe for half a year.
Even in Lexington,
strapped in that horrible, nervous
jail of a military mission,
drawing the shades to spare the Presbyterians,
he danced the whole night through,
without any music except his own,
to Miss Amelia.

by Andrew Glaze

LIFE & LETTERS

ARE WE THE COMING RACE?

by Robert Lee Wolff

Just a century ago there appeared anonymously in London a novel called *The Coming Race*, which enjoyed instant success but is now forgotten. Like *Gulliver's Travels*, it described in convincing detail an imaginary civilization, while cleverly satirizing certain beliefs and attitudes of the author's own times. Twenty years before H. G. Wells, it anticipated more accurately than he ever did major scientific advances that would not take place for several generations, and the problems to which they would give rise. So it also ranks as first-rate science fiction. A hundred years after its publication it deserves rediscovery.

The Coming Race itself is one of many living deep beneath the surface of the earth. The narrator, an unnamed American, discovers its people as the result of an accident in a mine he is exploring. They live altogether by artificial light, have detachable wings, and enjoy a tranquil, harmonious existence from which war and armies have been totally banished, and with them all government by force, the police, crime, corruption, poverty, and discontent. Machines do most of the work, and the little assistance that they require is cheerfully supplied by children under sixteen. Everybody enjoys freedom, and since all accept a simple religion of a single creator, nobody argues about faith. They live in luxurious, tall apartment houses with elevators. Flowers, singing birds, fragrant perfumes, personal comeliness are everywhere. People eat temperately, drink no alcohol,

have no tensions, and rarely die before they reach the age of one hundred. They have newspapers and journals devoted to mechanical science, but no literature, since the best books are available in the public libraries. Music flourishes, and scientific research provides a congenial occupation. Art seems to be in decline: the rules of perspective in the paintings are new and different, and so the effect is "vague, scattered, confused, bewildering," as of "heterogeneous fragments of a dream of art."

Indeed, this people has fully attained equality. Yet the American discoverer, at first full of admiration, soon finds things dull. He decides that if

you could take a thousand of the best and most philosophical of human beings you could find in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, or even [!] Boston and place them as citizens in this beatified community, in less than a year they would either die of *ennui* or attempt some revolution. Where there are no wars there can be no Hannibal, no Jackson, no Sheridan—where states are so happy that they fear no danger and desire no change, they cannot give birth to a Demosthenes, a Webster, a Sumner, a Wendel [sic] Holmes, or a [Ben] Butler . . . no Shakespeare, Molière, or Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

The chief message here is the intolerable boredom to which the attainment of Utopian equality would condemn ordinary mortals.

But Americans are associated in the author's mind with equality as an ideal, and they come in for some

gentle and not so gentle ribbing. In telling his new subterranean friends about the world from which he had come, the narrator

naturally touched slightly though indulgently on the antiquated and decaying institutions of Europe in order to expatiate on the present grandeur and prospective pre-eminence of that glorious American Republic, in which Europe enviously seeks its model and tremblingly foresees its doom.

But to this bombast, so reminiscent of Dickensian satire on American boastful grandiloquence, the narrator adds a passage from a recent speech by an American senator, who looks forward to that happy day

when the flag of freedom should float over an entire continent, and two hundred millions of intelligent citizens, accustomed from infancy to the daily use of revolvers, should apply to a cowering universe the doctrine of the patriot Monroe.

Can you read it in 1971 without wincing?

In 1871, the *Origin of Species* was twelve years old, and the author of *The Coming Race* thoroughly disapproved of Darwin's theory of evolution. The archaeological section of the museum in the underground country contains a large collection of historic portraits of the people's leaders extending back some 7000 years in time. At the beginning of the series stand three prehistoric portraits, painted at the order of a hero-sage, a mythical philosopher, the ancestor of the entire race. These show the phi-

philosopher himself, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather:

The philosopher is attired in a long tunic which seems to form a loose suit of scaly armor . . . but the feet and hands are exposed: the digits in both are wonderfully long and webbed. He has little or no perceptible throat, and a low receding forehead . . . bright brown prominent eyes, a very wide mouth and high cheek bones, and a muddy complexion . . . the grandfather had the features of the philosopher, only much more exaggerated: he was not dressed, and the colour of his body was singular; the breast and stomach yellow, the shoulders and legs of a dull bronze hue: the great-grandfather was a Giant Frog, *pur et simple*.

Back in the race's "wrangling or philosophical period of history" there had been much debate about the relationship between these frogs and the human race itself, but nobody any longer cares for such discussions.

With equality, the Americans, and evolution, the "new woman" or "girl of the period" comes in for her share of the satire. In 1871, girls had begun to participate in activities previously reserved for men, and had begun occasionally to show a wish for still more independence. Among the Coming Race, the females are larger and taller than the males, wear longer wings, do better in the study of abstruse and mystical subjects, and perform all the wooing. Since they have "perseverance, ardour, and persuasive power," they usually get the man they want. The narrator is vigorously (and comically) courted by Zee, the kind and handsome but terrifyingly Amazonian learned daughter of his host, and another girl also seems to be falling in love with him. Since marriage to either would be punished by his instant death, his position is dangerous until he manages to escape upward back through the mine to the earth's surface.

The agency that has enabled the Coming Race to achieve its Utopia is a single substance, called "vril": the term obviously derives from the Latin word that means man, and implies manhood, virility. The narrator first hears of vril as a force that can make people forget anything they may have been told, such as any disturbing facts that the narrator might reveal to them with regard to the world from which he comes, about which

the influential leaders of the Coming Race prefer their population to remain ignorant. While he himself had been in a trance, shortly after his arrival belowground, vril had been used to enable him to learn the language of the people. In trance or vision, "all the faculties of the mind could be quickened to a degree unknown in the waking state," and the "thoughts of one brain could be transmitted to another and knowledge rapidly interchanged." Like mesmerism, electrobiology, and "odic force" on earth, vril, scientifically applied, can "exercise influence over minds and bodies animal and vegetable to an extent not surpassed in the romances of our mystics."

With vril, the members of the Coming Race, who call themselves Vril-ya, because of the very importance of their discovery, can regulate the temperature and influence the weather. Moreover, vril can also destroy like a flash of lightning; yet, differently applied, it

can replenish or invigorate life, heal, and preserve, and . . . cure . . . disease, or rather . . . enable the physical organism to re-establish the due equilibrium of natural powers, and thereby to cure itself.

Yet by vril also

they rend their way through the most solid substances, and open valleys for culture through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From it they extract the light which supplies their lamps. . . .

Because the force of vril was so terrible,

war between the vril-discoverers ceased, for they brought the art of destruction to such perfection as to annul all superiority in numbers, discipline, or military skill. . . . If army met army, and both had command of this agency, it could be but the annihilation of each. The age of war was therefore gone.

But it is only war *between the vril-discoverers* that has wholly ceased. If necessary the Vril-ya use it quite cold-bloodedly against less-developed underground peoples who have not got it. A distant barbarian state of 30 million population that is threatening a neighboring Vril-ya tribe of 50,000 will be wiped out by a few Vril-ya children.

In its mental aspects, then, vril represents the fluctuating and unpredict-

(Advertisement)

September Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



The DMZ between an author's life and his work can be dangerous, even fatal, as it was to Hart Crane and Hemingway. Less than a week before his final novel **LIFELINES** was published in England **James Mossman** killed himself, leaving a note which read, "I cannot bear it any more, but I don't know what it is."

A tall, handsome figure of great integrity and great charm, Mossman was admired and respected in England as a television personality and also as a war correspondent, from Southeast Asia in particular. It is this experience on which he based much of his singular novel *Lifelines*. Set in Hong Kong, Vietnam, England, and Macao, it deals pungently with the burnt-out case of Dan Fenwick, a hard-drinking, no-longer-young reporter of the Vietnam War, and his desperate relationships with two women and two worlds.

Lifelines is a worthy but surprising successor to Mossman's enchanting first novel, *Beggars on Horseback*, a comedy on the fall of the British Raj in a corrupt North African country—a book of which the *New York Times* said, "Mr. Mossman is tolerant of everything save human stupidity and beastliness." We, his editors, would say of *Lifelines* that it is the work of a man of the world who came to know the world too well.

LIFELINES
by James Mossman

\$6.95 at your Bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

able powers of the terrestrial mesmerist and clairvoyant regulated and transformed into a reliable force that can govern human minds and behavior at a distance, a power imagined, for example, by Balzac, and christened *la spécialité*, but never, in fact, achieved by human beings on earth. Vril has at the same time the curative powers always attributed by the alchemists to the elixir of life, which is one form of the philosopher's stone they sought but did not find. In its peacetime and wartime uses vril is exactly like atomic energy. The author of *The Coming Race* has stated our concept of mutual deterrence so well that we remind ourselves with a start that he thought of it three quarters of a century before the first atomic explosion actually took place. He has even outdone us in his cynicism: the Vril-ya feel no compunction about using vril on those who do not have it.

The machine for using vril is an all-purpose vril-staff, which the narrator during his visit is never allowed to handle for fear of a terrible accident:

It is hollow, and has in the handle several stops, keys, or springs by which its force can be altered, modified, or directed—so that by one process it heals—by one it can rend the rock, by another disperse the vapour—by one it affects bodies, by another it can exercise a certain influence over minds. It is usually carried in the convenient size of a walking-staff, but it has slides by which it can be lengthened or shortened at will.

Its effectiveness depends to a certain degree upon the temperament of the user: some are better able to destroy with it, others to heal. A four-year-old Vril-ya girl can “accomplish feats with the wand placed for the first time in her hand which a life spent in its practice” would not enable even the most skilled human mechanic to achieve. Children have simpler vril-staffs than adults, and more destructive: it is they who are entrusted with the duties of monster-hunting or killing lesser peoples. Wives and mothers have the most healing instruments, usually without destructive powers. Special tubes can shoot vril an indefinite distance, while range-finders stationed in aerial boats unerringly direct the fire to destroy if necessary a city twice as large as London.

The vril-staff is a truly magic wand. The reader of *The Coming Race* must

decide for himself how far he wishes to see male genital imagery in the vril-staff that dispenses the force named for virility, and how far the parallel, if any, was intentional on the part of the author.

The author was in fact Edward Bulwer-Lytton, first Baron Lytton, then sixty-eight years old and elevated to the peerage four years earlier. Nearing the end of his long and extraordinarily varied literary career, Bulwer-Lytton, in *The Coming Race*, was reverting to subjects that had preoccupied him all his life, and that had twice before inspired him to write novels about them. In *Zanoni* (1842) he had imagined two Chaldean sages who possessed the herbalists' secret of the elixir of life, and who had lived into the late eighteenth century. Their effort to initiate an impetuous young artist into their mysteries, and the impact of the French Revolution upon them all formed the central theme of a gripping novel of the occult with a strong antirevolutionary political message. After twenty years of personal investigation and practical experimentation in the fields of mesmerism, clairvoyance,

hypnotism, spiritualism, and magic, Bulwer-Lytton had in 1862 published *A Strange Story*, a novel about the ordeal of a scientifically minded young doctor who must learn by harsh trials the lesson that man has a soul. Murder, alchemy, and the black arts provide the action. The latest scientific and philosophical ideas provide the rationale. The elixir of life reappears, but a religious message has replaced the political one.

So, when Bulwer wrote *The Coming Race*, he was reverting for the third and last time to certain favorite themes. But now he was handling them with a wholly new economy, skill, originality, and perception. What he himself called his “solemn quiz of Darwin and radical politics” amuses us, as do his well-aimed shots at the boredom of an egalitarian Utopia and at Americans. But his learning and the mighty power of his imagination inspire our admiration. He once wrote that “in a great prose fiction, one hundred years after its date, there are innumerable beauties of thought and fancy which lie wholly unobserved.” And, as on so many other subjects, he was right.

BEYOND THE PALE

by Joseph Kraft

THE ISRAELIS: FOUNDERS AND SONS
by Amos Elon
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$10.00

Toynbee's quaint conceit that history is made by creative minorities finds a recent exhibit in the Jews of the East European Pale. As revolutionaries, nationalists, and professionals, they have changed the course of events in Russia, the Near East, and the United States. The biggest and best part of the superb new book by the Israeli journalist Amos Elon tells the story of how and whence they sprang.

The Pale of Settlement open to Jews was established by Catherine the Great after the first partition of Poland. It ran from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and from central Russia to the eastern border of Germany. Large parts of Lithuania, Poland, the Ukraine, Romania, Carpathia, Hungary, and White Russia lay within its

borders. The Jews who lived there were clustered in small towns, or *shtetl*, that served as marketplaces for the surrounding countryside. Culturally and economically they lagged far behind their cousins in Central and Western Europe. While the latter spoke national languages, practiced a reformed religion, and made their way as professionals and bankers, the East European Jews spoke Yiddish, practiced a medieval cult, and eked out a bare existence as artisans and traders.

But the Jews of the Pale had that most precious of gifts—strong bonds of community. They lived among their fellows, not vainly striving for assimilation. The God they worshipped, however primitive, was their own, not a version watered down to meet the standards of the Enlightenment. As Dr. Shmarya Levin said in an autobiography written for the first generation of East European-

Jews in America: "The world of their parents beyond the eastern shores of the ocean was a many-sided world, rich in content, rich in colors, with deep economic foundations and abundant streams of spiritual life." Moreover, the advanced Jews of Central and Western Europe lived in Frankfurt and Hamburg and Amsterdam and other cities that were, before the hygienic reforms of the late nineteenth century, deathtraps of dirt and disease. Physically, life in the *shtetl* was much more healthy. So there the tribe increased. Of the 7.5 million Jews alive in 1880, three quarters were East Europeans, Yiddish-speaking and orthodox in belief. The Pale had become, as Sir Lewis Namier wrote, "the hinterland" of world Jewry.

Numbers, as the book of that name in the Old Testament announces, have always meant troubles for the Jews. Attempts to acquire land brought the growing Jewish community of the Pale into conflict with the local gentry and peasants, themselves newly freed from serfdom. Efforts to run their own towns encountered resistance from the mainly German civil servants. Quota systems, and outright proscription, prevented migration to the larger cities of Moscow and St. Petersburg and entrance to their universities. A favored few managed to escape the Pale for an education in the freer universities of Germany and Austria—the circumstance which yielded, in Vienna, the intellectual flowering associated with Freud. But by 1880, the Romanov dynasty was approaching its term. In a desperate effort to avert collapse by linking themselves with the peasant nationalism of their empire, the dynasts set in motion the devastations that became known to the world by a peculiar Russian word. Of these *pogroms* Elon writes:

Modern readers versed in the details of concentration camps, death factories and nuclear weapons are frequently left unmoved by contemporary accounts of pogroms in Kishinev or Homel, Zhitomir, Odessa and Kiev, or tales of smaller outbursts of violence and arson at the turn of the century in hundreds of towns in hamlets throughout White Russia and the Ukraine. In the quieter days of 1890 or 1900 the sudden slaughter of forty or fifty innocent men, women and children, innocent except for their being Jewish, was so



IN LYNCHBURG, the new population has not been put on our sign because we don't agree with the government.

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MELLOWED
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traumatic a shock that everywhere in Eastern Europe Jews began to change their entire outlook on life. More and more Jews searched for radical solutions.

The radical solutions took three forms. One, sketched briefly by Elon, was revolution. Since the *pogroms* had shown the European middle classes to be virulently anti-Semitic (even Tolstoy, after all, did not protest), it seemed to not a few of the most energetic Jews that socialism was the avenue for change. The Social Democrats and the Bolsheviks counted Jews among their chief recruits. Lenin himself wrote: "Russians were too easygoing, too readily tired of the revolutionary struggle. Jews, on the other hand, with their stubbornness and fanaticism, made excellent revolutionaries."

Trotsky, standing trial for his part in the abortive revolution of 1905, declared: "I am a revolutionary, not a Jew." And when the revolutionary hour came round again, he played a leading part. So did Zinoviev, and Kamenev, and the first President of Soviet Russia, Sverdlov, and many other Jews. The British seriously assumed that the Bolshevik revolution

was the work of German Jews seeking to help their countrymen win what was then *the* World War. The Germans, and many others, thought it was part of a worldwide Jewish conspiracy.

The second radical solution, set out in full detail by Elon, was Jewish nationalism. In the wake of the *pogroms* "Zionist study circles and clandestine clubs sprouted in hundreds of cities all over Russia." Jews already in Palestine sent appeals for further immigration. "The sixteen-year-old Shmuel Dayan, father of the future general, read one of these appeals Soon afterwards he left. . . . David Grien (who soon afterwards changed his name to Ben Gurion) defied his father and announced his imminent departure for Palestine." In that semispontaneous fashion, hundreds of East European Jews began packing their bags. "Individuals and small groups of friends just started moving. They embarked at Odessa or Trieste, and in Constantinople or Port Said they changed for slow cargo vessels, or occasionally passenger boats bound for . . . Palestine."

Once there, the cohesive community spirit of the East European Jews, their disposition to work together and make sacrifices for common goals, asserted itself. They rapidly wrested control of the Zionist movement from the more cultivated Jews of Vienna, Paris, and London. They revived Hebrew as a modern tongue. They built a pioneer movement, the *kibbutzim*. They put together, in the Labor Party, a political organization disciplined to the point of making the veriest ward heelers of the Daley machine in Chicago look like wide-eyed West Side reformers. When statehood came they constructed a nation conformist as few in history—sameness of viewpoint was not so much coerced as the product of convergent individualism. And when the test of battle came they threw up a defense force, made in the same spirit of voluntary self-discipline as the *kibbutzim* and the Labor Party, which won some of the most glorious victories of modern times.

The third radical solution was emigration to America. In the forty years between the outbreak of the *pogroms* and the enactment of restrictive immigration laws in the United States, 2.5 million Jews came from Eastern Europe to this country. They settled chiefly in and around New York. At first they lived obscurely as industrial workers and small shopkeepers. But as new businesses opened up, they began to rise rapidly—first in the ready-to-wear textile business which underwent tremendous expansion at the turn of the century, then in films, the building of apartment houses, associated real-estate ventures, and finally the newer ventures such as electronics.

By the end of World War II, the descendants of the East European Jews were moving into the downtown law firms, the major universities, and the leading hospitals. At that point they overtook the German Jews as a political and intellectual force. Far more than the German Jews, those from Eastern Europe, still strongly rooted in their sense of community, burned to express themselves. So they came to dominate (as entrepreneurs, creators, and audience) the cultural world of literature, painting, music, and the theater. Thanks to these grandchildren of the *shtetl*, the richest, most fashionable, and most powerful city in the world has become, in

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the eyes of most outsiders, a Jewish city.

Toward the end of his book Elon cites a Zionist slogan: "If you will it, it is no fairy tale." Acts of will on a heroic scale inspired the achievements of the East European Jews. But do heroic acts of will endure? In Russia, the revolutionary idealism that drew so many Jews to Communism has long since been run into the ground. There has arisen a Populist regime—ultranational, anti-Semitic, and anti-intellectual—which is fostering a nation of hard hats on a diet of patriotic themes and consumer goods. The Russian Jews who now seek to reach Israel, at such peril to themselves, are for the most part young idealists turned off by the brainless materialism that now prevails in the Soviet Union.

In the United States, the most successful of the East European Jews now encounter a double challenge. Their achievement in business, scholarship, and the arts is questioned by the ethic of unachievement spread by the counter-culture. Insofar as Jewish leaders show sympathy for the counter-culture (as not a few in the universities and media have) they become targets for the wrath of the Middle Americans who now carry forward the Populist strain that has always been so strong in the United States.

In Israel, the East Europeans still rule in the person of Prime Minister Golda Meir, a seventy-three-year-old grandmother, tough and self-righteous, who symbolizes in many ways the tenacious sense of certain purpose that has marked so many of her contemporaries. But her most likely successor is Pinhas Sapir, the sixty-two-year-old Finance Minister who counts the money cost of war as well as the exaltation of spirit that flows from righteousness. Mrs. Meir is sufficiently concerned by the prospect of Mr. Sapir's becoming Israel's next leader to have had the following story told to me, on my last trip to see her:

Mr. Sapir becomes Prime Minister of Israel. One day later, out for a walk, he is recognized by a journalist. The journalist says: "Mr. Prime Minister, what's the matter? You look terrible. You're all bent over; and you can hardly walk."

Sapir replies: "It's the cares of office. They weigh me down."

"But you've only been in office one day," the journalist protests, and

Sapir replies: "Do you think it's easy being Prime Minister now that I'm ninety-eight years old?"

Success, in short, has not brought ease. The Jews of Eastern Europe took their lives in their hands to make for themselves a new beginning. De-

spite achievement rarely matched in history, their future remains a closed book. They have come to constitute the overwhelming bulk of world Jewry, and the one clear thing is that, whether in Russia, Israel, or the United States, they remain, in short, a community.

MOVIES

THE SENSE OF PERIOD

by David Denby

MCCABE & MRS. MILLER
directed by Robert Altman
Warner Brothers

DEATH IN VENICE
directed by Luchino Visconti
Warner Brothers

The Western genre, usually quite conservative in its aesthetic and political values, has yielded some fascinating exceptions in recent years. I would guess that these are indirectly due to the war in Vietnam: the impossibility of telling the truth about the war in large-scale Hollywood films (which are financed by banks that are wary of political controversy) has produced a general desire among serious filmmakers to tell the truth about the past, to discover a past which may be ugly but which is true. And so we have the phenomenon of the tendentious Western, films like Abraham Polonsky's *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* and Arthur Penn's *Little Big Man*—both half-crazed with disgust for treacherous, lying America and its myth-building popular culture. But for directors like Sam Peckinpah and now Robert Altman the past is not a field for simplified political-moral accusations or for analogies to the present. Instead, they are bringing to the Western genre a more complex sensibility and a more accurate feeling for period than we have ever seen before.

Altman's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* is so unusual that it seems to have confused many people: Warner Brothers began by treating it as a failed mass entertainment and was astonished to discover that they had on their hands a successful minority movie, a work of movie art; some of the early reviews, however, were

wildly hostile—the reviewers couldn't understand what Altman was up to and wrote about things that were in their own heads, not in the movie.

Like so many Westerns, *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* begins typically with a stranger riding into town, but everything else is different. The town is not the usual dusty outpost in the Southwest or the Plains, but a cold, sloppy, half-built clearing in the Northwestern wilderness near the Canadian border. The period is later than usual (1902), well after the heroic settling of the West, so the possibility of glamorous adventure has vanished and only the endless hard work is left. Finally, McCabe is not the conventionally taciturn gun-fighter or ex-marshall, but a garrulous poseur who keeps his undistinguished past thoroughly obscured in order to create a mystique around himself while he carries out his small-time business ambitions.

As McCabe (Warren Beatty) moves through the low-ceilinged, smoky, buzzing little saloon, the viewer may recall the atmosphere of Altman's *M*A*S*H*. The mining town of Presbyterian Church is another rough, uncomfortable society, nearly all male, whose inhabitants work hard and take their pleasures when they can. The film is permeated with the special melancholy of minor physical discomfort—the feeling of never being quite warm enough or clean enough or well-fed enough or surrounded by enough friendly people. The solace of such an existence lies in the rituals of male sociability: solemn poker games, cheap whiskey, endless, lunatic swearing, and the repetition of old stories and gossip. Besides these things a man hopes for an occasional bit of sex. In

*M*A*S*H* the doctors' revenge against the hifalutin' nurse was so exactly nasty because her snobbishness broke the circle of inclusive camaraderie and casual sex which formed the only defense against madness and loneliness. In the new film McCabe ministers to the health of the mining town and also makes money by establishing a whorehouse. The Western whorehouse has provided the occasion for considerable rib-poking whimsy in recent movies, but Altman is too smart for such a dull game. For the miserable little town the half-dozen whores are a godsend, and the whorehouse becomes the center of affection, playfulness, and loyalty. The men are immensely grateful and treat the women well, and the women—lewd, half-ugly, humorous—don't seem too unhappy in their service. Altman's point seems to be that in this semiwilderness, where the law and schools haven't arrived and family life is virtually impossible, there's not much "honest" work for a woman to do. The brothel scenes are rowdy but not brutal; with disapproval and self-consciousness both in abeyance, the concept of "sin" disappears into thin air and everyone has a vulgar good time. It is only McCabe who wants love, and his desire is tragic.

The conversation of men who work together in an office, a factory, or on a construction crew invariably falls into patterns of joking, complaining, and mock belligerency—talk which may not be necessary to the job but which creates the atmosphere of companionship that allows the job to get done. In this movie we often catch the

fragments of such relationships; at first we may strain to hear more, but we soon realize that Altman doesn't want us to understand the specific words so much as he wants to convey the tenor of sociability, the non-purposive chatter, that gets people through the day. Rather than emphasize every bit of speech with close-ups, Altman generally holds the camera back from the actors, letting them improvise within a basic mood; since they have been living and working together for some time, a network of relationships has already been established which allows them to improvise without getting stuck or wandering off into non sequiturs. We get the feeling of a casual but definite familiarity among the characters, and this can't be done with a written-out script in which every line has its ineluctable dramatic function; nor can it be done in completely hang-loose situations (like Norman Mailer's films), in which a group of friends get together for a good time and hope that something will come out on the screen (usually it's a mess).

There is a central story in this thick texture of relationships, but we must work to get a hold on it; and even then we may find it elusive and subtle. The story concerns the sad affair between Warren Beatty as McCabe, the whorehouse proprietor, and Julie Christie as Mrs. Miller, his smart, tough madam. McCabe enters the film in great mystery, commandeers a saloon table with the authority of a born gambler, and immediately loses his money. He's a faker and a bumbler, a man who adopts the manner of some famous or legendary

character of the old West, but who actually has the imagination and humor of a second-rate traveling salesman. Through most of the film he is stumbling around half-drunk, dogged by his fantasies, and by reality, too, which finally close in on him. It could be an ugly role, but Warren Beatty has the sense to make McCabe tremendously likable, restraining the mockery in his performance and giving the character genuine dignity in his passion and death.

It is the unfortunate fate of this limited man to fall in love with a woman much smarter than himself who constantly reminds him of his failure. But who could blame him? Julie Christie has one of the greatest movie faces since Garbo or the young Joan Crawford, and she brings an amazing intensity to a difficult part. Her Mrs. Miller is clever and hard-headed about practical affairs, but she is also preoccupied with an interior mental life that McCabe is not allowed to see. She is amused and touched by him, possibly she even loves him, but her feelings are waylaid by some mysterious inner assassin, and she cannot bring them out in the open; in the end, her love is cruelly inaccessible to McCabe. Trying to impress her with his boldness, he blunders into a deadly encounter with three hired killers, and unlike the sentimental finale of *High Noon*, his woman is not there to help or even to witness his courage—she gets stoned on opium to avoid the worst, and McCabe dies alone in a blizzard.

A large part of the emotional coloring of this movie is provided by Vilmos Zsigmond's photography and Altman's rugged outdoor compositions. Many movies have condescended to the past with an overly placid and perfect pictorialism that gives the audience the impression of quaintness. Here we get the impression of active and disorderly life. The movie is full of rough movement and physical sloppiness—rain, snow, mud, junk piles, and wooden buildings only half completed. It has the scraggy lyricism, the true lyricism of great nineteenth-century photographs, in which you feel the pathos of a country which is young and beautiful and already despoiled. In one stunning scene, McCabe rides slowly into town with three ugly prostitutes he has acquired for his whorehouse, and the sequence is lit

SONG: RECONCILIATION

The storm is done, the sun shines out,
The blackbird calls again
With bushes, trees, and long hedgerows
Still twinkling bright with rain.

Sweet, since you now can trust your heart
As surely as I can,
Be still the sole woman I love
With me for your sole man.

For though we hurt each other once
In youthful blindness, yet
A man must learn how to forgive
What women soon forget.

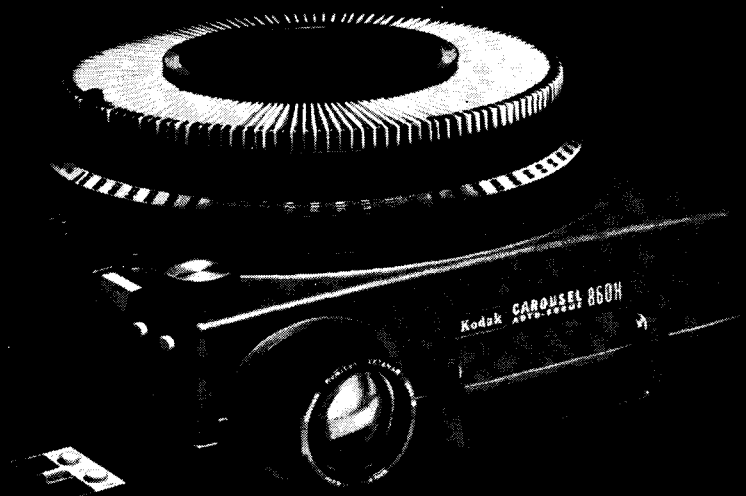
by Robert Graves

from the back by the intensely orange-gold light of the early sun streaming through the trees. Unshaven, slovenly men come pouring out of structures whose freshly cut wooden frames are bright orange-gold in the sun, and they ogle at the girls, finally pulling them down from their horses. What might have been sentimental or merely harsh in Altman's film is saved by his juxtaposition of odd elements: the impassive physical loveliness and human warmth afford his "low" content a grave and permanent beauty.

The period clothing and decor are the only satisfying elements in Luchino Visconti's treacherous adaptation of Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. Visconti has a particular talent for elegant clutter: in an early scene Dirk Bogarde, who plays Gustav von Aschenbach, is exploring the crowded lobby of the Hôtel des Bains at Lido, and the zoom lens creates a moment of amusing confusion by compressing the planes of distance so that it is impossible to distinguish among the fat vases, fancy lampshades, and ladies' hats. The pre-World War I era was fond of those round full shapes; the international *haute bourgeoisie* at the hotel seem as overstuffed as the furniture. I also felt a certain pleasure in watching the superb carriage and dress of Silvana Mangano, who plays the mother of Tazio, the beautiful Polish boy who so fatally attracts Aschenbach. But beyond these moments, and some of the lovely Venetian color captured by Pasquale de Santis' camera work, there was nothing to admire or enjoy.

This movie is a unique insult: it is a travesty of the work of two of the most beloved artists of the early twentieth century—Thomas Mann and Gustav Mahler. The death of Mahler in 1911 may well have presented the immediate inspiration for Mann's novella (the physical description of Aschenbach is certainly suggestive of Mahler), but there is no justification for transforming Aschenbach the novelist into Gustav Mahler. If Mann had wanted to be that explicit he would have written a story about a composer (Schoenberg was later to complain that elements of his life found their way into Mann's *Doctor Faustus*). Since Mahler was a very different kind of artist than Aschenbach, the result is conceptual chaos:

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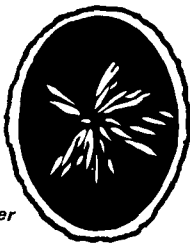
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we get a character named Aschenbach who happens to have written Mahler's music, but then that music is described in terms that fit the work of Mann's literary artist—serene, perfect, Apollonian. Visconti and Nicola Badaluco, who together perpetrated the screenplay, seem to think that the audience is unaware of the character of much of Mahler's music. He was anything but serene; in fact, most of his work has a deep emotional turbulence.

The way Visconti uses Mahler on the soundtrack makes his personal attitude toward the composer clear enough. The beautiful *adagietto* from the Fifth Symphony returns again and again in moments of crisis, the emotional climax of the movement surging forward as the camera moves in on Bogarde for the devastating close-up. (Poor Bogarde has to attempt to execute, against the music, one of the most miserable clichés of classy filmmaking: a Great Irony Laugh as he collapses in a Venetian square.) In other words the *adagietto* is used like the thick sludge of string tone composed in imitation of Mahler by the various Central European refugees who worked in Hollywood in the thirties and forties. The movie composers stole from him or watered him down to make money, but Visconti undoubtedly thinks that his corruption of the music is part of a great honor rendered to the composer.

The sternly disciplined artist of Mann's story—a hero of art at the height of his powers—succumbs to a passion for a young and beautiful boy, a passion which both destroys the ethical structure of his life and liberates forces within him that had lain dormant since youth. In his new experience of sensuality and adoration of perfect beauty, amoral and oblivious, and in his terrible convivance in the pestilence that grips Venice, Aschenbach confronts the unknown in his personality, and in that there is a definite triumph.

In the Visconti version, an artist who has failed because he cannot admit and face up to his inhibitions becomes a dirty old man and pursues a budding young hustler—at whose hands he receives a perfectly justified comeuppance. It's as crude as that. The movie Aschenbach is a prissy, incompetent little neurotic, physically infirm and morally timid. To emphasize his weakness Badaluco and Vis-

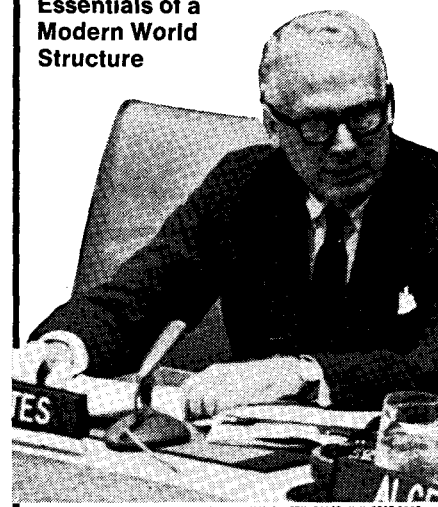
In the storm of
controversy boiling
around the
Pentagon Papers,
“he comes out like
the one sane man
in a madhouse.”*

GEORGE W. BALL

Former Undersecretary of State
and U.S. Ambassador to the
United Nations, author of

THE DISCIPLINE OF POWER

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conti have created a radical disciple named Alfred (Arnold Schoenberg?) who appears in flashback and subjects the unresisting composer to a series of absurdly vicious tongue-lashings, the point of which is that Mahler/Aschenbach's career is played out, his music is sterile and stillborn, and now he can go off to die. Schoenberg did argue with Mahler about music, but he also adored the man and his work, so this too is nonsense. Arnold/Alfred's harangues are the kind of passionate movie gibberish about art that one might, in another context, enjoy as a parody of German romantic philosophy ("Evil is the food of genius"—that sort of thing), but here I could think only of the lost brilliance of Mann's account of Aschenbach's aesthetic position.

As if all this hysterical opportunism were not enough, Visconti has also made up Dirk Bogarde to look like Mann. I don't think I've ever seen such a desperate and pointless shuffling of associations and references in a movie. Of course Visconti's malice and incoherence destroy the emotional basis of the film: who could care about the death of this Aschenbach?

In his essay "The Art of the Novel," Mann remarks, "Art consists in the writer's affecting our inner life most strongly with the least display of outer life; for the inner is essentially the object of our interest." Visconti's movie consists of people moving in and out of rooms, down alleys, and across beaches; it's all outer life. And without Aschenbach's thoughts and internal development the movement is simply empty repetition. Not even Dirk Bogarde's expressiveness can relieve our boredom with the seventh or eighth scene of Tadzio teasing Aschenbach by lingering behind his family on the street or the beach. The director's famous sense of detail is like the fussy pedantry of a tedious raconteur; the academicism is perfect—down to the slightly tilted camera in the shot of Aschenbach's visit to a brothel.

Visconti and his designers and crew are film craftsmen who work with a certain thoroughness and amplitude of scale. Mann and Mahler, however, were great artists, and the movie made from their work is an act of revenge on their greatness. I don't think there's anything more sordid than that.



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL
by Frederick Forsyth
Viking, \$7.95

Sunday, August 25, 1963, was scorching hot. It was the height of the summer heat wave with Paris on holiday to celebrate its liberation from the Germans nineteen years earlier. This was the day on which President Charles de Gaulle with his customary disdain for security measures would attend a succession of ceremonies beginning at the Arc de Triomphe, sweeping down the Champs Elysées toward Notre Dame, and finally to the Place du 18 Juin where he would pin the Médaille de la Libération upon ten veterans. It was also, according to Frederick Forsyth, a new English novelist, the day on which the seventh and closest attempt would be made to assassinate le Grand Charles. That the attempt failed we know, for the great man in his grandeur died in bed; what makes Mr. Forsyth's novel such a cliff-hanger is the skill and cool daring with which the assassin came so close.

By the spring of 1963 the leaders of the OAS, that rebellious fragment of the French Army who hated De Gaulle for having pulled France out of Indochina and Algeria, were living in exile at low ebb. Their earlier attempts to kill the President had failed, their funds were drying up as the industrialists of the Right were losing their willingness to contribute, and only by an extraordinary rash of bombing raids on jewelry shops and branch banks were they able to raise the half million francs, the price demanded by the Jackal, the *nom de plume* of a well-turned-out blond Englishman, a professional killer without an ounce of pity. They met with him first inconspicuously in Vienna, and again in their carefully guarded hideout in Rome where the Jackal's terms were agreed to and the first money passed, and with that he went into action. There the story begins, and any reviewer who discloses what takes place beyond this point should himself be bumped off.

The Day of the Jackal invites in-

stant comparison with *Rogue Male* by Geoffrey Household, which I think the finest suspense story of my time. Mr. Household's hero was a British aristocrat, a big-game hunter, who with his favorite rifle stalked Berchtesgaden and actually had Hitler in his sights when a fleck of ice and a falling pebble behind him warned that the SS guard was closing in. In this case the hunter was the character who held our sympathy; tortured and given up for dead, he managed to recuperate, and on his return to his home ground, England, he evaded and finally eliminated the thugs who had been sent after him, and was all ready for a second try. In *The Day of the Jackal*, although we watch with fascination what the killer is doing—his airy success with women, his forethought with passports and costumes whose purpose we can only guess at—it is not he, for all his style, who holds our affection. He is too ruthless. The man we watch, who could easily be confused with a provident little *rentier*, is Commissioner Claude Lebel, the most persistent, down-to-earth detective in France, to whom the government has given extraordinary powers as the Jackal evades trap after trap and his presence is guessed at in Paris.

In any good novel of suspense there must be interludes of relaxation, and it is here that the exceptional writer reveals himself. Geoffrey Household in his interludes proclaims his love of England, his wry, sometimes irritated understanding of English character, his respect for order; Frederick Forsyth in what he shows us of himself in the interludes, when the Jackal is relishing life, not destroying it, is a lover of France. As a student of the French he knows the formal channels and the *Système D.* through which the Republic achieves its ends, and he has a quite beguiling knowledge of the French Secret Service, especially of the Corsicans, the hundred toughs of the Action Service who are expert with small arms, karate, and judo. In the years leading up to the appointment of the Jackal, there had been a

terrorist war between the Action Service and the OAS; now in this truly thrilling story it narrows down to a duel between two men, fought through the provinces and brought to a head in the hot beauty of Paris in August.

THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE
by Gordon Thomas and
Max Morgan Witts
Stein and Day, \$7.95

San Francisco is one of the four most beautiful cities in the United States and the only one which lives in danger, some think in imminent danger, of an earthquake comparable to that which devastated the town in the early morning of April 18, 1906. As Bret Harte once said, San Francisco is "serene, indifferent to Fate." Six times prior to 1906 the heart of the city had been burnt out, the flames fanned by a strong wind coming in from the sea; but it was the convulsive opening of the earth's crust flattening the frame houses, crumbling the reinforced concrete and steel, and severing the water mains which brought on the fire that could not be checked. All of this occurred because the San Andreas Fault, "one of the great fractures of the world," passes within eight miles of the center of San Francisco.

For years, according to Gordon Thomas and his collaborator Max Morgan Witts, the pressure has been steadily mounting along the fault, and no one can tell when that pressure will be too great for the bedrock to withstand. The area now is much more thickly populated than it was sixty-five years ago. "On the average," say the authors, "one thousand people settle on or near the San Andreas Fault each day," their consolation, if they think about it, being that next time there may be a quicker warning and that water power and the knowledge of demolition gained in two world wars should prevent the fire from spreading so far.

It is asking too much of the gods that a Pompeii should be ready for its fate, but the first thing one learns from the Thomas-Witts graphic history of the catastrophe is how unready and politically corrupt San Francisco was at the turn of the century. Mayor Eugene Schmitz was a weakling under the thumb and bribery of Abe Ruef. The fire depart-

ment had a vigilant chief in Dennis Sullivan, who had been thirteen years on the job; but without funds there was little he could do to meet the Fire Underwriters report stating that the "distributing pipe system is inadequate to meet the demands for water flow necessary to fight a conflagration." Brigadier General Frederick Funston, who commanded the Presidio garrison, was equally furious with the mayor; he had persuaded the War Department to accept the fire chief's scheme for a dynamite squad, but the mayor would not appropriate the thousand dollars necessary to house the charge.

It has taken years, many investigations, and countless interviews with survivors to bring the picture of the gay and vulnerable city so clearly into focus. And gay the city truly was with the French restaurants on Jackson Street living up to their naughty reputation, with Victor Herbert's *Babes in Toyland* packing in huge crowds, with young John Barrymore in town just having ended a short run in *The Dictator*, and with Enrico Caruso starring in *Carmen* the night before it all happened. Caruso was having a temperamental bout with the Metropolitan Opera Company on this Western trip despite the \$1350 he was receiving for each performance. The night he played *Carmen*, he wore a six-shooter under his cummerbund, and except for the placation of Antonio Scotti and Alfred Hertz, the conductor, he might never have stepped on stage.

The chicken-headed mayor called in a committee of fifty leading citizens who talked and passed resolutions, but it was General Funston who took command of the defenses. His regulars were ordered to shoot the looters on sight, which they did. His dynamite squads blew up building after building in an effort to create a chasm across which the flames could not travel, and his field artillery for the last stand were trained point blank at the elegant houses on Van Ness Avenue. By dint of extraordinary exertions, the Mint and the Post Office were saved; so were other small pockets while, flanked by flames, refugees pelted down Market Street to the Ferry, dragging or carrying the most incongruous objects.

In their professional and very human way Messrs. Thomas and Witts

have pieced together a mosaic of courage, compassion, ingenuity, and the miraculous in the course of which men and women rise to the occasion: Eda Funston in the Presidio hospital, Father Ramm at St. Mary's Cathedral, Lieutenant Armstrong at the Mint, A. P. Giannini saving the gold and silver of what was to be the Bank of America, Bailey Millard, the artist, helping to save the handful of houses on Russian Hill, beating out flames with one of his canvases, Dr. Alfred Spalding still on his feet after thirty-six hours of almost continuous surgery.

Fire and dynamite destroyed 28,000 buildings, but the new city was going up even as the sparks subsided. Mayor Schmitz's one firm command was to call off the sappers and artillery which had been adding recklessly to the ruin; and Funston calmed down the guardsmen who, trigger-happy, had been doing looting on their own. But the quake also laid bare the bribery in City Hall, and in the investigations, Ruef, the mayor's bagman, was sentenced to fourteen years in San Quentin where, before his pardon, he had time to write his memoirs; and Schmitz, incriminated and brought to trial, was acquitted when Ruef refused to give the evidence.

The photographs of the disaster, especially those by Arnold Genthe, with their stunned, dramatic quality, stress the questions: will this happen again; why is there only one fireboat in San Francisco Bay today; with what risk does the subway tunnel through the San Andreas Fault?

FIRE SERMON
by Wright Morris
Harper & Row, \$5.95

Wright Morris is at his best when writing about Middle America—the middle class and the Midwest—and in this new short novel he is sensitively comparing the present and the past, and the maladjusted in each. The story comes to us through the eyes of an innocent, a boy of eleven, whose parents were wiped out in an automobile accident as they were driving to the State Fair in Sacramento. There were only two aged relatives to care for Kermit when he recovered from his broken back, and in the upshot his great aunt Viola, herself an invalid, thought it best that he move

in with his uncle Floyd Warner who is eighty-two and who lives in a trailer colony on the California coast. His misfortune has taught Kermit to accept what comes and to hold his tongue when in doubt, but it has not dulled his sense of expectation, nor his desire to be loved. The story opens after they have been living together for fourteen months, establishing a somewhat wary understanding and affection for each other.

Uncle Floyd has had his trailer on blocks since 1941, and his old Maxwell, also on blocks, has become a vintage showpiece which he could sell for several thousand if he wanted the money, which he doesn't. His is the neatest trailer in the colony, and his economy revolves about Mrs. Leidy, the court owner, whose watchdog and handyman he is. Floyd is a bachelor, set in his ways, with a strain of rage in his temperament which traces back to his father whom he hated and which he expresses in long and fluent cursing. His sister Viola had written to the boy: "No one curses so elegantly as dear Floyd."

For all that he had taken refuge in California, Floyd lived with the conviction that no man on whom the snow did not fall was worth a damn, and when the telegram comes from Chapman, Nebraska, announcing Viola's death and asking what to do about the homestead, he decides to drive back taking young Kermit with him.

Highway travel has changed greatly since he came west in 1941; the Maxwell even when overhauled is barely able to make 35 mph, and the trailer develops a wobbly wheel requiring constant repair. The trip east at an average of 90 miles a day is the adventure in the book, and what they find at journey's end is enough to drive the old man apoplectic. On their way they keep passing a pair of hippies, a Weatherman and a sexy blonde who somehow always manage to get ahead of them, and eventually Uncle Floyd gives in and takes them aboard in the rear of the trailer, much to the boy's curiosity. The scenes between the choleric oldster and the ir-repressible wanderers, with the boy wide-eyed, taking it all in, are the best in the book. And the tally of the past that awaits the four when they arrive at the farm is both grim and accurate. The pity of collecting all those things.

SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

WILLY REMEMBERS by Irvin Faust. Arbor House, \$6.95. Willy Kleinhans, son of an immigrant German, fought in the Spanish-American War and never got over it. As Mr. Faust constructs them, his memories are a muddle of ignorance, prejudice, jingoism, and senility. Willy confuses Teddy with FDR and Admiral Dewey with Jimmy Walker, but he is capable of a straightforward, convincing account of the Army's incompetent sanitary arrangements in Cuba. Willy, in short, is gaga on public affairs but lucid on his own, which is not the way senility works, and this glaring artificiality in the author's scheme blunts the edge of what appears to have been designed as a satire on middle-class pseudo-patriotism.

PARTHIAN WORDS: THE BARREL ORGAN'S COMPLAINT TO THE SIXTIES by Storm Jameson. Harper & Row, \$6.00. A serious veteran novelist discusses the form, protesting that while it is true that "today the novelist starts from a quicksand" because "what is sinking is the social base that supported even the most violent earlier rebels," subjective experimentation does not solve the problem. "Why," she asks testily, "should I give myself the trouble of reading a novelist who is as exasperated and baffled as I am by the spectacle of a world bedeviled by a technical explosion that no political, social, religious, or aesthetic creed is strong enough to control?" Even readers who disagree with her low estimate of contemporary novels will find Miss Jameson's artistic standards impressive and her judgments interesting. Among other things, she has the courage to dismiss *Finnegan's Wake* as a destructive bore.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY by Robert Katz. Macmillan, \$12.50. Sliding over eight hundred years of undistinguished survival in a couple of chapters, Mr. Katz gets to his real topic, which is the House of Savoy as ruler of Italy and reluctant confederate of Mussolini. He tells the

complicated story at length, with some humor and no sympathy. He also displays a disconcerting gift for the mixed metaphor and the witless modifier.

ABSOLUTE ZERO by Ernest Tidyman. Dial, \$5.95. It is never quite certain whether Mr. Tidyman's hero is freezing his clients in the hope of ultimate reanimation or dismantling them for surgical spare parts, nor does it matter. Somebody was bound to write a novel on this subject, simply because it is around.

HALLUCINATIONS by Reinaldo Arenas. Harper & Row, \$6.50. Full of flamboyant fantasy and puns that have driven the translator to desperate footnotes, this novel purports to recreate "the Life and Adventures of Friar Servando Teresa de Mier," who really was a Mexican revolutionary of the early nineteenth century. The Friar would be amazed at the Rabelaisian extravaganza in which he appears, but might well approve of the inventive abuse Mr. Arenas bestows upon Spanish colonial officials, the court of Madrid, Italian clergy, French revolutionists, American slaveholders, and the Buonaparte tribe. On behalf of the idealistic old reformer, Mr. Arenas lambastes every authority in sight, and the result is a steadily surprising and provocative book. The fact that the novel has not appeared in the author's native Cuba suggests that it contains more provocation than the gringo eye perceives, for it is hard to believe that the Castro regime worries about the reputation of Madame Récamier. Translated by Gordon Brotherston.

DANTE'S INFERNAL GUIDE TO YOUR SCHOOL by Frank Behrens. Simon and Schuster, \$2.95. Doré's illustrations for the *Inferno* are always worth looking at. The captions attempting to link them to modern school conditions deserve to sink to the lowest circle of an unfunny hell.

THE RA EXPEDITIONS by Thor Heyerdahl. Doubleday, \$10.00. Mr. Heyerdahl, who sailed the raft Kon-Tiki from Peru to the Orient to prove that Stone-Age immigrants could have crossed the Pacific, remains a practical archaeologist. Observing that reed boats like those of ancient Egypt are still in use on Lake Titicaca, he

had such a boat built in Morocco and took it, with two tries and much steering trouble, across the Atlantic. The affair makes a fine adventure story and offers ammunition to the diffusionist party. Photographs.

GATEWAYS AND CARAVANS by Freya Stark and Fulvio Roiter. Macmillan, \$17.50. Miss Stark, an elegant stylist with immense knowledge of the Near East, provides a text that mingles five thousand years of history with descriptions of Turkey today. Mr. Roiter provides admirable photographs. An irresistible book for anyone interested in this part of the world, but stingy with maps.

PEGASUS DESCENDING edited with notes and an introductory dialogue by James Camp, X. J. Kennedy, and Keith Waldrop. Macmillan, \$5.95. Since copyrights and wary literary executors protect the errors of Eliot and the follies of Frost, the compilers of this (or any) anthology of "the best bad verse" are confined to the public domain—an area thoroughly moused over years ago by *The Stuffed Owl*.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN ALMANAC by John Upton Terrell. World, \$12.50. Mr. Terrell summarizes what is known, or in some cases surmised on archaeological evidence, of the cultures, territories, migrations, and linguistic connections of prehistoric Indians in the United States. Prehistoric, in this context, means before the arrival of European observers. A useful book for Indian buffs.

LOUVRE DIALOGUES by Pierre Schneider. Atheneum, \$10.00. Mr. Schneider, an imaginative journalist and art critic, persuaded a number of well-known artists to prowl through the Louvre, discussing their likes and dislikes. The project led to reminiscence and aesthetic theorizing going, in some cases, far beyond the works observed. Illustrated with sketches by the participating artists and reproductions of what interested them. Translated by Patricia Southgate.

WINCHELL by Bob Thomas. Doubleday, \$7.95. An anecdotal biography of the gadfly gossip, never quite explaining the extent of his influence or his erratic political meddlings, but undeniably readable.

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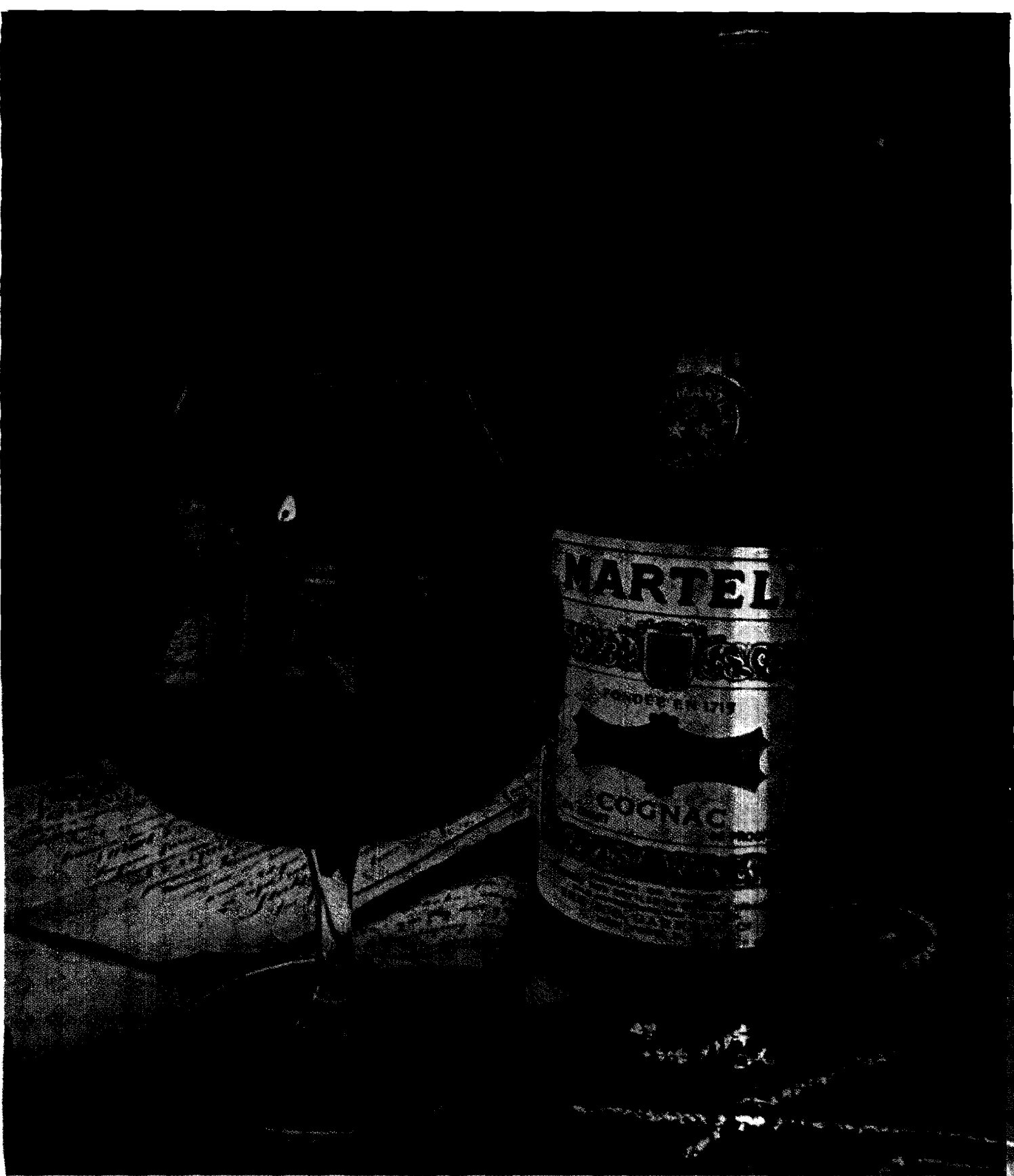
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1715. Cognac begins.

The world is discovering cognac.

At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is beguiled by the distilling of brandy.

By 1728, 27,000 barrels of

cognac have been exported.

That was 243 years ago.

Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of House of Martell.

In fact, there has been no

other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

Martell. Taste history.

THEY SAY THE CASBAH IS PRACTICALLY BUILT ON A MOUNTAIN OF PICON BOTTLES.



Picon is one drink you probably never heard of, much less tried.

It tastes bitter. It tastes sweet. It tastes very good if you like a bittersweet drink.

It was invented by a Frenchman named Gaetan Picon, 133 years ago.

Picon was then a supply sergeant in the French Army. The days were hot and somehow water didn't satisfy his thirst. One afternoon, thirsty, with nothing to do and the key to the supply room in his pocket, Sgt. Picon requisitioned some things for his own use. Oranges, they were delicious in this part of Africa. Gentian, Quinquina bark, and alcohol, for obvious reasons.

He mixed it all together and got something exotic-looking, different, and rather robust. Picon liked it, the gang in the barracks liked it and soon, most of the French Army were crazy about it.

Picon's discovery became the drink of its day. That's the

reason people say the Casbah is practically built on a mountain of Picon bottles.

Once out of the Army, Picon returned to Marseilles, where he began producing his liquor for profit. He called it Amer Africain. As his fame grew, others saw great possibilities in his drink. A friend snatched a bottle and entered it in the world-wide London Exposition of 1862. Amer Africain won a Bronze Medal.

Suddenly a more prestigious name seemed necessary to go along with the great honor. "I have it," said Picon. "Picon."

The Picon works began turning out the stuff in earnest, and the particular appeal of this new drink burgeoned. First Marseilles, then Paris, then all of Europe, then America.

But, in America an odd thing happened. Although Picon was sold in every major city, three-quarters was consumed in San Francisco. It had something to do with the French and Basque and Italian shepherders. (Their fondness for Picon had followed them from Europe to California and then to Nevada.)

What of Picon today? In Europe, the good sergeant's family still runs the Picon works. And in America, San Francisco still knows something the rest of the country is just finding out.

How to enjoy Picon

- Picon and soda with a twist
- Picon and sweet vermouth with a dash of soda
- Picon and soda with a brandy float

